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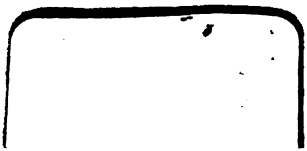

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The World's Orators

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Comprising

THE GREAT ORATIONS OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY

With

Introductory Essays, Biographical Sketches and Critical Notes

GUY CARLETON LEE, PH.D.
Editor-in-Chief

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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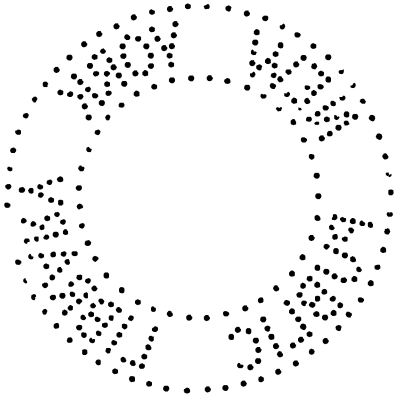

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Orators of Modern Europe

Edited by

GUY CARLETON LEE, PH.D.
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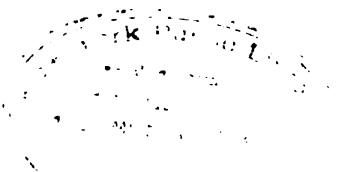
With the Collaboration of

JOHN R. LARUS

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1902



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PREFACE

TO

THE ORATORS OF MODERN EUROPE

THIS volume is devoted to the Oratory of Modern Europe. The subject is of such vast extent and importance that the Editors have been embarrassed by the wealth of available material. They have, however, striven to present such examples as best illustrate the development of oratorical art in Continental Europe in the period extending from the French Revolution to contemporary times.

The orations have been selected with a view to the illustration of the oratory of the Latin and Teutonic peoples considered as races rather than as subdivided nations. The limitation of space has caused the omission of several orators valuable for the beauty of their diction, but the general style in which they spoke is thought to be most thoroughly exemplified by the expositions given.

The volume is exclusively devoted to secular oratory and to the political and academic orations of men no longer living. It is hoped to devote a succeeding volume to the pulpit oratory of Modern Europe.

The Editor-in-Chief acknowledges the valuable assistance of John R. Larus, who has coöperated in the translation of the great speeches of the French orators, as well as the efficient aid of Joseph C. Ayer, who has assisted in turning into English the examples from the German orators. In this connection the Editor-in-Chief desires to point out the fact that the contents of this volume, a few pages only excepted, have been especially translated for this series. In the orations of the Revolutionary period in France we have, by permission, availed ourselves of the French texts in the work *The Orators of the French Revolution.* This is edited by Professor H. Morse Stephens of Cornell University and published by the Macmillan Co.

G. C. L.

Historical Department,
Johns Hopkins University,
1899.

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THE WORLD'S ORATORS

THE ORATORY OF MODERN EUROPE

THE history of oratory is the history of race. Oratory is the child of opportunity, and opportunity is a racial product. The chief characteristic of the people is generally the basis of their circumstances; a race which is slow, torpid, cowardly, or of low intelligence, knows no crises, no cataclysms save from without. And it is in time of crisis and revolution that oratory flourishes. In periods of dearth of shock and change, public speech, if it exist, is tame and lifeless; it has no reason for alarum and trumpet-call. It is only when the people are aroused in their might, when they advance toward some foreseen goal, whether that advance be in scattered details or in serried phalanx, that leaders spring from the ranks and with voice and gesture incite and direct their efforts.

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Therefore it is that certain races have produced no orators. The Slav, still in the clutches of a titanic and crushing feudality, has given to the world no men of flaming tongues to voice his wrongs and show the way to freedom. The Teuton, slow, unexcitable, accustomed to weigh each step, has shown no grasp of winged words. He speaks, indeed, but with careful deliberation; he is argumentative, but rarely eloquent. These characteristics are not invariable in the descendants: the Saxons and Angles were of Teutonic origin, and their union gave birth to a race of orators; but the tribal characteristics had been modified by circumstance and environment before the change became effective. The true Teuton is no orator.

It is to the Latins that we must turn, at least in Continental Europe,—and it is only this division which we are here discussing,—in order to find oratory at its highest. The Latin, however he be blood-mingled with other races, preserves two characteristics: his fiery restlessness and his love of freedom. The Northerner is content to serve, as long as he be not trampled upon; the Southron can willingly bear no yoke, however easy. Nor can he be long content with perfection itself; change is as the breath of his nostrils. Hence it is that in the Latin races we find revolution succeeding revolution, dynasty overthrown by dynasty.

And under these circumstances oratory bourgeons to perfect fruit.

Again, it is only in those races which have known at least the memory of freedom that oratory flourishes. Democracy, whatever may be its flaws and sins, is the mother of oratory. For oratory is invariably, in whatever guise it appears, an appeal to or for the people. This is its sole function; it must be all-embracing, or it is naught. What man could be eloquent when speaking in a desert? It is the knowledge that his words are to be disseminated over the length and breadth of his country that gives the orator his powers and makes his speech as an echo of the voice of God.

To this statement of the influence of the time and opportunity, exception may be taken, on the ground of the existence of eloquence in clerical oratory. But the exception will not withstand. For the pulpit orator has a theme which is a perpetual battle-ground. Schism is never quiet; it is a constant and watchful foe. Faiths wax and wane, and the preacher must be wary to guard, powerful to exhort and incite, or his cause loses irrevocable ground. And the preacher is ever spurred by the knowledge that the world to which he speaks is at enmity with his cause, however it may deny the fact. His pleading is at once to, for, and against the people to whom it is addressed;

and he feels, if he be true apostle, that he has for audience all the powers of heaven.

Hence it is that while forensic and parliamentary oratory have known periods of rise and fall, of florescence and decadence, pulpit oratory has been constant. For many centuries after the fall of the Roman and Athenian democracies, oratory was committed to the keeping of the Church alone. Europe slept in the chains of feudality or slavery, and there was no voice to call her to arms, or ears to listen to that voice, were it raised. True, this condition was not invariable. There were sporadic rebellions, such as that of Rienzi in Rome and the Jacquerie in France, but these were soon overcome by the power of the nobles. The times were out of joint with liberty of action or word. To the Church alone were given the keys of speech; and even here the power was closely bounded and regulated. Conventionality was for long the rule; and during that time, unless it were in reform or on occasion, such as the rebuke of Savonarola to decadent Florence, there was produced no lasting specimen of oratory. The Church indeed preserved the traditions and form of eloquence, but the vital spirit thereof was laid by as a thing useless amid the calm of security.

But this calm, troubled by the gusts of Lollardy and Hussitism, was utterly dispelled by the tempest of the Reformation. Again the spirit of

oratory raised its head in power, and eloquence, under the influence of stress and combat, became a thing of the time. Yet we may here note that racial influence still obtained. Germany was the cradle of the movement, but Germany sent into the field of disputation no champions of renown. The impetuous Latins were still the upholders of the banner of oratory; the Huguenot was the leader in speech.

Thus, at the call of liberty of thought, came the revival of pulpit oratory in Europe. But as yet religious liberty was the only species craved or even dreamed of by the peoples of that continent; so that oratory, for want of sustenance, did not outspread from the confines of the Church. There was no need, no possibility of it elsewhere. The peoples had not yet learned their own necessities or desires, and they craved no voice to express them to men. There were no parliaments, for there were no democracies; courts were for the protection of the rich, and needed no incitement in the performance of this duty. He would indeed have been a bold man who would have pleaded before the feudal lord the cause of some outraged peasant; and if lord met lord in legal combat, the contest was generally decided on the unimpeachable and unarguable ground that *"le Roi le veut."* No room for eloquence here.

Thus, though under varying conditions, the

Church remained the sole guardian of oratory, the sole arena for discussion and polemic. Restrictions were either disregarded or removed. The Council of Trent was a field of freedom in speech which foreshadowed those broader fields which were, two centuries later, to succeed it. It had been discovered that in matters religious a question might have two sides and might find able and conscientious expounders of both. The seed was not lost upon other fields of discussion ; but it was long in bearing fruit.

But at the beginning of the eighteenth century European oratory was at its lowest ebb. There had obtained in the pulpits a hard scholasticism, a style of barren disputation, which was fatal to all thoughts of eloquence. Such giants as Bossuet and Bourdaloue had fallen and left no enduring influence, and the pulpit, where alone oratory yet clung with death-grip, was yielded to the clang of combat wherein naught told but the brute force of the blow.

Pulpit oratory had reached its nadir, and eloquence seemed about to perish from the face of Continental Europe, when there appeared upon the scene a new factor in the problem, a factor never before reckoned on or with, and which had, if ever suggested, seemed but the fabric of a dream. The People awoke.

And with that awakening, so terrible in its

delirium and frenzy, came a new order of things. All was remade, and oratory sprang to life at the call of liberty. The People discovered many things concerning itself; among others, that it had a voice. Everywhere men sprang up, ambitious to be the mouthpiece of the People. Everywhere speech was heard in the land where for so many centuries silence had reigned.

But in the conditions of that speech, as in those which called it to being, there was little of order or shape. The power of speech was a new thing, and the People, a child in everything but power, knew not how to use its new discovery. The oratory of the church, the bar, or the academy was not fitting to cope with the need of the times. It was a time of fire and sword, and fiery, war-like speech alone could meet its call. Here was a condition for which there had been no preparation, no precedent, at least in modern times. There rose tribunes and parliaments, and no one had knowledge of rule or form for their guidance.

So it was that the French Revolution, while it was the great modern Renaissance of oratory, yet produced a style which was artificial, turgid, and unrestrained. There had been no experience of parliaments, yet these nascent legislators were suddenly called upon to adopt parliamentary rules and speech, and the result was chaos. Having no immediate models of their own land and time, the

orator sprang at a bound to the ancient democracies, and reproduced in France the speech-customs of Greece and Rome. Had they paused here, they would have done well; but they amplified and added to their models, until Demosthenes was outdone in philippics and Cicero in invectives. A false classicism arose and gained ground; speakers introduced spurious quotations as the words of the old masters of oratory, and, when they doubted of effect, took shelter behind a pseudo excerpt. The result was classicism run mad.

Parliamentary methods were as strange and fantastic as speech. The French have always been a nation of histrions, seeking after effect even in their most earnest moods; and this characteristic was given full play. In the National Assembly a tribune, or platform, was erected, whence the orator of the moment might address his colleagues. Here he could indulge himself to the utmost in the arts and artifices of the protagonist; he could bring facial expression and gesture to the aid of rhetoric, and thus compel the attention of his audience. Again there was classical authority for this custom, although the application was incongruous. And the custom led to dramatic style in verbiage.

There was another condition which gave form to style. This was the custom of preparing and

reading speeches. Mirabeau, powerful as he was in extempore debate, frequently read his orations, which were even sometimes written for him by one or another of his colleagues.

These customs were of course fatal to debate. There could be no reply and rejoinder under such conditions as these. And there was yet another obstacle to debate, the true reason for parliamentary meeting. This obstacle was the influence of the political club. Throughout all France these craters, presaging the eruption, had burst into being in the years of discord leading to the Revolution itself. Hardly a hamlet but had its club, where the ambitious village-orators nightly assembled to froth and rant to heart's content. In Paris, these clubs were powers, and they drew all the prominent men within their vortex. Hence there was not a delegate to the Assembly whose ideas of parliamentary procedure and speech were not tinctured by the memory of the club.

But in these meetings there had been little or no opportunity for debate. It was rare indeed for a speaker to venture to promulgate an idea with which the rest of his clubmates were not in accord. Indeed, as each club had an avowed political theory and policy, there was but little room for dissension among its constituents. Therefore the orator of the occasion never found himself confronted by opposition or even question. He was

merely the mouthpiece of his hearers, and his task was to impress them with his fervor rather than to convince them of his wisdom. This condition necessarily brought about an inflated and dogmatic, rather than argumentative, form of speech.

Oratory of the highest type does not flourish under such conditions. It needs the incitement of some opposition; constantly to address those whom he knows to be in thorough sympathy with him may be pleasant to the orator, but it is not conducive to development. Sooner or later the speech will degenerate into mere rant. And this is what happened in the pre-revolutionary era.

The natural consequence of this training was that when the club orator was called upon to take part in debate, he was unable to do more than to set forth his ideas in a speech of more or less merit, but which of necessity entirely ignored that which had preceded it. Argument there was none, but much of assertion. And the pernicious habit of "speaking to the gallery" also obtained in full strength. The orator, seeking that sympathy on which he had leaned for support in his efforts at his club, and finding himself confronting adversaries in the body of the house, turned for comfort to the spectators, and put forth his strength in the endeavor to win them to his side, or to incite them to manifestations of sympathy. This appeal direct

to the people is conducive to fire and tempest of speech, but it is fatal to argument. Yet for this, however unparliamentary in its tendency, there was to be found excuse in the time. For in those days of terror he who did not make to himself a friend of the people stood in instant peril of death. There were many brave men who disregarded this menace and stood nobly to their convictions; but among the majority of the speakers in the Assembly none ever mounted the tribune without inward resolve to placate or pleasure the hydra-headed dragon which watched his every movement, lest he become its next prey.

It is obvious that under such conditions there could be no spontaneity in speech. The custom of writing orations was highly favorable to elaboration and polish, and resulted in a purity and beauty of diction which has never been excelled in parliamentary speech, but to this beauty strength was too often sacrificed. And there were no speeches, as the word is now understood; all were orations, prepared and delivered with every care for effect but none for result. It not infrequently happened that between attack and reply there was an interval of several days. When Louvet made his famous attack upon Robespierre, the latter asked for a week in which to prepare his answer, and the request was granted. This naturally resulted in two detached speeches of great

merit as orations, but of little or none as convincing debate. Passion might be simulated, the speaker might seem to breathe fire and smoke through his nostrils, but always there must needs have been in the minds of the auditory a complacent feeling that this was all acting, the mere recital of a play composed in the quiet of the closet.

With these peculiar and limiting circumstances was combined another which also had influence upon the style of the time. The members of the Assembly were utterly ignorant of the simplest rules of parliamentary procedure. Mirabeau indeed pretended to some knowledge of the sort, but the rest had none whatever. Therefore there was no method in the conduct of the discussions, and the passions and frenzies of the day were allowed full sway in the national parliament. Rules were few and hardly enforced ; and this fact, combined with the national and acquired tendency to inflated rhetoric and studied declamation, rendered the debate, if that which served therefor may be so dignified in term, a mere brawl, and the discussion a series of opposing assertions.

It must also be remembered that the position of France was at first, and for years afterward, essentially chaotic. Liberty had been seized with sudden hand, and the nation knew not what to do with that which it had grasped. There were almost as many theories of policy and government

as there were members in the Assembly. Each member felt himself the representative of the People at large and of a small section thereof in particular; he desired to see reformed all abuses, but first those which more peculiarly menaced or affected the party to which he belonged. Besides these facts, there was the important one that he had been selected by his constituents as a man of ideas, and he must prove that he was worthy of their choice. At least, if he could not hope to display statesmanship, he must fill the ears of his party with his enthusiasm for their interests. Therefore the member, being confronted with all these needs of his novel position, either voiced some elaborate and incomprehensible or impracticable theory of statecraft, or set himself to rival the roar of the storm-lashed ocean in the loudness of his assertions of patriotism.

All these peculiar conditions resulted in methods which now seem strange and even puerile. To such a pitch were they carried that even the reports of various happenings were presented in oratorical form, and the different committees set forth these reports in language which was adorned with figure and trope. The report on the loss of the *Vengeur* is an admirable example of these compositions. It is couched in a strain of really high eloquence; Barère, its author, was gifted with fine powers of diction, and knew how to use them to

best effect; but were a modern parliamentary committee to submit such a report as this, it would be greeted with more of ridicule than of applause.

Yet, with all its faults and follies, the oratory of the first year of the French Revolution was the most brilliant and admirable in the history of that nation, and much of it was very noble. Most of it sprang from the fount of pure, however mistaken, patriotism. To such men as Vergniaud, Mirabeau, Guadet, Danton, Louvet, and many others, we cannot refuse the tribute of respect for sincere desire for the public weal, however we may differ from or even abhor their theories. Their splendid enthusiasm in the cause of country was worthy of all admiration; their fearless stand for what they believed to be the right was a model for future legislators.

But to these days, dark with menace, succeeded others, darker with result. The time came when patriotism was lost to sight in individual peril, when private hatreds arose on the ruins of public welfare. Then the character of the oratory changed yet again. There was no longer even the pretence of debate; all was denunciation. The meetings of the Assembly resembled a carnival of wolves, where each was howling for the blood of his fellows. Every speech was drawn from one theme: that of death. Every speaker pleaded but one cause: that of death. It was a

saturnalia of death, and oratory was used but as the weapon by which to glut the maw of the guillotine, the Moloch of the time.

Until the standard of Napoleon arose to give a rallying-point to the friends of order, already in the ascendant but not yet stable, there was no touch of oratory to record. Nor did the Empire prove conducive to any revival of the oratorical spirit. Save the brilliant military speeches of Napoleon himself, there was little worthy of record until a new revolution had once more freed the spirit of liberty. Then arose a new order of orators to preach the gospel of freedom; yet they were not of the race of the Titans who had passed away. Eschewing the faults of their predecessors, they failed to achieve the greatness which had redeemed those faults. In mere literary ability and in niceties of diction, Lamartine and Chateaubriand were at least the peers of any of the orators of the First Revolution; but they lacked an important characteristic: they lacked conviction.

The mutations of the nation had not fostered patriotism. The necessity of concealment of sentiments had brought about cowardice and political chicanery. The men of the Revolutions of Thirty and of Forty-eight were more politicians than patriots. Oratory does not flourish under these conditions. It lacks vitality, however it may be filled with art. Though Thiers and, at a later date,

Gambetta, were noted orators, they were not the equal of the men of the turbulent past. Gambetta, indeed, was not to be surpassed in enthusiasm; but it was lacking in steadfast direction, and spent itself in futile battling with windmills.

But there were other lands which had awakened at the trumpet call of liberty, and these in their turn found voice. Italy, though still for many years remaining docile under oppression, at length aroused herself to action. The warm and poetic temperament of the Southron and the fiery impetuosity of the Latin combined to bring about at once the opportunity and birth of oratory. There was here no question of parliamentary form or rule; the speech of the time was bounded by no restrictions, and much of it transgressed the canons of art and taste; but there were also produced masterpieces, and Mazzini taught how to weld patriotism and poetry into one glowing chain of speech, of which the links were of purest gold.

Nor did Spain, which had in the days of the first Napoleon shown that she could struggle and bleed for liberty, belie her ancient fame. She, too, raised the cry of freedom, and Castelar and others made that cry glorious with music. All mankind was at length listening to the note which had been sounded years before by France, and the nations found voice to echo it. Oratory revived, and

under these fertile conditions seemed again to raise its head to everlasting blossoming.

Here let it be noted how racial characteristic still held sway. With one exception, it was the fiery, impetuous, incitable Latin who dreamed of, called for, and struggled for liberty. That exception was found in Hungary, which revived its ancient Magyar traditions and spirit, and made bold effort to shake off the yoke of tyranny which had so long galled its shoulders. The effort was bootless; but at least it gave to the records of eloquence a Kossuth.

But true to his type, amid all the crash and blare of revolutions, the Teuton remained stolid and immovable. He possessed a certain meed of freedom, won by steadfast defence rather than attack; with this he was content. Since the days of the Reformation, the opportunity and call for eloquence has never arisen in Germany, and if Bismarck is worthy of note and inclusion in the annals of oratory, it is rather as a type than as a model of an orator.

It is true that there is a style of speech in which the German stands preëminent. This is the Academic oration, admirably suited to a nation which is distinguished for profound thought rather than for rapid action. These Academic speeches are in the nature of a didactic discourse, delivered on great public occasions, and akin to the Eulogia of

ancient times. Often these speeches are not lacking in a species of eloquence, but it is not of that description which incites men to deeds of assault or resistance; it is essentially quiet in its nature, being philosophical and intellectual. It may not enkindle enthusiasm or admiration, but it has its place in the canon of oratory.

But as the century drew to its close, the struggles for freedom seemed to die away. The overthrow of the French Empire, in 1871, was accomplished with less of popular excitement than is usual in such crises; it was almost a natural result of military defeat, and the excitement was turned into the channel of resistance to the enemy who was at the gates. Indeed it was not strictly a popular movement; it was accomplished by units rather than by the multitude. There was no need to harangue the people. The Commune was a time for deeds rather than thoughts, and burning edifices were a more fitting accompaniment thereto than burning words. Since then, save for unimportant and evanescent agitations, there has been quiet in Europe, and the call for the orator has not come.

But even before this obtaining of quiet, there was a radical change in the methods of the orator. The influence of the British Parliament had begun to dominate the assemblies of other nations, and eloquence was altered in quality and form.

The French Assembly, while retaining its peculiar method of the tribune for the speaker, divested itself of nearly all the characteristics which had made it the cynosure in the constellations of oratory. True, the Latin still manifested his ardent temperament in his speech. True, in some cases, as in that of Castelar, eloquence clung to the semblance of the old forms, and refused to yield itself to convention. But the rule was otherwise; the conversational method prevailed over the rhetorical, and debate, not content with its own place, utterly subjugated exhortation and declamation.

Undoubtedly this is the better of the two extremes; yet there might be found a middle course, which would permit argument without forbidding enthusiasm. It would seem that there might be place for both, and that because artifice is unworthy, art need not therefore be banished. The parliamentary speech of the present day is entirely given up to utility, with no care for beauty. Yet the architect who raises a noble edifice is surely as worthy of admiration as the engineer who bridges a stream. Each has well done his work; there is place and need for both. The florid rhetoric of the South, when over-indulged, may become absurd; but there can be found no just reason that all grace should be banished.

As long as men are men, appeal to their passions, as well as to their reason, will surely win

adherents. Doubtless such appeals are not always morally admirable; but they are means to an end, and they are in this sense legitimate. In abandoning such a weapon to the agitator and anarchist, the orators of the day are sowing a whirlwind which they may reap in tears of blood.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the oratory of Continental Europe has become staid and conventional. Spain, in the person of her greatest orator, whose periods were ofttimes so excessive in rhetoric as to be almost ridiculous to foreign ears, longest preserved her traditions of eloquence; but the death of Castelar removed the last of the old school. The new cult seems triumphant; yet, remembering the Latin temperament and the poetry which springs almost unbidden to the tongue whose ancestors claimed for their own the romaunt languages, it needs no wonderful powers of divination to predict that, when there comes another revolution among the children of the sun, there will arise among them a new race of orators, who shall once more speak with "tongues like as of fire," and eloquence shall be reborn and known of her own.

HONORÉ GABRIEL RIQUETI, COMTE DE MIRABEAU

Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau, was born at Bignon, near Nemours, March 9, 1749. His family belonged to the nobility, his grandfather having received the title of marquis. Mirabeau was educated for the army, but after receiving his commission his life was a series of disgraceful escapades. In the course of the proceedings against him he was forced to take refuge in England, where he became acquainted with the social and political institutions of that country. Mirabeau returned to France in 1785, and was employed by the government on a diplomatic mission to Prussia. Here he achieved little success in his negotiations, though he greatly increased his fund of information and experience. When the States-General were summoned in 1789, Mirabeau, who had been rejected by the noblesse of Provence, was elected by the *tiers-état* of both Aix and Marseilles. Now for the first time he had an appropriate field for the exercise of his great talents. He alone among the members of the Assembly was competent to deal with affairs of state. His knowledge of the English constitution gave him a logical basis on which to work, and his study of different systems of government had given him a keen insight into the situation which confronted his countrymen. He endeavored to moderate the declamation of the members of the Assembly and to direct their untrained powers toward some profitable result. He attempted, on the one hand, to defend the monarchy, remodelling it somewhat after the English constitutional monarchy, and, on the other hand, to direct the course of the Revolution. In attempting the former, he not unnaturally fell under the suspicions of the more radical, and in the latter he was thwarted by the ignorance and obstinacy of the Assembly. Mirabeau died in the midst of his labors, April 2, 1791.

Mirabeau was not only the greatest statesman of the French Revolution, but also the greatest orator of that movement. He had almost every mental and physical quality needed for effective oratory. He had a grand voice and an imposing presence. He had also an intense conviction of the truth and importance of whatever theory he was advancing, a clear and logical grasp of his subject, and an emotional nature that stirred a like emotion in the hearts of those who listened to him. Mirabeau spoke very frequently in the course of his brief parliamentary career, and generally read his speeches, in the preparation of which he received very large assistance from collaborators. These acted, however, merely as compilers and assistants in the drudgery of preparation, and were so completely under his direction and inspiration that their part in no respect detracted from the merit and originality of the orator. That he was able to deliver equally eloquent and effective speeches impromptu was abundantly demonstrated by the many short speeches he made in the course of the debates.

The best edition of the works of Mirabeau, published by Blanchard, Paris, 1842, is not complete. It contains, however, his oratorical works. Many of Mirabeau's speeches have been translated into English and other modern languages. Henry Morse Stevens has published some of the most important of them in his *Orators of the French Revolution,* together with other orations of the period. The most important biographical work on Mirabeau is *Mémoires biographiques, littéraires et politiques de Mirabeau,* edited by L. de Montigny, Paris, 1834. See also A. Stern, *Das Leben Mirabeaus,* Berlin, 1889 ; Aulard, *Orateurs de l'Assemblée Constituante,* Paris, 1878 ; *Recollections of Mirabeau,* by Étienne Dumont, and the well-known essay of Carlyle.

THE INSURRECTION OF OCTOBER 5TH

Mirabeau.

On October 5, 1789, an angry crowd of women, accompanied by many members of the National Guard, led by Lafayette, had gone to Versailles to demand from the King relief for their destitution. In the course of the proceedings a disturbance arose, and several were wounded by the life-guards. The women, however, triumphed in the end; the King was removed to Paris, and became virtually a prisoner. Mirabeau was among those accused of instigating these riotous scenes. The investigation dragged on for nearly a year. Mirabeau at last refuted the accusations made against him in the following speech, delivered October 2, 1790. The effect of his oration was remarkable. An eye-witness thus describes the conclusion: "At these words Mirabeau left the tribune in the midst of the greatest applause, which continued as he went to his place and even long after he had seated himself. The nobles, the bishops, the witnesses were ashamed and embarrassed and seemed to have changed their positions, so that they who had been the accusers became in turn the accused. All of them remained gloomily silent."

IT is not to defend myself that I ascend this tribune. The object of absurd accusations, of which not one is proved and which will establish nothing against me when each of them shall be proved, I do not look upon myself as accused; since if I believed that a single man of sense (I except the small number of enemies whose outrages I hold as an honor) could think me accusable, I should not defend myself in this Assembly.

I desire to be judged ; and your jurisdiction being bounded by the decision whether or not I should be brought to judgment, there is left to me but one demand to make of your justice, one grace to solicit of your kindness,—a tribunal.

But I cannot doubt your opinion ; and if I come here, it is so as not to miss a solemn occasion to make clear the facts which my profound contempt for libels, and my indifference, perhaps too great, to calumnious rumors, have never allowed me to attack outside of this Assembly ; which, nevertheless, being accredited by malevolence, might reflect I know not what suspicions of partiality upon those who believe that I should be absolved. That which, when it was a question of myself alone, I disdained, I must scrutinize more closely when I am attacked in the midst of the National Assembly, and as a party measure.

The explanations which I am about to give you, simple as they will doubtless seem to you, since my witnesses are in this Assembly and my arguments will follow the most ordinary combinations, nevertheless offer to my intelligence, I am bound to say, a peculiar difficulty.

This does not lie in repressing the just resentment which has oppressed my heart for a year, and which is at length forced to find vent. In this affair, contempt stands at the side of hatred ; it blunts it, it weakens it ; and what soul is so

Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau.

From an engraving by Le Vachex.

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abject as not to find a joy in the opportunity of forgiving ?

It is not even the difficulty of speaking of the tempests of a just revolution without recalling that, if the Throne has wrongs to excuse, the national clemency has had plots to forget ; for since the King has in the midst of the Assembly accepted our stormy revolution, has not this magnanimous compliance, in causing to disappear forever the deplorable appearances which perverse counsellors had given to the first citizen of the Empire, equally effaced the yet more false appearances which the enemies of the public welfare desired to find in the popular movements, and to revive which seemed to be the first object of the proceeding of the Châtelet ?

No, the real difficulty of the subject is entirely in the history itself of that procedure. This history is profoundly odious. The annals of crime offer few examples of a villainy at once so shameless and so unskilful. Time will show ; but this hideous secret cannot be revealed to-day without producing a catastrophe. Those who instigated the procedure of the Châtelet have made this abominable combination, that if they missed success, they would find guaranty of impunity in the very patriotism of those whom they desired to immolate. They foresaw that the public spirit of the offended would either result in his ruin, or that it

would save the offender.—It is hard indeed thus to leave to these conspirators a part of the security on which they counted! But the country demands that sacrifice; and certainly, it has a right to sacrifices even greater.

I shall, then, speak to you only of those facts which are purely personal to me; I shall isolate them from all their surroundings; I renounce explaining them otherwise than in themselves and by themselves; I renounce, for to-day at least, examining the contradictions of the procedure and its various readings, its episodes and obscurities, its superfluities and omissions; the fears which it has given to the friends of liberty, the hopes which it has produced in its enemies; its secret goal and its open approach, its success of the moment and its success in the future; the affright which they wished to inspire in the Throne, perhaps the recognition which they wished to obtain therefrom. I shall not examine the conduct, the discourses, the silence, the movements, the quiescence of any actor in this grand and tragic scene; I shall content myself with discussing the three principal imputations which are made against me, and to reveal the answer to the enigma of which your Committee has thought to guard the secret, but which it concerns my honor to divulge.

If I were forced to analyze the whole of the procedure, of which it suffices for me to tear off some

shreds; if I were compelled to prepare an elaborate vindication instead of an easy defence, I should first establish that, the question against me being an accusation of complicity, and this pretended complicity not being at all connected with the individual excesses which might have been committed, but with the cause of those excesses, it should be proved against me that there exists a prime mover in this affair, that the mover is he against whom the proceeding is principally directed, and that I am his accomplice. But as no one has employed this method in the accusation against me, I am not obliged to follow it in defending myself. It will be sufficient for me to examine the witnesses, such as they are; the charges, such as are brought against me; and I shall have said all that is necessary when I have discussed three principal facts, since the triple malignity of the accusers, the witnesses, and the judges could neither furnish nor gather any more.

I am accused of having rushed through the ranks of the Regiment of Flanders, sword in hand —that is to say, I am accused of a great absurdity. The witnesses could have rendered it much more piquant by saying that, born among the patricians, and nevertheless a deputy of those who are called the third estate, I always made it a religious duty to wear the costume which recalled to me the honor of such a choice. Certainly the

spectacle of a deputy in black coat, round hat, cravat and mantle, marching at five o'clock in the afternoon with a regiment, a naked sabre in his hand, would be worthy of a place among the caricatures of such a procedure. Nevertheless, I remark that one can easily be ridiculous without ceasing to be innocent. I remark that the act of carrying a sword in one's hand is neither a crime of high treason against the King, nor a crime of high treason against the nation. Thus, everything being weighed, everything being examined, the deposition of M. Valfond holds nothing really unpleasant except for M. Gamache, who finds himself rightfully and vehemently suspected of being very ugly, since he greatly resembles me.

But here is a more positive proof that M. Valfond has at least poor sight. I have an intimate friend in this Assembly whom, notwithstanding that intimacy, no one will dare tax with disloyalty or with lying,—M. la Marck. I passed the entire afternoon of the fifth of October at his home, alone with him, our eyes glued to maps, studying some positions just then very interesting to the Belgian provinces. This work, which absorbed all his attention and attracted all of mine, occupied us up to the moment when M. la Marck drove me to the National Assembly, whence he took me back to my home.

But there is a remarkable fact connected with

this evening session which I call M. la Marck to witness: it is, that having occupied hardly three minutes in speaking some few words on the circumstances of the moment, on the siege of Versailles, which was in progress by the redoubtable amazons of which the Châtelet speaks, and considering the sad probability that perverse councillors would constrain the King to retire to Metz, I said to him: "The dynasty is lost, if Monsieur does not remain and take the reins of government." We agreed on the means of having an immediate audience with the Prince, if the departure of the King took place. It was thus that I began my rôle of accomplice, and that I set about making M. d'Orleans lieutenant-general of the kingdom. You will perhaps find these facts more convincing and more certain than my costume of Charles XII.

I am accused of having made this speech to M. Mounier: "Why, who told you that we do not want a king? But what does it matter whether it is Louis XVI. or Louis XVII.?"

Here I would observe that the tale-bearer whose partiality to the accused has been denounced to you, is nevertheless far, I will not say from being favorable to me, but from being exact, from being accurate. It is precisely because M. Mounier does not confirm this speech by his deposition, that M. the tale-bearer does not stop at

that. "I shuddered," he says — "I shuddered as I read, and I said to myself: If this speech was made, there is a plot, there is a culprit; happily M. Mounier does not speak of it."

Well, gentlemen, with all the moderation which my esteem for M. Chabroud and his report demands from me, I maintain that he has reasoned badly. This speech, which I declare I do not remember, is one that any citizen could take pride in; and it is not only justifiable on account of the epoch which called it forth, but it is good in itself, it is praiseworthy; and if M. the tale-bearer had analyzed it with his ordinary sagacity, he would have had no need, in order to do away with the pretended offence, to convince himself that it was imaginary. Suppose a fanatical royalist, such as M. Mounier, conversing with a moderate royalist, and spurning the idea that the monarchy could run any danger from a nation which in any way avows the cult of a monarchical form of government: would you find it strange that the friend of the Throne and of liberty, seeing the horizon darken, judging better than the enthusiast the tendency of opinion, the acceleration of circumstances, the dangers of insurrection, and wishing to save his too-confiding fellow-citizen from a perilous security, said to him: "Well, who denies that the French are monarchists? Who argues with you that France has no need of a king, and

does not wish a king? But Louis XVII. will be king as well as Louis XVI.; and if one succeeds in persuading the nation that Louis XVI. is an abettor and an accomplice in the excesses which have tired out its patience, it will invoke a Louis XVII." The zealous partisan of liberty would have pronounced these words with energy equal to his knowledge of his companion and the relations which could render his discourse more efficacious; would you see in him a conspirator, a bad citizen, or even a bad reasoner? This would be a very simple supposition; it would be adapted to the persons and to the circumstances. At least draw from it this conclusion, that a discourse never proves anything by itself; that it draws all its character, all its force, from the preceding conversation, from the preceding events, from the circumstances of the time, from the speakers — in a word, from a crowd of fugitive shades which must be determined before it is possible to appreciate it or to judge it.

Since I am discussing M. Mounier, I will explain another fact which, in the account which he has given of it, he has twisted to his disadvantage.

He presided at the National Assembly of the fifth of October, where it was discussed whether the declaration of rights should be accepted pure and simple, or modified. It is said that I went to him, and urged him to pretend sickness and upon

that frivolous pretext adjourn the sitting. Doubtless I was not aware that the sickness of a president calls to the chair his predecessor; I was not aware that it is out of the power of any man to stop at his will the course of one of your most serious deliberations!

Here is the fact in its exactness and its simplicity.

During the morning session of the fifth of October, I was notified that the excitement at Paris was redoubling. I did not need to know the details to believe it; an augury which never deceives, the aspect of affairs, sufficiently indicated it to me. I went to M. Mounier, and I said to him: "Mounier, Paris is marching against us."—"I know nothing about it."—"Whether you believe me or not matters little to me; but I tell you that Paris is marching against us. Pretend that you are sick; go up to the Château, give them warning; tell them, if you choose, that you have it from me, that I assent to it; but stop this scandalous controversy; time presses—there is not a moment to lose."

"Paris is marching against us?" replied Mounier. "Well, so much the better; we shall be a republic all the sooner." If you will remember the prejudice and the malice which agitated Mounier, if you will remember that he saw in me the firebrand of Paris, you will find that this speech, which has more character than the poor fugitive

has since shown, did him honor. I have not seen him except in the National Assembly, which he deserted, as well as the kingdom, a few days after. I have never since spoken to him, and I do not know why he has assumed that I wrote him a note, at three o'clock on the morning of the sixth of October, to raise the sitting: I have not the smallest idea on the subject. Besides, nothing could be more idle or trivial.

I come now to the third accusation of which I am the object, and it is here that I have promised the word of the enigma: it is said that I counselled M. d'Orleans not to leave for England. Well, what do you conclude from that? I had the honor, not to give him (for I have not spoken with him), but to have him given this counsel. I learn, through public gossip, that after a conversation between M. d'Orleans and M. de Lafayette, very imperious on the one side and very resigned on the other, the former has accepted the mission, or rather received the order, to go to England. In an instant, the results of such a step presented themselves to my mind. To disquiet the friends of liberty, to spread clouds over the causes of the Revolution, to furnish a new pretext to the malcontents, to more and more isolate the King, to sow within and without the kingdom new germs of distrust, — those were the effects which this precipitate departure, this condemnation without accusation,

would be apt to produce. Above all, it would leave without a rival the man to whom chance events had just given a new dictatorship ; the man who, at that moment, had placed in the midst of liberty a police more active than that of the old regime ; the man who, through that police, had just collected a host of charges but arraigned no one ; the man who, by imposing on M. d'Orleans a decree of banishment, instead of having him tried and condemned if he was guilty, did nothing less than openly attack the inviolability of the members of the Assembly. My decision was instantly taken ; I said to M. Biron, with whom I have never had political relations, but whom I have always esteemed, and from whom I have often received friendly services : " M. d'Orleans is going to abandon, without judgment, the post which his constituents confided to him ; if he does this, I shall denounce his departure and oppose it ; if he remains, if he makes known the invisible hand which seeks to send him away, I shall denounce the authority which takes the place which belongs to the law ; let him choose between those alternatives." M. Biron replied to me with the most chivalrous sentiments, such as I had expected from him. M. d'Orleans, informed of my resolution, promised to follow my advice, but the next day I received in the Assembly a note from M. Biron, and not from M. d'Orleans, as the procedure supposes ;

this note, in sorrowful language, announced to me the departure of the Prince. But while the friend was compelled to endure, it was allowable to the public man to be indignant. A shock of anger, or rather of civic wrath, caused me to make on the instant a speech which M. the tale-bearer, to have the right of taxing as indiscreet, should have made known. Think it insolent, if you will; but at least allow that it does away with all idea of complicity, since it does not presume the slightest connection. I stood by him, whose conduct up to that time had seemed to me irreproachable, but whose departure was in my eyes more than a fault. That is the explanation of this fact; and M. Lafayette can certify to all the details thereof, which are perfectly well known to him. Now let any one who dare, I will not say impute crime to me, but refuse me his approbation,—who dare affirm that the counsel given by me was not conformable with my duty, useful to the commonwealth, and honorable to me,—rise and accuse me. Doubtless my opinion is a matter of indifference to him; but I avow that I cannot help cherishing for such an one the most profound contempt.

Thus disappear those atrocious accusations, those frantic calumnies which place among the number of the most dangerous conspirators, the most execrable criminals, a man with whom it is a matter of conscience to always wish to be useful

to his country, and not to have been always entirely useless thereto. Thus fades that so tardily discovered secret, which a tribunal, at the moment of ending its career, has just unveiled to you with so much certainty and satisfaction. What does it matter now whether I discuss or disdain that crowd of hearsay contradictions, idiotic fables, insidious comparisons, which the procedure still contains? What would it matter, for instance, that I should explain that series of confidences which M. Virieu claims to have received from me and which he reveals with such fervid loyalty? He is queer, this M. Virieu; but let him be never so fervent a zealot in the cause of the Republic, has he ever shown himself such a sincere friend of the Constitution that a man who has been called everything but a fool, should have thus made him his confidant?

I am not speaking here to amuse public malignity, to incite hatred, or to cause the birth of new dissensions. No one knows better than I that the safety of everything and everybody lies in social harmony and the annihilation of all party spirit; but I cannot help adding that it is a poor way of obtaining this union of minds, which is alone wanting to the completion of our work, to incite infamous procedures, to change the judicial power into a weapon of offence, and to justify this method of fighting by principles which would horrify slaves. I ask your permission to recapitulate.

The proceeding does not designate me except as an accomplice; so there is no charge against me, if there is no charge of complicity.

The proceeding does not designate me as an accomplice in any particular outrage, but only of a pretended prime mover in that outrage. There is then no accusation against me, unless it is first proved that there was a prime mover; unless it is demonstrated that the pretended charges of complicity which bear upon me were a secondary rôle allied to the principal one; unless it is established that my conduct has been one of the causes of the action, the movement, the explosion, of which the cause is sought.

Finally, the proceeding does not designate me only as the accomplice of a general prime mover, but as the accomplice of a particular one. So there is no accusation against me, unless all is proved at once; that the mover is the principal culprit and that the charges of which I am the object are connected with him and show a common plan depending on the same causes and capable of producing the same effects.

Thus, nothing whatever which it is indispensable to prove, is proved.

I will not ask if the occurrences of which we are informed are misfortunes or crimes; if those crimes are the effect of a plot, or of imprudence, or of chance; and if the supposition of a prime

mover does not render them a hundred times more inexplicable. It is enough for me to recall to you that among the facts which are laid to my charge, those anterior or posterior by several months to the occurrences cannot be connected with them except by the logic of tyrants or their tools; and that the others, which were concurrent with the period of the proceeding, which were evidently neither cause nor effect, and did not, could not have any influence, debar the idea of the rôle of agent, of mover, of accomplice; and that in any case to imply that I was of the number of culprits only in wish, that I was not charged with any outside action, with any suggestion, with any movement, renders my pretended complicity a chimera.

Again, it is enough for me to make you remark that the charges brought against me, far from establishing relations between me and the designated prime mover, give me entirely different connections; that, in the denunciation of the "fraternal banquet," which I was not alone in the alleged impudence of calling an orgy, I was merely the auxiliary of two of my colleagues, who made speeches before me; that, if I had paraded the ranks of the Regiment of Flanders, I should have done nothing, even according to the procedure, but follow the example of a crowd of members of this Assembly; that if the speech,

"what does it matter if it is Louis XVII?" was correct, beyond that I did not suggest a change of dynasty, my ideas, attested by a note to a member of this Assembly, did not go beyond the brother of the King in the possible case of a regency.

What then is this great part which it is alleged that I have taken in the events of which the procedure is the outcome? Where are the proofs of the complicity with which I am reproached? What is the crime of which it can be said of me: He is the author and the cause?

But I forget that I have just made use of the language of one accused, when I ought not to have used any but that of an accuser.

What is this procedure whose inquiry could not be finished, all whose appeals could not be adjudicated in a whole year; which, apparently brought on a charge of high treason to the King, finds itself in the hands of an incompetent tribunal, which is sovereign only in crimes of high treason against the nation? What is this procedure which, threatening twenty different persons in the space of a year, sometimes abandoned and sometimes resumed, as dictated by the interest and the views, the fears or the hopes, of those conspirators, has for so long been nothing but a weapon of intrigue, a blade suspended above the heads of those whom they desired to ruin or terrify, to disunite or bring

together; which finally saw the light but for one moment, after having traversed the seas, where one of the accused did not believe in the dictatorship which kept him in exile, or disdained it?

What is this procedure brought against individual delinquencies, of which we are not informed, and which nevertheless searches out distant causes, without shedding any light upon the proximate causes? What is this procedure, of which all the events are explicable without a plot, and which notwithstanding has a plot for its basis; of which the primary end has been to hide real faults and replace them by imaginary crimes; which self-love alone at first directed, which hatred then sharpened, by which party spirit was afterward possessed, by which the ministerial power was afterward seized, and which, receiving thus in turn several kinds of influences, finished by taking the form of an insidious protest against your decrees, against the freedom of choice by the King, against his journey to Paris, against the wisdom of your deliberations, and against the love of the nation for the monarch?

What is this procedure, which the most rabid enemies of the Revolution could not have better planned if they had been the sole authors, as they were nearly the sole instruments, thereof: which tended to inflame the most formidable party spirit in the midst of this Assembly, by opposing the

witnesses to the judges; in all the kingdom, by calumniating the intentions of the capital toward the provinces; in every city, by arousing detestation of a liberty which could threaten the duration of the monarchy; and in all Europe, by painting there the situation of a free king in the false colors of a captive and persecuted king—in painting there this august Assembly as an assembly of factionists?

Yes, the secret of this infernal procedure is discovered at last: it is all there [*pointing to the Right*]; it is in the interests of those whose witness and calumnies make up its texture; it is in the resources which it has furnished to the enemies of the Revolution; it is—it is in the hearts of the judges, so that they will soon be branded in history by the most just and most implacable vengeance!

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

PIERRE VICTURNIEN VERGNIAUD

Pierre Victurnien Vergniaud was born at Limoges, May 31, 1753. His parents were respectable, but in reduced circumstances. They were able, however, to give the boy some education at the Jesuit College at Limoges, from which he was removed, through the influence of Turgot, to the Collége du Plessis in Paris. He was for a time employed in the civil service in Paris, but abandoned this career and, after some time spent at home, studied for the bar, and was admitted in 1782. He met with considerable success at Bordeaux, and in 1789 was elected a member of the general council for the department of the Gironde. He was subsequently elected a member of the Legislative Assembly of 1791. His success as an orator in this wider field was immediate, and he soon took a leading part in the deliberations of the Assembly and in the direction of the policy of the Government. The conduct of the *émigrés* and the threatened coalition between Austria and Prussia gave Vergniaud an opportunity to enlist popular sympathy in his measures, and he was able to bring about a declaration of war against these two powers. In the meanwhile his bitterness against the monarchy grew more and more intense. But although he might take an active part in overthrowing the Throne, he was not prepared to go to the lengths advocated by Robespierre. In the debate on the trial of the King Vergniaud's conduct widened the breach between him and the party of the Jacobins. At once plots were made against him. In June, 1793, the Convention, at the demand of the populace, proscribed the Girondins and in the following month put them on their trial. Vergniaud was guillotined October 31, 1793.

Vergniaud was, after Mirabeau, the greatest orator of the French Revolution. But he was infinitely Mirabeau's inferior as a statesman. His speeches were prepared with the greatest care, and show in every line the trained hand of the

writer. They are, however, disfigured not a little by the many references to classical antiquity, according to the fashion of the times. On account of a natural repugnance to prolonged effort, many of Vergniaud's best speeches were without lasting result. A brilliant oration would be followed by a long period of inaction. The effect of his speeches might be very great for a time, but they frequently ended in a collapse or in the exaggeration of the principles he advocated. They were unsurpassed when an immediate result was to be produced or a declaration of some important principle was needed. His best speeches were those On the State of the French Peasantry, delivered in 1789, On the Situation in France, and On the Trial of the King.

The works of Vergniaud have been republished by Vermorel from the *Moniteur* and from his own published speeches. See also the valuable work by Vatel, *Vergniaud: Manuscrits, lettres et papiers,* Paris, 1875 ; Aulard, *Les Orateurs de la Législature et de la Convention,* and the various works dealing with the Girondins, among which may be mentioned the well-known work of Lamartine, *Les Girondins,* Paris, 1865. See also Vatel, *Charlotte Corday et les Girondins,* Paris, 1864–1872.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE

Vergniaud.

The occasion of the following speech was the lamentable condition of the country, brought about by the policy of the Girondins themselves. The war against Austria had been little more than a series of disasters. The army had proved itself incompetent, and the enemy had succeeded in gaining as allies all the principal countries of Europe. Vergniaud aimed in his four speeches on the subject to rouse the enthusiasm of the French people in the defence of the country against the enemy. At the same time he sought to discredit and attack the King. The following speech, the most famous of the four, was delivered July 3, 1792.

WHAT then is this strange position in which the National Assembly finds itself? What fatality pursues us and signalizes each day by great events, which bring disorder into our labors and deliver us over to the tumultuous agitation of fears, hopes, and passions? What destiny prepares for France that terrible effervescence in the midst of which, if we were less aware of the people's imperishable love for liberty, we might be tempted to doubt whether the Revolution will retrogress or whether it will achieve its goal?

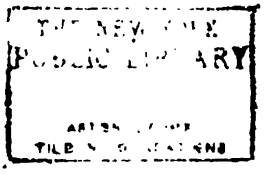
At the moment when our armies of the North seemed to be making progress in Brabant and

flattered our courage by auguries of victory, suddenly they are ordered to retreat before the enemy; they abandon the advantageous positions which they had conquered; they are led back upon our territory; there is fixed the theatre of war, and there remains to the unfortunate Belgians no memory of us except the incendiary fires which lighted our retreat. On another side, on the banks of the Rhine, our frontiers are menaced by the Prussian troops, whose movements the ministerial reports had made us hope would not be so prompt. Such is our political and military situation that a wise combination of plans, a prompt employment of means, union and accord of all those in power to whom the Constitution delegates the management of our military forces, were never so necessary as now; that the least misunderstanding, the faintest suspicion, the most trivial errors, could never result so seriously.

How does it happen that exactly at the last period of the most violent crisis, on the brink of the precipice into which the nation may sink, the movement of our armies is suspended; that by a sudden dissolution of the ministry the progress of affairs has been interrupted, the bonds of confidence torn asunder, the safety of the Empire delivered over to the inexperience of hands chosen at hazard, the difficulties of executive action multiplied and its success threatened by errors which

Pierre Victurnien Vergniaud.

From a drawing by Raffet.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escape even the most enlightened patriotism, in the apprenticeship of a great administration? If projects are conceived which can facilitate the completion of our armies, augment our means of victory, or render our defeats less disastrous, why are these preceded at the Throne by calumny, and there stifled by the most perfidious malevolence? Is it true that they dread our triumphs? Is it the blood of the army of Coblentz or our own of which they are niggardly?

If fanaticism excites disorder, if it threatens to deliver the Empire to the simultaneous laceration of foreign war, what is the intention of those who, with invincible obstinacy, reject all the repressive laws presented by the National Assembly? Do they wish to reign over abandoned cities, over devastated fields? What is the exact quantity of tears, of misery, of blood, of deaths which will content their vengeance? Whither are we trending? Into what abyss is it desired to lead us?

And you, gentlemen, what great thing are you going to undertake for the public weal? You, whose courage the enemies of the Constitution insolently flatter themselves to have shaken; you, whose consciences they each day strive to frighten, by calling the love of liberty a factional spirit—as if you could have forgotten that a despotic court also gave the name of factionists to the representatives of the people who took the oath of the

Tennis Court, that the cowardly heroes of the aristocracy constantly gave that name to the conquerors of the Bastile, to all those who have brought about and sustained the Revolution, and that the Constituent Assembly endeavored to make it an honor by proclaiming in one of its addresses that the nation was composed of twenty-four millions of factionists; you, who have been so greatly calumniated because nearly all of you are strangers to the caste which the Revolution had overthrown in the dust, and of which the intriguers who wish to raise it again, and the degraded men who regret the infamous happiness of grovelling before it, have not hoped to find accomplices in you; you, who are inveighed against with so much fury only because you form a truly popular assembly, when it was hoped that you would dishonor the people; you, who have been so infamously accused of tarnishing the brilliancy of the constitutional throne, because your vengeful hands have often smitten those who wished to make of it the throne of a despot; you, to whom some have had the infamy and absurdity of ascribing intentions contrary to your oaths, as if your welfare was not bound up with the Constitution, as if, invested with a power beyond that of the law, you had a civil list with which to hire anti-revolutionary satellites; you, whom, by the perfidious employment of calumny and of the

language of hypocritical moderation, they have sought to chill towards the interests of the people, because they know that you hold your mission from the people, that the people is your stay, and that if by a guilty desertion of its cause you deserved that it should in turn abandon you, it would be easy to dissolve your body; you, whom they have wished, and I am sorry to say have striven, to enfeeble by wretched dissensions, but who doubtless, in the present crisis, with the uneasy looks of the nation fastened upon you, will feel the need of concentrating all your forces — who will postpone until after the war our clamorous quarrels, our miserable dissensions, who will lay our pride, our jealousies, our passions, at the foot of the altar of liberty, who will not find it so pleasant to hate one another that you will prefer this infernal joy to the safety of your country; you, whom they sought to frighten by armed demands, as if you were ignorant that at the beginning of the Revolution the sanctuary of liberty was surrounded by the satellites of despotism,— Paris besieged by an army,—and that those days of peril were those of the true glory of the Constituent Assembly; you, to whom I have thought it a duty to present these rapid reflections, because it has seemed to me, at this time when it is necessary to arouse a strong excitement in the minds of the people, indispensable to dissipate all the

prejudices, all the errors, which could weaken the effect of your measures; you, finally, to whom each day discloses an immense horizon of conspiracies, of perfidies, of perils, who are stationed at the mouth of Ætna to control the eruption, what are your resources? What does the necessity command you to do? What does the Constitution permit you to do?

I am going to risk bringing before you some ideas; perhaps I might have withheld a part, after the new propositions which have been made to you by the King; but still more recent events forbid this suppression, which moreover appears to me as baseness, since an attempt is made to influence our opinions. A representative of the people should be as unmoved before bayonets as before calumny.

First, I will call your attention to the internal troubles. These have two causes: aristocratic manœuvres, and sacerdotal manœuvres. Both tend to the same end, anti-revolutionism. You can anticipate the action of the former by a wise and vigorous police system. Haste is needed in discussing the foundations; but, when you have done all that lies in you to save the people from the terrible influence of the second, the Constitution leaves at your disposal only one means: it is simple; nevertheless, I believe it to be just and efficacious. Here it is:

The King has refused his sanction to your decree concerning the religious troubles. I do not know if the sombre genius of the Medici and of Cardinal de Lorraine still wanders through the halls of the palace of the Tuileries; if the bloody hypocrisy of the Jesuits La Chaise and Le Tellier lives again in the soul of some villain, burning to see the days of Saint Bartholomew and the Dragonades repeated; I do not know if the heart of the King is troubled by fantastic ideas which are suggested to him, and his conscience led astray by the religious terrors with which he is surrounded.

But it is not permissible to believe, without doing him injury and accusing him of being the most dangerous enemy of the Revolution, that he desires to encourage, by impunity, the criminal attempts of the pontifical ambition, and to restore to the arrogant adherents of the tiara the disastrous power with which they have equally oppressed peoples and kings. It is not permissible to believe, without doing him injury and accusing him of being the enemy of the people, that he approves or even has seen with indifference the underhand manœuvres employed to divide the citizens, to cast the fermentations of hatred in the midst of sensitive souls, and to stifle in the name of the Divinity the sweetest sentiments of which the happiness of men is composed. It is not permissible to believe, without doing him injury and accusing him himself of

being the enemy of the law, that he will refuse his sanction to the adoption of repressive measures against fanaticism, which would incite the citizens to those excesses which are inspired by despair and condemned by the laws; that he prefers to expose unsworn priests, even though they are not foes to order, to arbitrary vengeance rather than submit them to a law which, acting only against agitators, covers the innocent with an impenetrable buckler. Finally, it is not permissible to believe, without doing him injury and accusing him of being the enemy of the Empire, that he desires to perpetuate the seditions and make eternal the disorders and all the revolutionary movements which would force the Empire into civil war, and precipitate it, through civil war, to its dissolution.

Whence I conclude that if he has resisted your will, he regards himself as strong enough, through the already existing laws, through the redoubtable force with which they have armed him, to cause peace to succeed to adversity, and happiness to tears.

If then it should happen that the hopes of the nation and of ourselves should be deceived, if the spirit of dissension continues to agitate us, if the torch of fanaticism still threatens to consume us, if religious violence still desolates the departments, it is evident that the fault should be imputed solely to the negligence or to the lack of patriotism of

the agents employed by the King ; that the allegations of the inanity of their efforts, of the insufficiency of their precautions, of the multiplicity of their vigils, are merely despicable lies, and that it will be right to glut with them the sword of justice, as being the sole cause of our woes.

Well, then ! consecrate this truth to-day by a solemn declaration. The veto affixed to your decree has diffused, not that gloomy stupor beneath which the cowering slave devours his tears in silence, but that sentiment of generous grief which, with a free people, awakens passion and arouses energy. Hasten to prevent an agitation of which the effects are beyond human foresight ; proclaim to France that hereafter the ministers shall answer with their heads for all the disorders for which religion furnishes the pretext ; show her in this crisis an end to her uneasiness, a hope of seeing the seditious punished, the hypocrites unveiled, and tranquillity reborn.

Your solicitude for the outward safety of the Empire and the success of the war made you adopt the idea of a camp or an army posted between Paris and the frontiers. You associate this idea with that of a civic celebration, which was held at Paris the fourteenth of July. You know what profound feelings the memory of that immortal day awakens in all hearts ; you know with what transports the citizens would have rushed from all the depart-

ments to clasp in their arms the conquerors of the Bastile; with what outbreaks of joy they would have come among the inhabitants of the city which glories in having given the first impulsion toward liberty, to repeat the oath "to live free or to die." Thus the most generous enthusiasm, the intoxication of fraternal feeling, would have combined with the certainty of danger to the country to accelerate the organization of the new army; and in some fashion you would have softened the calamities of war, by mixing therewith the ineffable joys of a universal fraternity. The poisoned breath of calumny has blighted this patriotic project. The embraces and the celebrations have been forbidden with barbarous coldness. The plans of federation and festivity are changed into discordant measures and funeral solemnities. The King has refused his sanction to your decree.

I respect too highly the exercise of a constitutional right to propose to you to hold the ministry responsible for the disorderly actions which might well be the result of this refusal; but they should be at least so held, if they have omitted a single one of the precautions which the safety of our territory demands, if it happens that before the assembling of the battalions of the National Guard, the formation of which the King has proposed to you, the soil of liberty be profaned by tyrants. The King does not wish to deliver France over to

foreign armies ; he was desirous of adopting your views, if he had not been persuaded either that there was no danger to be feared from the side of the Rhine and on the part of the Prussians, or that we had sufficient force to repulse it. Whatever the error into which he has been led, as it will be pleasant for us to praise the ministers if they have placed the Empire in a state of honorable defence, it will also be just to charge them with the blame if that state of defence is so feeble as to endanger us ; and on this point you should make a declaration which will enlighten the people upon the precautions which are being taken for their glory and their tranquillity, and which leaves in no uncertainty the chastisement of traitors.

Will it be said that the sanction depends solely on the will of the King ; that the ministers do not in any way participate in that eminent act of the power delegated to him by the Constitution ; that hence there cannot be laid to their account the pretext of a responsibility ? I shall reply that I do not intend to hold the ministers responsible for the refusal of the sanction, but only for the insufficiency, or the inexecution, or the too tardy execution of the means of safety which are demanded by the circumstances. The King is inviolable ; but he alone enjoys his inviolability, which is incommunicable. He answers neither for his faults nor his errors ; his agents answer for them. There are

the two indivisible bases of the organization of the executive power. It is only through them that, under a careless or conspiring prince, and in times of great peril, the State can be saved. It is only through them that, under a tyrannous prince, the law can be spared the signal affront of seeing impunity assured to the greatest crimes, and the State can be preserved from the evils of which so scandalous a privilege might be the source. If there are circumstances when the legislative body has power only to modify them, the pride which we have felt in believing ourselves free is a delirium, and the Constitution is no more than the seal of a shameful slavery.

Will it be said that an injustice is done to the ministerial responsibility by the great extension which I seem to give it? I reply that the man who voluntarily submits himself thereto, by the acceptance of the ministry, renounces the right of accusing the law of too much rigor.

But it is not enough to have proved that the ministers themselves must be thrown into the abyss which their heedlessness or their malevolence might have dug for liberty. What good will a tardy vengeance do an oppressed country? Will the blood of a few guilty ministers expiate the deaths of citizens who have nobly fallen, while defending that country, under the blows of its enemies? Is it by scaffolds and tortures that she

could be consoled for the loss of her most cherished children?

There are simple, yet strong and intensely important truths, the mere enunciation of which can, as I think, produce greater and more salutary effects than the ministerial responsibility, and may spare us the evils which that would be no means of retrieving. I shall speak without other passion than love of country and profound sense of the evils which desolate it. I beg that I may be heard with calmness, that there may be no haste to prejudge me so as to approve or condemn in advance that which I have no intention of saying. Faithful to my oath to maintain the Constitution, to respect the constituted powers, it is the Constitution alone which I shall invoke. Moreover, I shall have spoken in the undoubted interests of the King, if, by the aid of some reflections of striking obviousness, I tear away the bandage which intrigue and adulation have bound upon his eyes, and show him the goal to which his perfidious friends are striving to lead him.

It is "in the name of the King" that the French princes have attempted to arouse all the courts of Europe against the nation; it is "to avenge the dignity of the King" that the treaty of Pilnitz has been concluded and the monstrous alliance between the courts of Berlin and Vienna formed; it is "to defend the King" that we have seen the

old body-guard assemble in Germany under the standards of rebellion; it is "to come to the help of the King" that the *émigrés* solicit and obtain employment in the Austrian armies, and seek to rend the bosom of their country; it is to join these worthy chevaliers of "the royal prerogative" that other chevaliers full of honor and delicacy abandon their posts in the face of the enemy, betray their oaths, rob the public coffers, endeavor to corrupt their soldiers, and thus find their glory in cowardice, perjury, subornation, theft, and assassination; it is against the nation or only the National Assembly, and to "uphold the splendor of the throne," that the King of Bohemia and Hungary makes war against us, and that the King of Prussia marches upon our frontiers; it is "in the name of the King" that liberty is attacked, and that, if they succeed in overthrowing it, they will soon dismember the Empire to indemnify the coalesced powers for their expenses,—since every one knows the generosity of kings, and is aware with what disinterestedness they send their armies to devastate a foreign country, and how far it can be believed that they will lavish their treasures to sustain a war which may not be profitable to them. Finally, of all the evils which are made to accumulate on our heads, of all those which we have to dread, it is "only the name of the King" which is the pretext and the cause.

Now I read in the Constitution, Chapter II., Section I., Article VI. : "If the King places himself at the head of an army and directs its forces against the nation, or if he does not oppose, by a formal act, such an enterprise conducted in his name, he will be adjudged to have abdicated."

Now I ask you what must be understood by a formal act of opposition ; my reason tells me that it is an act of resistance, proportioned, as far as possible, to the danger, and performed at a time when it will be useful in preventing that danger.

For instance, if, in the present war, a hundred thousand Austrians were marching on Flanders, or a hundred thousand Prussians on Alsatia, and the King, who is the supreme chief of the public forces, opposed to each of these redoubtable armies only a detachment of ten or twenty thousand men, could it be said that he had employed suitable means of resistance, that he had fulfilled the will of the Constitution and performed the formal act which it demands from him ?

If the King, charged to watch over the outward safety of the Empire, to notify the legislative body of imminent hostilities, being informed of the movements of the Prussian army, and giving no information thereof to the National Assembly, — being informed, or at least being able to presume, that that army will attack us within a month, sluggishly avails himself of the resources for defence ;

if there existed a just uneasiness concerning the progress which the enemy could make toward the interior of France, and a camp of reserves was evidently necessary to prevent or arrest that progress; if there existed a decree which made the formation of that camp certain and prompt; if the King overruled this decree and substituted therefor a plan of which the success was uncertain and demanded for its execution a time so great that the enemy would have sufficient time to render it impossible; if the legislative body issued decrees of general safety, to the effect that the urgency of the danger admitted no delay, and nevertheless sanction was refused or deferred for two months; if the King left the command of an army to an intriguing general, formerly suspected by the nation of the gravest faults, the most marked attempts against the Constitution; if another general, reared far from the corruption of courts and familiar with victory, for the glory of our arms asked for a reinforcement which it would be easy to give him; if by refusing, the King said clearly to him, "I forbid you to conquer"; if, profiting by this fatal temporization, and so much incoherence in our political policy, or rather so constant a perseverance in perfidy, the league of tyrants dealt a mortal stroke to liberty, could it be said that the King had made the constitutional resistance, that he had fulfilled the

will of the Constitution as to the defence of the State, that he had performed the formal act which is prescribed to him ?

Allow me to reason yet further on this unhappy supposition. In order to take away all pretence from assumptions which are purely hypothetical, let me say at once, that I have exaggerated several facts, which, I hope, will never exist; but I am obliged to make a complete exposition, to show the truth without clouds.

If such were the result of the conduct of which I have just drawn the picture, that France would swim in blood, that the foreigner would rule therein, that the Constitution were shaken, that the anti-revolution came thence, and that the King should say to you in his justification :

" It is true that the enemies which rend France pretend to move only to reëstablish my power, which they suppose annihilated; to avenge my dignity, which they suppose sullied; to give me back my royal rights, which they suppose endangered or lost; but I have proved that I am not their accomplice; I have obeyed the Constitution, which ordains that I shall oppose by a formal act their enterprises, since I have placed armies in the field. It is true that these armies were too weak, but the Constitution does not designate the time in which I must assemble them; it is true that camps of reserves might have supported them, but

the Constitution does not oblige me to form camps of reserves.

"It is true that when the generals were advancing victoriously upon the territory of the enemy, I ordered them to stop; but the Constitution does not direct me to win victories — it even forbids me to make conquests. It is true that attempts have been made to disorganize the armies by the systematic dismissal of officers, and that I have made no effort to arrest the course of these dismissals; but the Constitution has not provided what I should do in the case of such a misdemeanor. It is true that my ministers have continually deceived the National Assembly as to the number and disposition of the troops and supplies; that I have kept around me as long as I could those who obstructed the march of the constitutional government, as short a time as possible those who sought to give it strength; but the Constitution makes their nomination depend on my will alone, and nowhere ordains that I give my confidence to patriots and banish the anti-revolutionists. It is true that the National Assembly has issued decrees which were useful and even necessary, and which I have refused to sanction; but I had the right to do this; it is sacred, since I hold it through the Constitution. It is true, finally, that the anti-revolution is a fact, that despotism is going to again place in my hands its iron sceptre, that I shall punish you for

having had the insolence of wishing to be free; but I have done all that the Constitution directs me; there has emanated from me not one act which the Constitution condemns; therefore it is not permissible to doubt my fidelity thereto, my zeal in its defence."

If, I say, it were possible that, amid the calamities of a fatal war, amid the anti-revolutionary upheaval, the King of the French should make use of this derisive language: if it were possible that he should ever speak of his love for the Constitution with so insulting an irony, would they not be within their right to reply to him:

"O King, who without doubt have believed, as did the tyrant Lysander, that truth is worth no more than a lie, and that men must be amused with oaths, as children are amused with knucklebones; who have feigned to love the laws only to attain the power which will serve you to brave them—the Constitution only that it might not precipitate you from the throne, where it was needful for you to remain in order to destroy it—the nation only to insure the success of your perfidies in inspiring it with confidence: do you think to abuse us to-day with hypocritical protestations, to put us on a wrong scent as to the cause of our sorrows, by the skill of your excuses and the audacity of your sophisms?

"Was it defending us to oppose the foreign foe

with forces, the inferiority of which did not even leave any doubt of their defeat? Was it defending us to put aside the projects planned to fortify the interior of the kingdom, or to make preparations of resistance for the time when we should have already fallen a prey to tyrants? Was it defending us to choose generals who themselves attacked the Constitution, or to fetter the courage of those who served it? Was it defending us to ceaselessly paralyze the Government by continual dissolutions of the ministry? Did the Constitution allow you the choice of ministers for our welfare or our ruin? Did it make you chief of the army for our glory or our shame? Finally, did it give you the right of sanction, a civil list, and so many grand prerogatives that you might constitutionally overthrow the Constitution and the Empire? No, no; you whom the generosity of the French could not move, you whom only the love of despotism can touch, you have not fulfilled the will of the Constitution: it is perhaps overthrown, but you will not reap the fruit of your perjury; you have not opposed by a formal act the victories which have been won in your name over liberty, but you will not reap the fruit of your unworthy triumphs; you are nothing in future to that Constitution which you have so unworthily violated, to that people whom you have so infamously betrayed."

Turning to the actual circumstances, I do not

think that, if our armies are not yet entirely brought to completion, it is on account of the malevolence of the King. I hope that he will very soon augment our means of resistance by a useful employment of the battalions now so uselessly scattered through the interior of the kingdom; I hope also, in fine, that the march of the Prussians over our National Guards will not be so triumphant as they have the boastful insanity to imagine. I am not tormented by the fear of seeing realized the horrible suppositions which I have made: nevertheless, as the perils with which we are invested impose upon us the obligation of foreseeing everything; as the facts which I have supposed are not wanting in striking resemblances to several of the King's speeches; as it is certain that the false friends who surround him are sold to the conspirators of Coblentz, and that they are eager to lose it in order to gather the fruit of the conspiracy for some of their chiefs; as it touches his personal safety, as well as the tranquillity of the kingdom, that his conduct shall be no more surrounded by suspicion; as nothing but a perfect frankness in his proceedings and his explanations can prevent the extreme means and the bloody quarrels which these would bring to birth,—I suggest a message wherein, after the interpellations which circumstances determine to address to him, shall be presented to him the truth which I have unfolded;

wherein shall be shown to him that the system of neutrality which one seems to wish him to adopt against Coblentz and France would be a signal treason in the King of the French; that he will gain therefrom no other glory than a profound horror on the part of the nation, and a splendid contempt on the part of the conspirators; that having already chosen France, he ought loudly to proclaim an unshakable resolution to triumph or to perish with her and the Constitution.

But at the same time, being convinced that harmony between the two powers is enough to stifle hatred, bring together the divided citizens, banish discord from the Empire, double our forces against our exterior enemies, reassert liberty, and draw back the monarchy from the edge of the abyss where it is tottering, I would desire that the message shall have for its object to maintain or produce this harmony, and not to render it impossible; I would desire that there should be shown there all the firmness, all the greatness which belongs to the National Assembly and the majesty of the two powers; I would desire therein the dignity which imposes respect, not the pride which irritates, the energy which arouses, not the bitterness which offends; in a word, I would desire that this message to which I attach the highest importance be a signal of reunion, not a declaration of war. It is after having shown that calmness which is the

characteristic of courage in time of peril, that, if we are menaced by any catastrophe, its provokers will be clearly designated by their conduct, and that the opinion of the eighty-three departments will sanction in advance the precautions taken by the legislative body to assure the powerlessness of their efforts.

I pass to another provisionary measure which I think it time to take: it is a declaration that the country is in danger. At this cry of alarm, you will see all the citizens rally, the enlistments regain their activity, the battalions of National Guards completed, the public spirit reanimated, the departments increase military exercises, the land covered with soldiers, and you will see renewed the prodigies which covered many of the nations of antiquity with immortal glory. Well, will the French be less great? Would they not have as sacred objects to defend? Do they not fight for their sires, their babes, their wives, their country, their liberty? Has the succession of the centuries weakened in the human heart those sublime and tender affections, or enervated the courage which they inspire? No, never: they are as eternal as nature, from which they spring; and it will not be in the regenerated French, in the French of Eighty-nine, that nature will show itself degenerated; but I repeat, it is urgent to make this declaration. The longer duration of a fancied security would prove

the greatest of our perils. Do you not see the smile of our domestic enemies which announces the approach of the tyrants which are coalesced against you? Do you not understand their guilty feelings and their criminal plots? Are you not afraid of the animosity which lives in our internal dissensions? Has not the day come to reunite those who are in Rome and those who are on the Aventine Mount?

Are you waiting until, wearied of the fatigues of the Revolution and corrupted by the habit of cringing before a court and by the insidious predictions of moderatism, feeble men shall become accustomed to speak of liberty without enthusiasm, of slavery without horror? Whence comes it that the constituent authorities thwart each other in their proceedings; that the armed forces forget that they are essentially obedient; that soldiers or generals endeavor to influence the legislative body, and citizens essay, by an appeal to violence, to direct the action of the chief executive? Is it desired to establish a military government? There is perchance the most imminent, the most terrible of our perils. Murmurs rise against the court: who dare to say that they are unjust? It is suspected of perfidious projects: what facts can be cited which can dissipate these suspicions? Popular movements, martial law, are spoken of; it is attempted to familiarize the imagination with

the blood of the people; the palace of the King of the French is suddenly changed into a strong castle: yet where are his enemies? Against whom do these cannon and bayonets point? The defenders of the Constitution have been repulsed by the ministry; the reins of the Empire have remained floating at hazard at the time when so much vigor and patriotism are needed to hold them. Everywhere discord is fomented, fanaticism triumphs. Instead of assuming a firm and patriotic course, which would save it from the tempest, the Government allows itself to be carried away by the stormy winds which toss it; its vacillation inspires contempt in the foreign powers; the audacity of those who vomit armies and fetters against us freezes the good will of the people, who put up secret prayers for triumph and liberty.

The cohorts of the enemy are moving, and it may be that, in their insolent presumption, they already divide among themselves our territory and crush us with all the pride of a conquering and implacable tyrant. We are divided within; intrigue and perfidy are plotting treasons. The legislative body oppose rigorous but necessary decrees to the plots; an all-powerful hand destroys them. Are our armies sufficiently strong, sufficiently disciplined, sufficienly drilled in those tactics which, even more than valor, decide the victory, to defend us without? Our fortunes, our lives and

liberty, are menaced ; anarchy approaches with all the scourges which demoralize political bodies. Despotism alone, raising its long-humiliated head, enjoys our miseries and awaits its prey to devour it. Summon, for the time has come, summon all Frenchmen to save the country ; show them the gulf in all its immensity. It is only by an extraordinary effort that they can escape it ; it is for you to prepare them by an electrifying movement which will create enthusiasm in all the Empire.

And here I will say to you that there will always exist for you a last means of raising the hatred of despotism to its highest degree of excitation, and of giving to courage that exaltation which permits no further doubt of our success.

This means is worthy of the august position which you fill, of the generous people which you represent ; it may even bring some celebrity to your names and make you worthy of living in the memory of men : it is to imitate the brave Spartans who immolated themselves at Thermopylæ, and those venerable old men who, issuing from the Roman Senate, went to await death on the thresholds of their homes, when the ferocious barbarians were marching against them. No, you will have no need to put up prayers that avengers of your ashes may be born. Ah ! on the day when your blood reddens the earth, tyranny, its pride, its guardians,

its palaces, its satellites, will vanish forever before the sovereign power of the nation. And if the grief of not having been able to render your country happy should poison your last moments, you will at least have the consolation that your death will precipitate the ruin of the oppressors of the people, and that your devotion will have saved liberty.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

JEAN BAPTISTE LOUVET

Jean Baptiste Louvet was born in Paris, June 11, 1760. Although his education was imperfect, he turned to literature rather than to the parental trade of shopkeeping. A novel that he wrote was a great success, and a well-written pamphlet brought about his election to the Jacobin Club. For a time he edited a newspaper, and was soon elected to the Convention. In the breach between Brissot and Robespierre, in connection with the Austrian war, he sided with the former. His denunciation of Robespierre occasioned his expulsion from the Jacobin Club, and his defence of the proposition to allow the King to appeal to the nation marked him out for proscription. For two months he lay concealed in Paris, and in June, 1793, he escaped with the greatest difficulty to the Jura Mountains. Here he lived in a cave until the news of the downfall of Robespierre reached him. He then returned to Paris and resumed his seat in the Convention, and was not long after elected the President of that body. The closing years of his life, however, were not in keeping with the brilliant success of the beginning of his career. Louvet died August 25, 1797.

Louvet was one of the most able orators of the times, and, if he had been properly supported, might have saved the country from some of the disasters that befell it. He was, as an orator, always something of an actor, and in his speeches he was accustomed to rely to a great extent upon methods which were not always oratorical, and he is therefore less favorably known as a speaker than are some of his contemporaries.

The works of Louvet, which are very numerous, comprise novels, plays, speeches, and memoirs. During his seclusion in the Jura Mountains he composed a valuable autobiographical sketch. His complete memoirs have been published by Aulard, who has done so much for the history of oratory of the French Revolution. For literature, see the notices of Mirabeau, Vergniaud, and Gaudet.

ACCUSATION OF ROBESPIERRE

Louvet.

The circumstances of the succeeding speech were as follows: On October 29, 1792, Roland made a report on the condition of Paris, in which he denounced the action of the Commune. He added that there was a conspiracy on foot which, on the pretence of supporting the cause of liberty, was plotting the overthrow of the State and the massacre of many. He himself and his colleagues were threatened. In the language of the times, the State required a new *blood-letting*. At once suspicion fell upon Robespierre, who, smarting under the attack, said: "No one will dare accuse me to my face." At once Louvet arose and cried, "I am he who accuses you. Yes, Robespierre, I accuse you." The speech that followed had been very carefully written, and had been carried about by the orator, who had been waiting for a favorable opportunity to introduce it. Its effect is described by one present as follows: "Robespierre was thrown into such confusion that he did not fully recover his spirits and recollection afterwards. The effect of eloquence upon an assembly of Frenchmen is violent and instantaneous; the indignation which Louvet's speech raised against Robespierre was prodigious; at some particular parts I thought his person in danger."

A GREAT public conspiracy had for an instant threatened to weigh upon France, and had for too long weighed upon Paris. You came; we believed that your presence would put an end to the ragings of the ambitious, and would intimidate the conspirators. We were mistaken; the state in which we find ourselves tells us that the plots have not been for an instant interrupted.

When you came, the national authority, repre-

sented by the Legislative Assembly, was misunderstood, disgraced, trodden under foot. To-day some strive even to decry this Assembly; they employ like means for dishonoring it. In the public places, at the Palace of the Revolution, and elsewhere, you hear: what do I say? even on the terrace of the Bernadines, even at the doors of that temple of the law, they preach insurrection against you, against the representatives of the people in convention!

It is time to know if there exists a faction, either among seven or eight members of this Assembly, or among the seven hundred and thirty others who contend against them. You must go forth from this insolent attack either conquerors or disgraced. You must give account to France of the reasons which make you keep in your midst that man whom public opinion regards with increasing horror. You must — and I do not fear to say it — either free us from his presence, or, by a solemn decree, insult public intelligence and proclaim him innocent.

It is not less pressing that you take measures both against that disorganizing Commune which prolongs an usurped authority, and against the agitators who sow dissension by their speeches and their placards. In vain will you promulgate half-measures, if you do not attack the evil in the evil itself, that is to say, in the men who are its

authors; and it is here that is seen how false is the maxim which has been carefully announced in the first of this discussion. You have been told that you should occupy yourselves with things and not with persons; but in a public conspiracy, things and men are intimately connected; and I defy any one to denounce a conspiracy without denouncing the conspirators. It is also time to again raise a political absurdity, very unskilfully advanced: that is, that, in a republic, factionists cannot exist; although the experience of the centuries attests that factions are almost periodical maladies of republics. You have been told that the city of Paris must not be accused. A directly contrary sentiment animates me. They who have calumniated the people of Paris are those who have attributed to them the horrors committed by some persons beneath their mask and in their name. I will tear off their masks; I will proclaim their names; I will render to each that which belongs to him.

During one of your first sittings, there were denounced to you the criminal attempts to change the government made by some ambitious men; and if you passed to the order of the day, it was neither because you had no scintilla of proof, nor because the accusation did not seem to you a very grave one, but because you preferred to close your eyes to a passed danger and throw a veil over

averted plots, which your presence, as it seemed, should prevent from recurring. I myself was led away by these flattering hopes. Otherwise, I would have been torn to pieces rather than consent to lay on the table the denunciations which were ready.

To-day I am going to recall these plots ; I shall prove them, not by papers, but by facts. The papers are with the *Comité de Surveillance ;* the facts are everywhere ; all Paris will be my witness. I shall denounce the projects of subversion, of anarchy, of invasion, of the destruction of the National Representation, which some men have conceived and which they dare still to nourish. I shall force myself to be brief. Strengthen me with your attention ; and you, citizen-president, try to let no one interrupt me : since as soon as I touch the sore there will be cries. I have to tell truths which will mortally offend some people.

Still one brief reflection. I was at first astonished that Danton, whom no one attacked, should have rushed into this tribune to declare that he is unattackable ; that he should suddenly and beforehand disavow a colleague, as if he had not made use of him in this vast combination of a great plot which has existed : and I observe that if one has had an "experience with the bad disposition" of a man, it should not be necessary to have entirely finished with him, before renouncing him. You

have been reminded of the observations of a minister on the events of the beginning of September. I think in fact that great merit is found there; but for me, who have studied for a year the movements of the people of Paris, and of those who disturb them, I shall not let myself be carried away by a too subtle eloquence. That of the new Minister of Justice has led him away; he has made reproaches more ingenious than solid; the facts will disprove them.

I shall compare to the Revolution of the tenth of August, that of the second of September.

Robespierre, the accusation will show forth the whole of your actions and your conduct.

It was in last January, that in a certain place, where were assembled from a thousand to fifteen hundred men, adjudged the best or the most ardent patriots in Paris: in a place whose name, because of the respect which is owing to it on account of immense services formerly rendered to the country, I beg you will permit me to withhold (well, then, I will name it: the Jacobin Club)—it was in last January that one might have noted at the Jacobin Club a party, weak in numbers and in means, strong in audacity and in all kinds of immorality; a party which had just cast itself into our midst to cover its justly suspected name with our glorious one; to seize the good which we had done and attribute it to itself; to propagate in our locality,

more convenient than its own, its doctrines, which it claimed were ours ; to pervert our institution to its profit and against ourselves ; to disquiet, fatigue, and blind, by all methods of the vilest tactics, any one who tried to restore to its primitive purity that institution to-day so contemptible, that there remains to it in truth only its title, which the usurpers abuse to summon and retain in their midst some honest men whom they unworthily deceive.

It was the month of January, when to those profound or brilliant debates which have honored or served us throughout Europe, succeeded these miserable discussions which should be fatal to us therein. It was then that across the infinitely just accusations with which a traitorous court merited being pursued, one was careful to indirectly throw against the excellent Left of the Legislative Assembly, the strangest accusations, the germ of which would develop to a terrible extent when the day of direct calumnies should arrive. Then were seen some persons, undoubtedly privileged, desiring to talk, to talk ceaselessly, to do nothing but talk, not to enlighten the members of the Assembly, but to sow among them the ever-sprouting seeds of division, but above all to be heard by a few hundreds of spectators whose applause they seemed to seek to win, at whatever price might be necessary ; then was seen that it was apparently agreed that turn by turn these trusty fellows relieved one

another in presenting such and such a decree, such and such an individual of the Left, to the animadversion of the credulous spectators, and, on the other hand, in presenting to their admiration in a thousand pleasing ways a constituent whose ardent partisans constantly rendered him the most pompous eulogiums, at least when he did not render them to himself. We, nevertheless, remaining a small number on account of the vexations with which we were surrounded: we, assiduous observers notwithstanding the budding persecutions: we felt ourselves far more oppressed with astonishment than with disquiet. Our eyes were not yet entirely opened; we confined ourselves to bewailing the human weaknesses of some persons whom we would fain have still sufficiently esteemed to believe them only tormented by poignant mistrust of the unrestrained enthusiasm manifested for themselves.

But after the famous tenth of March, De Lessart having been smitten by accusation and the patriots having found themselves in possession of the reins of government, what was our surprise to hear those whom we knew as agitators declaim against a Jacobin ministry with a hundred times more heat than they had displayed in watching a conspiring ministry! At this period they did not fear to let fall that first mask, now become too inconvenient; harangues were permitted only to those

who vilified the best decrees carried by the courage of the Left; to those who calumniated such and such a philosopher, such and such a writer, such and such a patriotic orator; to those who with the utmost effrontery declared that such an one was the only virtuous man in France, the only one to whom the task of saving the country could be confided; to those who lavished the basest flatteries upon some hundreds of citizens first entitled the people of Paris, then absolutely the People, and then the sovereign; to those who presented an idol to men reputed free; and above all, these harangues were permitted only to that idol, to that splendid usurper, whom already his faction almost called a god, and who, while himself repeating the eternal enumeration of the merits, the perfections, the numberless virtues with which he recognized himself as being supplied, never failed, after having twenty times over borne witness to the strength, the greatness, the goodness, the sovereignty of the people, to protest that he also was of the people—a ruse as gross as culpable, by means of which, the idol and his worshippers and the pretended sovereign being confounded together, one succeeded in making them, so to speak, unattackable: so that whoever had enough courage to question, I will not say the least of the merits, but merely the most absurd or calumnious of the opinions of this adored leader, was insulted,

attacked as having insulted the people; a crude stratagem, but one which should not, however contemptible, be repulsed only by contempt; for it is too well known that it is by such means that all usurpers have succeeded, all, from Cæsar to Cromwell, from Sylla to Masaniello.

Then, representatives of the people, all those who did not wish to remain in blindness should have seen clearly. It became incontestable that among these men, ever more and more united, more intolerant, more audacious in their calumnious persecutions, more rampant in their sycophancies toward the populace, more impudent in their ridiculous apotheoses, as there advanced more inevitably and more healthily that insurrection which others also wished to provoke, but with very different intentions: it became incontestable that among these men there existed a secret pact whose aim must be, since they everywhere attacked talents and virtues, to turn the coming revolution to the profit of their personal ambition; to oppress the people, since in feigning to enlighten one portion of them they sought only to mislead all; to destroy the National Representation, since in order to vilify it they decried all its measures; finally, since they desired that their chief should be worshipped, to establish themselves under him, with him, and very soon perhaps without him; at the moment when the

traitor king should fall, to make themselves kings —kings, or tribunes, or dictators, or triumvirs, what does the name matter ?

Nevertheless we, old members of the nearly destroyed combination, we who remained steadily faithful to the principles of rigid equality, convinced of the evil designs of this horde of false conspirators, uneasy concerning the ways which they thought to take, and asking ourselves what was the extent of their means, we on our side advanced in the revolutionary movement ; we advanced, striking at the same time a traitorous court and traitorous agitators ; and above all redoubling our efforts that the consideration equally due to the character and the conduct of two hundred and some odd deputies, whom we regarded as worthy representatives of the nation, should not be ravished from them ; that they should be environed with it during that violent commotion, where it was so necessary to preserve a centre of union around which the true friends of liberty might find one another and rally : we advanced, very resolute, let come what would, never to consent that the idolatrous worship of a man should be substituted for the holy love of country ; thoroughly decided not to bow a submissive front except before the majesty of the whole people legitimately represented ; and moreover flattering ourselves that after having overthrown the old tyrant, the national

omnipotence would well know how to strike down the new ones.

Certainly — why should I deny it? — on the tenth of August they contributed something to the fall of him whom they counted on replacing. But would the utility of their help suffice to efface the stain of it? Either I have a false idea of republican morals, or liberty, as pure as virtue, its inseparable companion, reproves those who serve it from unworthy motives; and moreover how shall their plots not be punished when they resume their execrable course?

Representatives of the people, a day forever glorious, that of the tenth of August, came to save France. Two more days passed away; I was at my functions as member of the provisionary general council; a man enters, and suddenly there is a great commotion in the assemblage. I look, and I can hardly believe my eyes: it is he, he himself! He comes to seat himself in our midst — I am wrong; he has already gone to place himself at the *bureau*: for a long period there has been no such thing as equality for him — and I, plunged in a profound stupor, question myself as to this event, which I admit was unforeseen. What! Robespierre, the proud Robespierre, who, in the days of peril, had abandoned the important post to which the confidence of the citizens had called him, who had since then twenty times solemnly vowed

not to accept any public position, who, only one evening before, in face of fifteen hundred witnesses, had greatly desired to pledge himself to act as the counsellor of the people, provided that the people should show a lively desire therefor,—the counsellor of the people ! weigh that expression, I beg you,—Robespierre on the point of becoming, like us, a municipal officer ! From that moment it was evident to me that that general council would without doubt do great things and that many of its members would be called to high destinies.

But let us dwell for an instant on that revolution of the tenth of August. You know, representatives, that they attributed the honor thereof to themselves ; and certainly, I am astonished that those who ceaselessly pose as the defenders of the people and seem to take delight in vaunting the people's prudence and strength, to-day wish to dispute with them the glory of that day, and do not fear to maintain that without their feeble support the people would have fallen into the abyss. The revolution of the tenth of August is the work of all ; it belongs to our faubourgs, which rose in mass, to those brave federals who had nothing to do with the chiefs of the agitators who are not received within our walls. It belongs to those two hundred courageous deputies who, the same day, to the sound of the reports of artillery, rendered the decree of the suspension of Louis XVI., and many

others which the so greatly calumniated Commission of Twenty-one held all ready ; it belongs, and let gratitude be rendered them, to the gallantry of the noble warriors of Finisterre, to the intrepidity of the worthy children of proud Marseilles ; the revolution of the tenth of August belongs to all.

But that of the second of September ! vile conspirators, that is yours ; it is yours only ! and you glorify yourselves because of it. They themselves, with a ferocious contempt, designate you only as the patriots of the tenth of August ; with a ferocious pride, they refer to themselves as the patriots of the second of September. Ah ! may this distinction, worthy of the kind of courage which is theirs, remain to them ; may it remain to them for our lasting justification and for their eternal opprobrium.

Gentlemen, we have thus arrived at the fatal period ; can I contain my indignation ? The pretended friends of the people have wished to make the people of Paris responsible for the horrors with which the first week of September was sullied ; they have vilely calumniated that people. I know them, those Parisians, for I was born, I have lived, in the midst of them : they are brave, but, like all brave people, they are kind ; they are quick to anger, but they are generous ; they sharply resent an injury, but they are magnanimous in victory. I am not speaking of such and such a part of them

which are misled, but of the vast majority, when they are left to their natural peaceful ways.

They know how to fight, these people of Paris; they do not know how to assassinate. It is true that they were seen, the whole of them, on the tenth of August, before the palace of the Tuileries; it is false that they were seen on the second of September before the prisons. How many butchers were there in those prisons? two hundred, perhaps not two hundred; and outside, how many spectators, drawn there by a truly incomprehensible curiosity, were to be found? double that number at the most.

But it has been asked, if the people did not participate in these murders, why did they not prevent them? Why? Because the guardian power of Pétion was chained; because Roland spoke in vain; because the Minister of Justice did not speak at all; because the presidents of forty-eight sections, though ready to repress such frightful disorders, vainly awaited the requisitions which the general commanding did not make; because municipal officers, covered with their scarfs, presided at these atrocious executions. But what of the Legislative Assembly? The Legislative Assembly! Representatives of the people, you will avenge it. The impotence to which your predecessors were reduced is, among so many crimes, the greatest of those for which must be punished the madmen

whom I denounce to you. The Legislative Assembly! It was daily tormented, disregarded, dishonored by an insolent demagogue who came to its bar to ordain to it its decrees; who returned to the general council only to denounce it; who came back to the Commission of Twenty-one to threaten it with the tocsin; who, ever with slanders, lies, and proscriptions in his mouth, accused the most worthy representatives of the people of having sold France to Brunswick, and thus accused them on the eve of the very day when the blades of assassins were to be drawn; who, not being able to destroy all decrees, made them himself, and, in face of a formal law, kept the approaches closed, and thus preserved his general council, uselessly dissolved by a decree. It was thus that the despot already approached his intended goal — that of humiliating before the municipal powers, of whom he was the leader, the national authority, until he could annihilate it; yes, annihilate it; for at the same time, through that too-celebrated *Comité de Surveillance,* conspirators covered all France with that letter wherein all the communes were invited to the assassination of individuals; and, what is yet more horrible — give all your attention to this culmination of their treasons — that which is much more horrible, to the assassination of liberty, since it attempted no less than to obtain a coalition of all municipalities, and their reunion to that of Paris,

which would thus become the centre of the common representation, and would overthrow, from top to bottom, the form of your government. Such assuredly was their system of conspiracy, which even now you see them still pursuing; such was their abominable plan; and if any doubt could still remain, remember how our walls were then dishonored by placards of a nature unknown in the history of the most barbarous nations. There might be read that there should be pillage and ceaseless massacre; there might be found frightful calumnies against the purest patriots, visibly destined to a violent death; there Pétion, worthy of himself, most worthy of his popularity, which they have a thousand times attempted to take away from him—there Pétion, whose inflexible virtue had become too obstructive to them, was daily attacked; there were designated as traitors, whom the justice of the people should hasten to sacrifice, the new ministers, only one being excepted—only one, and always the same one. And can you, Danton, justify yourself before posterity for that exception? Finally, there they dared to attempt to prepare public opinion for those great changes so ardently desired, for the institution of the dictatorship, or, what would have more greatly pleased the new despots, the institution of the triumvirate.

And do not hope to impose upon us by to-day disavowing that lost child of assassination. If he

did not belong to your faction, who suddenly gave him the hardihood to emerge living from the sepulchre to which he had been self-condemned? If you did not acknowledge and cherish him, who inspired in him so much confidence? in him, of whom you let us believe, some weeks before, that his existence was problematic? If he was not yours, who furnished him, in the extreme poverty which he avowed, who furnished him with the funds necessary for such exorbitant expenses? If he was not incited by all your projects for oppression, if his devotion to their service did not merit for him some recompense, why did you produce him in that electoral assembly, which you dominate by intrigue and terror—from which you demanded its votes for him, and from the midst of which you cast him into the midst of us, where he still is, but where, if there is justice on earth, he will not remain?

Let us return to his masters. By what road do they hope to attain their supreme destinies? By that, along which they already march with cruel pride; by new massacres: there must be more of these, that the terror may be complete, and to tempt some one, in those days of mourning and anarchy, some one more attached to liberty than to life, into attempting to oppose some resistance to their cursed triumphs. Thus we soon heard, even in the public places, impious voices clamoring for

an immense list, where crowded thousands of names, most of them taken by surprise in a blind credulity; impious voices which already begged for the goods and blood of the innumerable crowd of those proscribed. Then consternation became general. During forty-eight hours—and thirty thousand bereaved families shall be my witnesses—each trembled for the object of his dearest affections; weeping wives and children came to conjure us to spare the lives of their fathers and husbands. Alas! because of these useless prayers, we felt agonizing reproach: to ask us to prevent the assassinations from being committed, was to accuse us of those assassinations already committed. Prevent them! how could we do it? We ourselves lay beneath the daggers. All those who had defended the rights of the people with constancy, courage, and disinterestedness, were calumniated, pursued, menaced. Great gods! what was our condition? When I looked around me I saw the purest patriots persecuted, an insulting visit and most menacing threats made to an enthusiastic republican, whose very name the turbulent pamphleteers, as lately those of Louis XVI., wished to make a scandal; warrants issued for those who, in the Legislative Assembly, had suspended the despot who had been precipitated from the Tuileries to the Temple; and to complete the horror, a warrant issued for Roland, for that man—his

noble courage is beyond the eulogies of any one. When I saw so many licentious atrocities, I asked myself if, on the tenth of August, I had merely dreamed of our victory, or whether Brunswick and his anti-revolutionary cohorts were within our walls. No; but fierce conspirators were cementing their new-born authority with blood; and to confirm that authority, twenty-eight thousand corpses were still needed. Then I remembered Sylla, who began by smiting in Rome the abhorred citizens only, and who soon had the heads of those citizens most renowned for virtues and talents borne through the public places and upon the rostrum. Thus the disorganizing faction, escorted by terror and always preceded by placards of the man of blood, rapidly advanced toward its goal; thus the conspirators began their reign, on the fragments of all authorities and all reputations; thus you, Robespierre, marched with great strides towards that dictatorial power, the thirst for which devoured you, but before which at last awaited you some resolute men, and in which, be sure, they had sworn by Brutus you should not be kept for more than a day.

What nevertheless stopped these conspirators? It was a few courageous citizens who stood close together; it was the force of inertia which Pétion opposed to them; it was the force of activity which Roland opposed to them, who denounced them before all France, with more bravery than he

had needed in unmasking the most knavish of kings; it was again the poor success of that letter of the *Comité de Surveillance,* whose anarchistic invitations were repulsed with horror by the enlightenment or the good sense of all the communes; by that cry of indignation which, sent up from the farthest ends of the Empire, made itself heard to the very centre; by the first hopes which Dumouriez gave us, while he was still too weak to stop the enemy, but already sufficiently fortunate to disquiet them; it was above all by that genius, the protector of France, who seems to have watched over her during three years of successive revolutions, who amid the most furious storms seems to this day to have always taken under its peculiar safeguard that Paris which is the centre and the home of all violent commotions, that Paris which, under the existing circumstances, it must again save, little as you aid it.

Robespierre, I accuse you of having for long calumniated the purest, the best patriots; I accuse you of this, for I think that the honor of good citizens and the representatives of the people does not belong to you.

I accuse you of having calumniated the same men, with even more fury, at the period of the first days of September; that is to say, at a time when your calumnies were virtual proscriptions.

I accuse you of having, as much as lay in you,

slighted, persecuted, and dishonored the National Representation, and of having caused it to be slighted, persecuted, and dishonored.

I accuse you of having yourself continually posed as an object of idolatry ; of having allowed people to say in your presence that you were the only incorruptible man in France, the only one who could save the country, and of having twenty times given this out yourself.

I accuse you of having tyrannized over the electoral assembly of Paris by all methods of intrigue and terror.

I accuse you of having evidently aspired to supreme power.

Legislators, there is in your midst another man, whose name shall not sully my lips, whom I have no need to accuse, for he is self-accused. He himself has said to you that his judgment is that two hundred and sixty thousand heads must fall ; he himself has avowed to you that which indeed he could not deny, that he had counselled the overthrow of the government, that he had instigated the establishment of a tribune, of a dictatorship, of a triumvirate : but when he avowed this to you, you did not perhaps know all the circumstances which made this a truly national crime. And this man is in the midst of you ! and France is wrathful thereat ! and Europe is astonished thereat ! They wait for you to pronounce sentence.

I ask that you appoint a committee to inquire into the conduct of Robespierre.

And to hereafter prevent, as much as possible, conspiracies like that which I denounce to you, I ask that you have examined, by your Committee on the Constitution, the question whether, to maintain public liberty, before which all private interests should disappear, you should not pass, as in ancient Greece, a law which condemns to banishment any man who has made of his name a subject to divide the citizens.

I insist above all that you instantly pronounce sentence upon a man of blood whose crimes are proven, whose defence if any one has the courage to undertake, let him mount the tribune; and believe me, for the sake of our glory, for the honor of the country, we will not part without having judged him. I demand at once a decree of accusation against Marat—Gods! I have named him!

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

ROBESPIERRE

Maximilien Marie Isidore de Robespierre was born at Arras, May 6, 1758. His mother died when he was but a lad, and the family removed from Arras, but Robespierre remained behind to attend the college, whence he passed to the Collége Louis-le-Grand at Paris. He became an advocate in 1781 and returned to Arras, where by his care and study he obtained an extensive practice. At the same time he took an interest in literature and the political speculations of the day. He was elected a member of the States-General in 1789. In this capacity he took every means to cultivate the friendship of the people of Paris. He could preach to them, with some hope of success, the doctrines of Rousseau, which he himself had embraced. He was able to gain a following by means of the Jacobin Club, of which he soon became the leader. His influence in the Assembly increased steadily after the death of Mirabeau, and he was unremitting in his attacks upon the Girondins. He gained to his side the Parisian Commune, of which he became a member, and was thereby able to destroy and proscribe the leading Girondins and to be made a member of the Committee of Safety. It is with the deeds of this committee that Robespierre's name has been generally associated. He was, however, not its leader, though he was an ardent defender of its methods, which seemed to him to promise well for the cause of the Revolution. He was of the opinion that the Terror could not be abandoned without the simultaneous abandonment of those plans for which he had labored. He was, accordingly, in part responsible for the extremes to which the Terror went, but that which was political fanaticism in his case was employed by his followers as a shield to themselves. At last the party of Danton and the friends of others whom Robespierre had put to death were able to overthrow him. He was arrested, but was rescued

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from prison. He then attempted in vain to rouse the Parisian Commune in his defence. He was executed July 28, 1794.

Robespierre was by temperament and character a political and religious fanatic. He was bent on carrying through his political and religious theories, and though he was often apparently timid, suspicious, weak, and slow, yet where those theories were concerned he displayed no little courage and determination. He had great power of sustained effort, a pleasing voice, and attractive manners, and was thereby able to win the hearts of those who heard him. But the slow process by which he composed his speeches would have made it impossible, in a country where debaters held the first position, for him to have attained an eminent reputation for parliamentary oratory.

The great authority on Robespierre is Ernest Hamel, who has written an elaborate life of him, *Vie de Robespierre,* Paris, 1865–1867. The public life of Robespierre is so bound up with the history of the times that special references are unnecessary.

AGAINST GRANTING THE KING A TRIAL

Robespierre.

Royalty was abolished in France September 21, 1792, and on the same day the Republic was formally proclaimed. The question at once arose, what should be done with the King? If he lived, he would be a constant source of danger to the Republic. On what ground could he be put to death? Had he, indeed, deserved death? These questions were answered in various ways. The Girondin party was for proceeding against him by a formal accusation and trial. The party led by Robespierre was opposed to any trial, and was determined to put the King to death as a measure of public safety. As in many cases, the Girondins were actuated by the best of sentiments, but were without a clear apprehension of the real question and its bearings. The Mountain had, as usual, a definite plan, but it disregarded individual rights, sacrificing them to the common good. The following speech of Robespierre was delivered in the Convention December 3, 1792. It was, on the whole, unsuccessful. Louis was tried with great formality, but the trial was without doubt more of a formality than the Girondins had hoped. The principles of Robespierre were, therefore, in the end successful.

THE Assembly has been unwittingly led far from the true question. There is no question here of a trial. Louis is not an accused person; you are not judges — you are, you can be, only statesmen and representatives of the nation. You have no sentence to render for or against a man, but a measure of public safety to take, an act of national providence to exercise. In the Republic, a dethroned king is good for only two things,

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either to disturb the tranquillity of the State, and to endanger liberty, or to strengthen both of them. So I maintain that the character which your deliberations have taken up to now is directly opposed to their real end.

What in truth is the method which healthy policy prescribes to cement the growing Republic? It is to deeply engrave in all hearts contempt for royalty, and to strike with stupor all the partisans of the King. Therefore, to present his crime to the universe as problematic, his cause as an object of the most imposing, the most pious, the most difficult discussion which can occupy the representatives of the French people, to place an immeasurable distance between the mere memory of what he was and the dignity of a citizen, is to have found the only secret of making him again dangerous to liberty.

Louis was King: the Republic exists: the famous question which occupies you is decided by those words alone. Louis has been dethroned for his crimes; Louis denounced the French people as rebels; to chastise them, he summoned the armies of the tyrants, his brothers; but victory and the people have decided that he alone was a rebel: therefore, Louis cannot be judged; he is already judged. He is condemned, or the Republic is not justified. To propose to indict Louis XVI., in whatever manner that can be done, is to

Maximilien Marie Isidore de Robespierre.

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retrograde towards royal and constitutional despotism ; it is an anti-revolutionary idea ; for it is to place in litigation the Revolution itself. In fact, if Louis can still be the object of a trial, Louis can be absolved ; he can be innocent. What do I say ? He is presumed to be innocent until he has been judged. But if Louis is absolved, if Louis can be presumed innocent, what does the Revolution become ? If Louis is innocent, all the defenders of liberty become calumniators. All the rebels were the friends of truth and the defenders of oppressed innocence ; all the manifestations of foreign courts were merely legitimate remonstrances against a dominant faction. Even the confinement which Louis has undergone to this moment is an unjust vexation ; the federals, the people of Paris, all the patriots of the French Empire are guilty ; and this great trial pending before the tribunal of nature between crime and virtue, between liberty and tyranny, is finally decided in favor of crime and tyranny. Beware, citizens : you are here deceived by false ideas ; you confound the rules of civil and fixed law with the principles of the rights of man ; you confound the relations between citizens with the attitude of nations towards an enemy which conspires against them ; you confound the situation of a people in a state of revolution with that of a people where the government is established ; you confound a nation which punishes a

public functionary, still preserving its form of government, with one which destroys the government itself. We bring to bear upon ideas which are familiar to us an extraordinary case which depends upon principles which we have never applied. Thus, because we are accustomed to see the offences which we witness tried according to uniform rules, we are naturally led to believe that in no circumstances can nations equitably act with rigor in any other manner towards a man who has violated their rights, and where we do not see a jury, a tribunal, a procedure, we do not find justice. Even those terms which we apply to ideas which are different from those which they usually define, aid in deceiving us. Such is the natural dominion of habit that we look upon the most arbitrary, sometimes even the most defective, institutions, as the most absolute criterion of truth or falsehood, justice or injustice. We do not even dream that most of them still rest of necessity upon the prejudices which despotism has nourished in us ; we have been so long bowed under its yoke that only with difficulty can we raise ourselves to the eternal principles of reason, that all which returns to the sacred source of all laws seems to take in our eyes an illegal character, and that even the order of nature seems to us as disorder. The majestic movements of a great people, the sublime flights of virtue, often present

themselves to our timid eyes as the eruptions of a volcano or the overthrow of political society; and this is certainly not the least cause of the troubles which agitate us, this eternal contradiction between the weakness of our habits, the depravity of our intellects, and the purity of principle, the energy of character which is presumed by the free government to which we dare aspire.

When a nation has been forced to have recourse to the right of insurrection, it returns to a state of nature with regard to the tyrant. How can that tyrant invoke the social pact? He has annihilated it. The nation can still preserve it, if it thinks it well, for that which concerns the relations of citizens among themselves; but the effect of tyranny and insurrection is to entirely sever relations with the tyrant; it is to place them reciprocally in a state of war; tribunals and judicial procedures are established for citizens. It is a gross contradiction to suppose that the Constitution can rule under this new state of things; that would be to suppose that it survived. What are the laws which replace it? Those of nature, that which is the base even of society: the welfare of the people. The right to punish the tyrant, and that of dethroning him, is the same thing. One does not admit of other forms than does the other; the trial of the tyrant is insurrection; his sentence is the

fall of his power; his punishment is that which is demanded by the liberty of the people.

The peoples do not judge as do judiciary courts: they do not pronounce sentence, they launch the thunderbolt; they do not condemn kings, they plunge them into nothingness; and this justice is worth far more than that of tribunals. If it is for their welfare that they take up arms against their oppressors, how can they be bound to adopt, to punish these, a method which is for them a new danger?

We have let ourselves be led into error by foreign examples which have nothing in common with us: that Cromwell had Charles I. judged by a tribunal which he controlled; that Elizabeth had Mary of Scotland condemned in the same manner. It is natural that tyrants who immolate their equals, not to the people, but to their own ambition, should seek to mislead the vulgar opinion by illusory forms. There is there no question either of principles or of liberty, but of rascality and intrigue; but the people! what other law can they follow, but justice and reason supported by their omnipotence?

In what republic has the necessity of punishing a tyrant ever been made subject of litigation? Was Tarquin summoned to judgment? What would have been said in Rome, if any Romans had dared to declare themselves as his defenders?

What do we do? We summon from all sides advocates to plead the cause of Louis XVI.!

We consecrate as legitimate acts those which the whole free people had regarded as the greatest of crimes. We ourselves seduce the citizens to baseness and corruption. We can easily foresee a day when there will be civic crowns for the defenders of Louis; for if they defend his cause, they may well hope to make it triumphant; otherwise, you would be acting only a ridiculous comedy before the universe. And we dare speak of a republic! We invoke forms, because we have no principles; we pride ourselves upon our delicacy, because we lack energy; we make a display of a mock humanity, because true humanity is a stranger to us; we revere the shadow of a king because we are without sympathy for the oppressed.

A trial for Louis XVI.! But what is that trial, if it is not an appeal from the insurrection to a tribunal or to some assembly? When a king has been annihilated by the people, who has the right to resuscitate him to make of him a new pretext for trouble and rebellion? And what other effects can this system produce? By opening an arena to the champions of Louis XVI., you revive all the quarrels of despotism against liberty; you establish the right of blasphemy against the Republic and the people, for the right of defending the late despot imports the right of saying all that may

support his cause. You reawaken all the factions; you reanimate, you encourage moribund royalty. Any one can freely take sides with or against. What would be more legitimate, what more natural, than to everywhere repeat the maxims which his defenders may loudly utter at your bar and even in your tribune? What kind of a republic is that, the founders of which everywhere encourage its adversaries to attack it in its cradle!

It has been said that this is a great cause, which must be tried with wise and slow deliberation. It is you who make it a great cause. What do I say? It is you who make it a cause at all. What do you find great in it? Is it the difficulty? No. Is it the person? In the eyes of liberty, there is none viler; in the eyes of humanity, there is none more guilty. He can no longer overawe any but those who are more base than he. Is it the benefit to be derived? That is one more reason for haste. A great cause is one which springs from the will of the people; a great cause is that of the unfortunate oppressed by despotism. What is the motive of these eternal delays which you recommend? Do you fear to offend popular opinion? as if the people themselves feared anything but the weakness and the ambition of their delegates! as if the people were a vile troop of slaves, stupidly attached to the stupid tyrant whom they have proscribed, desiring at any price to wallow in baseness and in

servitude! You talk of opinion; is it not for you to direct it, to strengthen it? If it is led astray, if it is depraved, to whom should it turn, if not to you? Do you fear to displease the foreign kings who are leagued against you? Oh, doubtless, the means of conquering them is to seem to fear them; the means of confounding the criminal conspiracy of the despots of Europe is to respect their accomplice! Do you fear the foreign peoples? Then you still believe in the innate love for tyranny. Why then do you aspire to the glory of enfranchising the human race? Through what contradiction do you suppose that the nations which have been nowise astonished by the proclamation of the rights of humanity will be thunderstruck at the chastisement of one of its most cruel oppressors? Finally, it is said that you fear the verdict of posterity. Yes, posterity will be indeed astonished by your indecision and your weakness; and our descendants will laugh at once at the presumption and the prejudices of their fathers. It has been said that it needs genius to thoroughly examine this question; I hold that it needs only good faith: it is far less a question of seeking light than of voluntarily blinding oneself. Why does that which at one time seems clear to us, at another seem obscure? How does that which the good sense of the people easily decides, change for their delegates into a nearly insoluble problem? Have we a right to

possess a will and wisdom which differs from universal reason ?

I have heard the defenders of the doctrine of inviolability advance a daring principle, which I myself should have perhaps hesitated to enounce. They have said that those who on the tenth of August would have immolated Louis XVI. would have performed a virtuous action. But the sole basis of this opinion can only be the crimes of Louis XVI. and the rights of the people. Have three months' interval then changed his crimes or the rights of the people? If he was then torn away from the people's wrath, it was doubtless only that his punishment, solemnly ordained by the National Convention in the name of the people, should become more imposing to the enemies of humanity; but to again call into question whether he is guilty or whether he can be punished, is to betray the promise given to the French people. There may be men who, whether to prevent the Assembly from assuming the character which is worthy of it—whether to snatch from the nations an example which would raise souls to the height of republican principles—whether through motives yet more shameful, would not be sorry that a private hand should replace the functions of national justice. Citizens, beware of this snare; whoever dares to give such counsel serves only the enemies of the people. However it may

come, the punishment of Louis is of benefit only as it shall bear the solemn character of a public vengeance.

What imports to the people the contemptible person of the last of the kings? Representatives, that which it imports to them, that which it imports to yourselves, is that you shall fulfil the duties which their confidence has imposed upon you. You have proclaimed the Republic, but have you given it to us? We have not yet made one single law which justifies that name; we have not yet reformed one single abuse of despotism. Away with names! we still have complete tyranny, and more, viler factions and more immoral charlatans, with new ferments of agitations and civil war. The Republic! and Louis yet alive! and you still place the person of the King between us and liberty! Because of mere scruples, let us fear to become criminals; let us fear that in showing too great indulgence to the guilty, we may put ourselves in his place.

A new difficulty. To what penalty shall we sentence Louis? The penalty of death is too cruel. No, says another, life is yet more cruel: I demand that he live. Advocates of the King, is it from pity or from cruelty that you wish to preserve him from the penalty of his crimes? For myself, I abhor the penalty of death established by your laws, and I have for Louis neither

love nor hatred; I hate nothing but treason. I have asked for the abolition of the death-penalty from the Assembly which you still call Constituent, and it is not my fault if the first principles of reason have seemed to them moral and political heresies. But if you have no intention of ever recalling them in favor of so many unfortunates whose crimes are less theirs than those of the government, by what fatality do you only remember them to plead the cause of the greatest of all criminals? You demand an exception to the death-penalty for him who alone can make it legitimate! Yes, the death-penalty is generally a crime, and for that reason only, according to the indestructible principles of nature, to be justified in the case where it is necessary for the safety of individuals or the social body. So, the public safety never makes use of it against ordinary offences, because society can always prevent these by other means, and can render the guilty incapable of injuring it. But with a King dethroned in the midst of a Revolution which is nothing less than cemented by the laws, a King whose name alone brings the scourge of war upon the agitated nation, neither prison nor exile can render his existence indifferent to the public welfare; and this cruel exception to the ordinary laws avowed by justice can be imputed only to the nature of his crimes. I pronounce this fatal truth with regret—

but Louis should die, because the country must live. Among a people peaceful, free, and respected abroad as at home, you could listen to the counsels of those who urge you to be generous. But a people whose liberty, after so many sacrifices and combats, is still disputed; a people among whom the laws are yet inexorable only for the unfortunate; a people among whom the crimes of tyranny are subjects of dispute, should desire that they be avenged; and the generosity for which we are praised resembles too greatly that of a band of brigands who divide the spoil.

I propose to you to pass at once upon the fate of Louis. As to his wife, you will see her again before the tribunals, as well as all persons suspected of like crimes. His son will be kept in the Temple, until peace and public liberty be affirmed. As to him, I ask that the Convention declare him, from this moment, a traitor to the French Nation, a criminal against humanity: I ask that he shall give a great example to the world, in the same place where, on the tenth of August, died the noble martyrs of liberty. I ask that this memorable event shall be consecrated by a monument destined to nourish in the hearts of the people the sentiment of their rights and a horror of tyrants; and in the souls of tyrants, a salutary terror of the justice of the people.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

GENSONNÉ

Armand Gensonné was born at Bordeaux, August 10, 1758. His parents were of the middle class, but were wealthy and able to give their son an excellent education. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in his native town, where he became the friend of Vergniaud. His diligent studies and gravity of mind brought him a good practice and the notice of the Government. His reputation as a learned jurist was so great that he was elected judge of the Central Tribunal of Appeal by the department of the Gironde. In the same year he was elected a member of the Assembly with Vergniaud and Gaudet. His course was much influenced by the journalist Brissot, and he was induced by him to advocate the policy of declaring war, in order to strengthen the position of the Republic. He was in this at one with the other members from the Gironde. In the Convention he was a firm opponent of Robespierre, although he did not ally himself with the Rolandist faction of his party. In the overthrow of the Girondins he remained in Paris with Vergniaud, and refused every means of escape that was offered him. He perished with the other leaders of his party, October 31, 1793.

Gensonné differed in many respects from the other orators of the Gironde. He had not that fiery enthusiasm which marked the style of Gaudet. He was a man of moderation, and preferred a clear logical style to the impassioned appeals with which Vergniaud was able to electrify the Convention. He remained calm in the midst of the greatest excitement. But he was at the same time a very effective speaker, and with his keen irony could deal powerful blows under which his opponents winced.

The works of Gensonné have been published, in the same manner as those of his fellow members of the party of the Girondins, by Vermorel. In addition to the books on the

French Revolution and the Girondins, see Henri Chauvet, *Le Barreau de Bourdeaux, de 1775 à 1815*, Paris, 1856. This contains the memoirs of Gensonné. See also the literature referred to under Vergniaud, Gaudet, and Louvet.

THE JUDGMENT OF LOUIS XVI.

Gensonné.

J. B. Salles, a member of the Convention, proposed December 27, 1792, that if the King should be condemned by the Convention he should be allowed an appeal. The question should be put to the people of France, "Shall Louis XVI. be punished with death, or detained till the peace?" The answer, which should be "Detained" or "Put to death," should be given in the same primary assemblies that had been convoked for the purpose of appointing the Convention. The Girondins as a body supported this proposal, although it was full of danger to the country. On the last day of December Vergniaud spoke in support of this proposition. Robespierre had a few days before pointed out the danger which might arise from allowing the appeal. This Vergniaud had noticed, but very slightly. Gensonné, in the following speech, which he delivered January 2, 1793, attempted to refute the objections of Robespierre.

I REDUCE the examination of the question which occupies our attention to three propositions: "Has Louis betrayed the nation?—What penalty has he incurred?—Should the people sanction your judgment, or deliberate if there is reason to commute the penalty?"

Of the first two questions the facts are known, comprehended, and decided. The application of the penalty to the guilty, considering it individually and taking away the interested motives which might determine the nation to change it, does not seem to me to be doubtful. When every day the

tribunals condemn to the death-penalty the accomplices of Louis, how could the chief of the conspiracy fail to have incurred the same penalty? I therefore vote in the affirmative on these two propositions: "Louis is guilty, Louis has merited death."

But should this judgment be sanctioned by the people? This last question seems to me of the highest importance; there is not a single cottage in which the echo of this discussion has not already resounded; let us profit thereby to recall to the people, in all their extent, their rights, which the intriguers have never wished them to enjoy. Let us, in the course of this debate, speak to them the whole truth; for their welfare, their liberty, the safety of the Republic, hang upon its result.

Robespierre has said that the status of a man who has been king should be the same as that of other citizens; he is mistaken: the necessary consequence of this proposition would be that we should not have judged Louis, and that he should be sent back to those tribunals charged with determining the fates of the rest of the citizens; and Robespierre himself has strongly insisted that Louis should be judged by the National Assembly.

But we are not able to so act that that which has been shall become non-existent; that the judgment of the tyrant could have any other

relations to the general safety than that which it has had and now has. It is not in our power to prevent his crimes from being bound up with our actual situation, with the inviolability which he opposes to us, with the abolition of royalty, finally with the formation of France into a Republic.

If we should send Louis before the tribunals, would that not be to place the care of the general welfare in the conscience of a few judges? Could one in any way separate in the verdict that which concerns only the individual, of which the courts could judge, from the relations of public interest, of which only the sovereign could take cognizance? Finally, even upon the supposition that you could have sent Louis before the courts, whether he had been declared innocent or guilty, would not in any case those measures of public safety taken in respect to him, be still for you the object of a serious discussion?

It is therefore not only as judges of an individual and charged simply with applying the provisions of an existing law to particular offences, it is as the representatives of the sovereign, as those delegated by it to provide for that which the public welfare and the general safety demand, that you are about to pronounce the fate of Louis. But should you submit your decision to the sanction of the people? I believe

this to be not only expedient, but necessary. I think that the sternness of principle and the interests of all, your respect for the national sovereignty and the firmness with which you should oppose the factions which surround you, all impose this duty upon you.

It is incontestable that will cannot be delegated, and that the sovereignty of the people would be violated if, in the plan of constitution which we are about to present to the Republic, there does not exist in and through the people themselves methods of arresting the individual will of their delegates; if it does not conserve to them the imprescribable right of censuring or approving the resolutions which their representatives adopt in their name; for thus they would not only have delegated the exercise of their sovereignty, they would have relinquished it.

Doubtless it would not be well that this popular censure upon the important resolutions of their representatives should hinder the action of government and too often draw the citizens away from their labors; but it is possible to arrange it by a simple and easy method, which conserves to the people the integrity of their rights, removes all obstacles, and by stifling in their birth abuses by the government, gives to it force and energy.

Thus, all general laws, all important resolutions of the representatives of the people should be

sanctioned by them and submitted to their criticism; not that they must deliberate on all; but it suffices that, having the power to do so, they do not censure, for their approbation to be presumed. It is possible to except from the rigor of this principle: first, purely administrative acts, because such are themselves the execution or application of general rules submitted to the criticism of particular cases, and under the responsibility of those who administer them; second, occasional and police measures, but only under two conditions,—first, that their execution be not irreparable, and second, that they be limited to a short term, as three or six months for example, and that their renewal shall be subject to criticism.

It is necessary that a frank and decided setting-forth of our principles should teach the people what they are to expect; or rather what they should exact from us. It is necessary that they should know that the evils and the slavery of nations, and the success of usurpers, have no other causes than the indifference with which a mighty people relinquish the exercise of their sovereignty; that the representative government is lawful only because the people cannot govern of themselves; but that their rights are violated each time that they are made to do by representation that which they can do themselves. Finally, they must be

set to distinguish their true friends from the sycophants who deceive them and the charlatans who flatter their passions only to usurp their rights.

These I announce as my principles; they are independent of the real question. I have loudly professed them in the Committee on the Constitution, before this was first discussed; and I dare say that your Committee on the Constitution adopted the developments thereof, and that they, to the great regret of the anarchists and the factious, will form one of the bases of the projects, which they will soon present to you.

If in the interval which will elapse before the adoption of the Constitution, in these delicate circumstances you do not consecrate, you do not execute the principle of recourse to the real, and not presumed, expression of the general will, the art of directing and bringing to birth insurrections among the portion of the people which environs you is a lever stronger than your government; and if this lever is in the hands of a turbulent faction, dominated by a usurper, royalty, or under any other name, the usurpation of the rights of the people may be completed in that interval. Finally, I maintain that, in the actual situation of affairs, recourse to the sovereign is expedient at all times when opinions may differ; it is necessary at all times when the provisionary execution of the law is not compelled, and its result can be

reduced to simple terms, on which the sovereign may easily pronounce its will.

It is time that we should call the attention of all good citizens to the dangers by which the Republic is menaced; it is time to tear away the veil and to prove to Europe that we will not become vile slaves, passive instruments of a faction which usurps the rights of the people, but rather the faithful organ of the national will. Let us hasten, there is still time; let us not lose an instant in placing in action the principle of the sovereignty of the people; liberty is lost, if the general will does not rise above all factions, does not crush and dissipate all parties.

Yes, it is impossible for me to dissemble to-day; there exists a party, a faction, which evidently desires to attack the sovereignty of the people and to make itself the arbiter of their destinies; which is possessed by the culpable ambition of dominating through terror the National Convention, and through the National Convention the whole Republic; which perhaps wishes to go yet further.—Already your energy, your firmness, force it to hasten its measures, and perhaps to-morrow there will remain no more time to unmask it.

It is this faction which I see rise with the utmost fury against the appeal to the people. It well knows that the surest means of baffling its efforts, is to give to the people the consciousness of their

strength and their rights, to prove affection for them by rejoicing in the exercise of that sovereignty which some are constantly striving to ravish from them, but which is not only the most precious of all things, but is the source of all good; finally, it is to teach them that those who wish to act for them, deceive them; and that instead of being the instrument of factions, they should reign over them.

Some one — it was Robespierre — said to us that this appeal to the sovereign would result in a civil war. Civil war! Certainly the surest means of preventing it, since party spirit is reawakening, since a violent disturbance causes fear of the shock of partial opinions, is to establish the expression of the general will; since then all divisions should cease, all men of good faith, all true republicans, will rally to that will, and tyranny and revolt will be found everywhere that any one dares to disregard or violate it.

But you, if it be true that you have such a horror of civil war, why, in all your speeches, do you continue without cessation to spread abroad the poison of discord and the most atrocious prophecies? Why do you always present to us the people as divided into classes of citizens who are enemies to one another? Why do you unceasingly place the poor in opposition to the rich, those of your brothers who can pay for useful work to those who live by the labor of their hands?

You say that there is talk both for and against royalty; that a course of instruction in monarchical principles will be established for the people. Certainly that would be a most skilful way to make the people fond of the monarchy, to place before their eyes the picture of the crimes of the last tyrant! And it would be most extraordinary if they should have more of affection and confidence in the justice and the wisdom of their judgment, if it were pronounced by others, rather than if they themselves pronounced it.

That which we repeat to-day, is the same thing that Lafayette and his faction opposed to the petitioners of the Field of Mars, whose petitions you drew up.

But, do you still say, the Revolution can be placed on trial? Explain yourself, Robespierre; this phrase is obscure. Is it then elsewhere than before the people that this question should be carried? Is it for or against them that this Revolution is made? Do you wish to submit to their laws, or should they obey yours? What is it but a trial of the people's revolution, made by the people themselves? When you have persuaded the people that it is to their interest not to meddle with their own business, not to exercise their rights, intrigue triumphing over deliberations, what will still remain for you to do? Doubtless you will end by counselling them to fix their eyes on

their "good friends," on their "defenders," on that "virtuous minority"; you will undertake to assume for them the burden of their sovereignty, to gather again the fragments of that crown which they have shattered, and to offer it, for their good, to a man whom you will designate and who, after some hypocritical refusals, will finish by allowing himself to be finally forced to accept it.

You ended your speech, Robespierre, with that scaffold of calumny which you unceasingly reproduce, which never grows old, and which is to be found repeated in all your works. The appeal to the people, the recourse to the sovereign, is, according to you, a fatal step, planned and desired by a score of intriguers. This party will wreck the country, a secret presentiment admonishes you that it will prevail; it wishes to treat with those kings who are leagued against the people; it wishes to bring about civil war and to force the Convention away from Paris, a step which would be its ruin. You finally end this execrable diatribe with an invitation to the people to "avenge you," you and your friends whom you call patriots, when the last of you shall be engulfed.

Calm yourself, Robespierre; you will not be engulfed, and I even believe that you will not cause any one else to be engulfed; the pleasure with which you ceaselessly repeat this mawkish invocation makes me only fear that you

will find in that fact the most poignant of your regrets.

No, the Convention will not be forced away from Paris, and this inculpation is but another of the most familiar manœuvres of your faction; it has the double object of attaching to you the people of Paris, and of irritating them with the Convention; of awakening in their minds alarms, which may favor your projects for insurrection. You well know that the Parisians are beloved in all the departments; that everywhere their courage is honored, and their services appreciated; that it is desired that the National Convention shall remain at Paris, and that it is merely wished that it shall be respected there; and it is against the voice of your conscience, and to augment your popularity and to make the people of Paris the instrument of your ambitious views, that you wish thus to expose them to that rivalry which will be so fatal to them, but whose source we endeavor to drain. No, the Convention will not treat with kings, and this is again one of your favorite impostures; this time, at least, you content yourself with prophesying; you declare that they will be treated with, but you have not the impudence to affirm that this has been done.

Ah! the secret presentiment which you have proclaimed is not that by which your soul is most sadly affected. You cannot dissemble it to-day;

the resources of your faction are every day becoming worn out and destroyed. The men of good faith who were in your ranks perceive that they are serving your ambition and not their country; the illusion is dissipated, the mask falls, and perhaps already your empire is destroyed.

It is only too true that the love of liberty has also its hypocrisy and its cult, its canters and its bigots; there are charlatans in political economy, as in the art of healing; they are known by their hatred for philosophy and light, by their skill in caressing the prejudices and the passions of the people whom they wish to deceive; they vaunt themselves with effrontery; they talk ceaselessly of their zeal, their disinterestedness, and their rare virtues; they lie impudently; they make themselves noticeable by seductive titles, by strange formulas. One calls himself "the friend of the people"; another, "the incorruptible defender of their rights"; another has invented a "balm of the universal republic"; but if they gain some success, yet reflection has soon dissipated their prestige; before attaining their end, they made themselves known as they are; and the people, ashamed of having been their dupes, drive away all these buffoons; or if they allow their mountebank stages to stand, they at least listen to them only to laugh at their follies, and respond to their blandishments only by disdain.

It is time to point out this faction to the whole

nation; it is that which rules among the Jacobins in Paris, and its principal leaders sit among us. What! if they do not form a dangerous faction, I ask them why they are opposed to the people at last exercising their rights? Why do they not cease to declaim against the National Convention and to provoke insurrections? What do they wish? What can be their aim? What strange despotism menaces us, and what kind of government is it proposed to give to France? If they do not form a dangerous faction, why do they seek to alarm the people by false fears concerning means of subsistence, and by insensate clamors against free circulation of grain, which alone can bring back abundance? Why do they wish to influence the sections of Paris? Why inflame their minds by the suspicions of federalism, the false precautions, and the mistrust which they have excited among them? And when, a short time since, one of the sections declared itself in a state of "permanent insurrection," did they not applaud this resolution? Have they not themselves adhered to it?

Do you not remember that it was declared in another section, under the sanctity of an oath, that not one republican would remain upon French territory if Louis was not sent to death, and that it was then necessary to name a "defender" for the Republic? And you are not ignorant as to who are the chiefs of that faction, of whom one is called

the "friend," and the other the "defender" of the people.

Would you believe that an address drawn up by them is to-day circulated among all the sections, and that it is therein urged that they declare that the people of Paris are the authors of the atrocities of the second and third of September? It is thus that, to cover the brigandage of a handful of rascals, and doubtless through attachment for the people of Paris, they wish to rouse within them appreciation for their honor and a consciousness of their virtue.

Has not one of them publicly said, two days ago, that if the movement for the appeal to the people won, the triumph of those who proposed it would be death, and that it would be necessary that the federals, rather than yield the frontiers, should everywhere renew the horrors of the second of September? Do you not know that cannon have been brought to oppose the execution of one of your decrees, and did not this virtuous minority provoke this opposition in advance?

What! you do not form a faction even here in our Assembly! but you publicly boast of it; you have here given to the whole Republic the scandalous example of an insurrection against the majority; you yourselves designate your coalition by the name of "deputies of the Mountain"; and it seems as if this title has been chosen by you

only to recall to us that tyrant who is known in history but for the horde of assassins who followed in his train, and their fanatical devotion to the sanguinary mandates of their chief.

But I hear ceaselessly repeated: What are their means? Where are their treasures? Where are their armies? Their means is public opinion, and it is through that that one can have both the army and the people themselves; then, they wish to exclusively possess themselves of this opinion, sometimes they have even held its reins; they are aided not only by their own organization, for long directed toward this object, but also by your Committee of General Safety, by many agents of the executive power. Recall that host of commissaries of the executive power, nearly all taken from their midst or designated by them and paid by the nation, which have overrun our departments and the armies. Everywhere they have been seen to succeed each other rapidly, and sometimes to the number of six at a time in each year; and it is a fact that they have not been able to explain to the generals what was the extent of their powers, or exactly what was the object of their mission. See how they have encumbered the bureau of war and all parts of that department with a crowd of men with "smooth hair," with assumed republican bluntness, whose incapacity and waste will perhaps cost the nation twice as

much as the war should have cost. Recall the fury with which they harassed the system of instruction which you yourselves ordained, because they did not have the direction thereof, and the journalists who did not lend themselves to their wishes, and the criticism which they established to suppress the truth, which escapes them even in the opinions made in their midst.

Already one of them — Robespierre — has said to you with a delightful ingenuousness that "the people should be less jealous of exercising their rights than of confiding them to men who would make good use of them." The apologies for despotism have always commenced with that very phrase. Has it not also been said to us that we are a "revolutionary convention"? What then do they wish from this ceaseless talk of insurrection, of a new revolution? Against whom can it be directed, if not against the nation itself; what remains to be overthrown, if not its rights? Let no more be said of services which might have been rendered to public affairs in other days. Why, that even augments my distrust. When an immense people have recovered their liberty, it is not through force that tyranny is reëstablished; the usurpers of the rights of the nations have succeeded only through popularity; there is not a single example to the contrary.

I have denounced this faction to you from duty

and without passion. I know, and I love to believe, that among the men who compose it there are many of good faith, who constantly think of serving the cause of the people, though they are only the instruments of a party. Well! let them abandon to their own weakness and to the impotence of their methods those chiefs to whom they were so willing to give themselves; let them abjure all party spirit; let them rally to the sovereignty of the people, pure, whole, and without alloy, and they will preserve the esteem of their fellow-citizens, which they have already merited.

I know also that there are others, and these not they who speak least of their services, who, far from having carried on the Revolution, have often impeded its march by their insupportable clamors and their customary thoughtlessness. If they have aided to save the commonwealth, they have done so by instinct, like the geese of the Capitol. But certainly the Roman people, in their gratitude to this sort of liberators, did not make them dictators or consuls, did not render them the supreme arbiters of their destinies.

Even if the rigor of principle did not demand recourse to the sovereign on this important occasion, the existence of this faction, the influence which it has wished to exert upon you, its rage and its menaces, would impose this duty upon you. The judgment of Louis must not pass in the

eyes of Europe and of posterity as the work of that faction; the national will must end these scandalous discussions. Hasten to preserve for the people the plenitude of their rights; it will be very difficult to attempt to deprive them of them, when once they shall have enjoyed them. Far from this reference to the people cooling the public spirit, it should everywhere rouse it and give it new energy. If you fear that there remains any superstition as to royalty, and that many citizens still look upon kings as above other men, the surest method of elevating the souls and giving strength to virtuous republicans is to prove to them by deeds that they are more than kings, since each one is the judge of a king.

I conclude by urging that your judgment shall be submitted to the solemn sanction of the people.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

GUADET

Marguerite Élie Guadet was born at Saint-Émilion, near Bordeaux, in 1755. His parents were highly respectable wine-brokers. His education was undertaken by a friend, and he was sent to Paris, where he was educated for the bar, to which he was admitted at Bordeaux in 1781. Here he obtained an excellent practice, and his connection with the local political club gave him some experience as a speaker on the questions of the day. In 1791 he was elected a member of the Legislative Assembly. His position as a member of the Girondin party was that of opposition to the Mountain, led by Robespierre and the Jacobins. With the other members of the Girondin party, he shared an enthusiasm for a revolutionary Utopia and with them maintained the uncertain policy that hurried the country into war, without the knowledge or preparation needed to carry it on. He was constantly opposed to the Commune of Paris, and was one of the first to fall before the attack of the Mountain. He was able, however, to escape to Normandy, where he attempted to incite a civil war. In this he was unsuccessful, and he fled to Bordeaux, where, after a vain attempt to hide himself, he was arrested. He was executed at Bordeaux, June 19, 1794.

Guadet was one of the great orators of the Girondin party, and shared to a large degree their strength and also their weakness. He was inferior, perhaps, to Gensonné in cultivation and polish and to Vergniaud in brilliancy and passion, but he was an excellent speaker, and was especially strong in debate, where his rivals were weakest.

For the literature on Guadet see the references under Vergniaud and also the *Éloge historique de Guadet,* by Lussaud, Paris, 1861. His works have been published, in the same manner as those of his colleagues, by Vermorel.

ON MAINTAINING THE CONSTITUTION

Guadet.

The following brief speech was delivered January 14, 1793. Gensonné had just presented a report of the Diplomatic Committee, which had been directed to examine into the motives of the Austrian court. The report had intimated that the attack of Austria was really against the Constitution. At the time at which the report was read Guadet was presiding in the Assembly. He at once left the chair and delivered the following speech, which was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

OF all the facts to which the Diplomatic Committee call the attention of the Assembly, that which most struck me was the project for the formation of a congress whose object should be to modify the French Constitution ; a project long ago announced in the papers, but always disregarded from its unlikelihood up to the moment when the speech of the Minister of War and the report of your Diplomatic Committee seemed to enforce a belief that it had some foundation.

What then is this new plot formed against the liberty of our country, and to what limit shall we suffer our enemies to weary us with their manœuvres and insult us with their hopes ?

Those hopes are foolish, I admit; the deputies of the nations united to assure liberty to the world form to-day the only possible, the only probable congress in Europe!

But if it is true, as is affirmed, that the thread of this intrigue is held by men who think to see in its success the means of escaping from the political nonentity into which they have fallen; if it is true that some agents of the executive power, whether from affection for the house of Austria, whether to give this further opportunity to their authority, are seconding this abominable plot with all the force of their statements; if, finally, it is true that the state of defence, that ruinous state in which we have been placed with perhaps no desire to allow us to escape therefrom either through peace or victory, has no other purpose than to lead us, through discouragement and through exhaustion of our finances, to accept as a favor that shameful mediation: should the National Assembly close its eyes to such dangers? No, gentlemen; such a feeling of security would be dangerous and disastrous; it might call forth crimes; these must be prevented.

Let us then, gentlemen, make known to all the princes of the Empire that the French nation has decided to maintain its Constitution in its entirety! We will all die here rather than permit, I say not that any should call in question if the French people

shall remain free, but merely that the least attempt shall be made against the Constitution! Let us make known to the intriguers that they may seek to mislead the people, that they may strive to cast suspicions upon the designs of their representatives, but that it will be by defending the Constitution against them that we shall reply to their calumnies!

In a word, let us allot beforehand a place to traitors, and let that place be the scaffold!

I propose to the National Assembly to declare upon the instant, as infamous, traitor to the country, and guilty of the crime of treason to the nation, all agents of the executive power, all Frenchmen, who may directly or indirectly take part, whether in a congress of which the object is to obtain the modification of the French Constitution, whether in an attempt to mediate between the French nation and the rebels conspiring against her, or finally whether in an agreement with the princes in possession in the former province of Alsatia, which would tend to return to them any rights within our territory which have been suppressed by the National Assembly, except an indemnity conformable to the principles of the Constitution.

The National Assembly decrees that this declaration shall be carried to the King by a deputation, and that he shall be requested to make it known

to the powers of Europe by announcing, in the name of the French nation, that, resolved to preserve the Constitution in its entirety or to wholly perish with it, the nation will regard as an enemy any prince who wishes to attack it.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

DANTON

Georges Jacques Danton was born at Arcis-sur-Aube, October 26, 1759. His father died when Danton was young, but the boy received an excellent education at Troyes. At the age of twenty-one he began the practice of law at Paris. He took no prominent part in the early affairs of the Revolution, but on the fall of the monarchy was made Minister of Justice. From the first Danton belonged to the more radical revolutionary party. It was largely through his efforts that the Great Committee of Public Safety attained its power, although he was not a member of it. Through this Committee he worked for the establishment of a strong central government. He had seen the Revolution overthrow the old order, and now he sought to establish the new in peace and harmony. But the leaders of the Terror, when once they had destroyed the insurrectionists, were not disposed to endanger their power. Danton was soon marked for proscription, and even Robespierre consented to his execution, which took place April 5, 1794.

As an orator, Danton resembled Mirabeau. He did not, however, compose his speeches, but always spoke without notes. He was also an able debater. As a speaker, he was vehement and enthusiastic, and was especially skilful in concise and vivid expression. His figure was grand and impressive, and his voice powerful and sympathetic. His two greatest speeches are those connected with the disasters on the frontier and the establishment of a revolutionary tribunal. No report of his speeches, however, can do him justice, as he did not prepare his orations for publication, and they have been only imperfectly reported.

The reported speeches of Danton have been collected and published by M. Vermorel, *Œuvres de Danton,* Paris, 1867. On Danton, see Robinet, *Danton, Mémoire sur sa vie privée,* Paris, 1865 ; Dubost, *Danton et la politique contemporaine,* Paris, 1880 ; Hilaire Belloc, *The Life of Danton,* New York, 1899, and Beesly, *Life of Danton,* New York, 1899. See also Aulard, *Les orateurs de la Legislative et de la Convention.*

THE DISASTERS ON THE FRONTIER

Danton.

The attempts of the Austrians to liberate Louis and to restore him to his throne had been half-hearted and unsuccessful. But after the death of the King, renewed efforts for suppression of the Revolution were made, and a great coalition was effected, for every country in Europe felt itself endangered. In March, 1793, alarming reports of the fortunes of the French armies were brought to Paris. It was said that General Miranda had been forced to raise the siege of Maestricht and had retreated in disorder, and that General Dumouriez had surrendered. The effect of these rumors in Paris was very great, and the Convention was profoundly agitated. Under these circumstances, Danton, on March 10th, attempted to restore confidence, to arouse enthusiasm, and to heal party discord and factional strife.

THE general considerations which have been presented to you are true; but it is of less importance at this moment to examine into the causes of the disastrous events which may smite you, than to quickly apply a remedy to them. When the building is on fire, I do not join those knaves who carry away the furniture—I put out the fire. I say that you should be more than ever convinced, by reading the despatches of Dumouriez, that you have not an instant to lose in saving the Republic.

Dumouriez had conceived a plan which did

honor to his genius. I must render to him a justice far more brilliant than that which I lately gave him. It has been three months since he announced to the executive power, to your Committee of General Defence, that if we had not sufficient audacity to invade Holland in the depth of winter, to openly declare against England the war which we have long carried on, we would double the difficulties of the campaign by giving to the enemy's forces time to deploy. Since we have failed to recognize this stroke of genius, we must repair our fault.

Dumouriez is not discouraged; he is in the middle of Holland, he finds there munitions of war; to overthrow our enemies he needs only Frenchmen, and France is teeming with citizens. Do we wish to be free? If we no longer wish it, let us perish, since we have so sworn. If we do wish it, let us all march to defend our independence. Your enemies are making their last efforts. Pitt feels deeply that, having all to lose, he must spare nothing. Let us take Holland, and Carthage is destroyed and England can no longer exist except for liberty. Let Holland be conquered by liberty, and even the commercial aristocracy which at this moment rules the English people will rise against the government which has led it into this war of despotism against a free people. It will overthrow that stupid ministry which has believed that the

Georges Jacques Danton.

From a drawing by Riffel.

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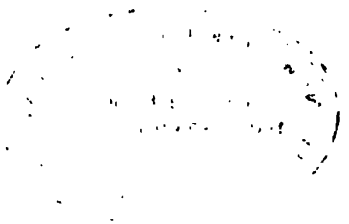

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talents of the old régime could stifle the genius of liberty which soars over France. That ministry overthrown by the commercial interest, the party of liberty will show itself, for it is not dead ; and if you grasp your obligations, if your commissioners leave at once, if you give your hands to the foreigners who sigh for the destruction of all kinds of tyranny, France is saved and the world is free.

Send then your commissioners at once ; sustain them with your energy ; let them leave this evening, this very night ; let them say to the wealthy class : "The aristocracy of Europe, succumbing to our efforts, must pay our debt, or you must pay it ; the people have only their blood ; they lavish it. Come, wretches, lavish your treasures." Look, citizens, at the splendid destiny which awaits you. What ! you have a whole nation for your lever, reason for your fulcrum, and you have not yet overturned the world ! To do that, character is needed, and the truth is that we are lacking in this. I put to one side all passions ; they are perfectly strange to me, except that of the public welfare. In the most critical circumstances, when the enemy was at the gates of Paris, I said to those who then governed : "Your discussions are wretched ; I know nothing but the enemy. You weary me with your personal contests, instead of occupying yourselves with the safety of the Republic ; I repudiate you all as traitors to the country. I place

you all in the same line." I said to them: "What does my reputation matter to me? let France be free and my name be flouted! What does it matter to me that I am called a blood-drinker? Well, let us drink the blood of the enemies of liberty, if so we must; let us fight, let us conquer our liberty."

Some seem to fear that the departure of the commissioners may enfeeble one or the other party in the Convention. Vain fears! Carry your energy everywhere. The best ministry consists in announcing to the people that the terrible debt which weighs upon them will be satisfied at the expense of their enemies, or that the rich will pay it before long. The national situation is a cruel one: the assignat no longer circulates at par, the daily stipend of the workman is insufficient for his necessities; a great corrective measure is called for. Let us conquer Holland; let us reanimate the republican party in England; let us set France on the march, and we shall go gloriously down to posterity. Achieve these splendid destinies; no more debates; no more quarrels: and the country is saved.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL

Danton.

The death of the King had profoundly stirred public sentiment. The Revolution seemed to be leading to anarchy, and there were many by no means so devoted to it as formerly. This the leaders of the radical party saw and feared. They were of the opinion that the only remedy was the appointment of a new tribunal, that might, as it were, hold the sword over the heads of faithless generals, ministers, and the disaffected in general. The decision of this tribunal should admit of no appeal whatsoever. This principle was approved by the Convention in the sitting of March 9, 1793. On the next day the details of the scheme were to be settled. But a violent opposition arose. It was asserted that such a tribunal would be a tyranny, "a Venetian inquisition." Danton, however, was ready to approve almost anything that tended to strengthen the central authority, and therefore favored the plan in the following speech.

I SUMMON all good citizens not to quit their places. What, citizens! at the moment when our position is such that if Miranda was taken,—and that is not impossible,— the surrounded Dumouriez would be obliged to ground his arms, could you separate without taking the great measures which the safety of the commonwealth demands? I feel to what point it is important to push the judiciary measures which shall punish the anti-revolutionists; for it is for them that that tribunal is necessary; it is for them that that tribunal should ask for a supreme tribunal from the vengeance of the

people. The enemies of liberty lift an audacious front; everywhere confounded, they are everywhere agitators. When they see the citizen honorably occupied by his fireside, the workman busy in his workshop, they have the stupidity to believe themselves in the majority: well! yourselves wrest them from the popular vengeance — humanity demands this of you.

Nothing is more difficult than to define a political crime. But if a man of the people receives instant chastisement for an individual crime, if it is so difficult to indict for a political crime, is it not necessary that extraordinary laws, ordained outside the social body, surprise the rebels and indict the criminals? Here the safety of the people demands great acts and awe-inspiring measures. I see no middle course between the ordinary forms and a revolutionary tribunal. History attests this truth; and when some have dared to recall in this Assembly those bloody days under which every good citizen groaned, I emphatically said that if a tribunal had then existed, the people, so often and so cruelly reproached with those days, would not have stained them with blood; I said, and I had the assent of all those who were the witnesses of those terrible events, that no human power could have served to arrest the outbreak of the national vengeance. Let us profit by the mistakes of our predecessors.

Let us do that which the Legislative Assembly has not done: let us become terrible to prevent the people from becoming so; let us organize a tribunal, not perfect, that is impossible, but as free from imperfection as may be, so that the blade of the law may menace the heads of all its enemies.

This great work ended, I recall you to the thoughts of your arms, of the commissioners whom you should send away, of the ministry which you should organize; for it cannot be dissembled that there is need of ministers; and he of the navy, for instance, in a country where everything can be created, since all the elements are to be found therein, with all the qualities of a good citizen has yet not created a navy; our frigates have not sailed, and England captures our privateers. Come! the moment has arrived, let us be prodigal of men and of money; let us call forth all the resources of the national power; but let us put the command of these resources only in the hands of men whose necessary and habitual contact with you guarantees unity in the execution of the measures which you have planned for the welfare of the Republic. You are not a constituted body, since you can yourselves constitute everything. Beware, citizens; you will answer to the people for our armies, for their blood, for their assignats; for if these defeats so greatly depreciate the value of that currency that the means of

existence will perish in their hands, who can arrest the effects of their anger and their vengeance? If, from the moment when I asked it of you, you had set yourselves to develop the necessary forces, to-day the enemy would have been driven far beyond your frontiers.

I ask then that the revolutionary tribunal be organized at the present sitting, that in the new organization the executive power receive the means of action and energy which are necessary. I do not ask that anything be disorganized, I propose only means of amelioration.

I ask that the Convention weigh my arguments and despise the injurious and blasting titles which some have dared to bestow on me. I ask that as soon as measures for the general safety have been taken, your commissioners may instantly depart, and that the objection that they sit on this or that side of this Chamber may not be repeated. Let them go forth into the departments, let them there arouse the citizens, let them there reanimate love of liberty, and if they should regret not having participated in the passing of useful decrees, or not being able to oppose bad ones, let them remember that their absence has been the welfare of the country.

I recapitulate: to-night, the organization of a tribunal, the organization of an executive power; to-morrow, a military movement; let your

commissioners depart to-morrow ; let the whole of France arise, fly to arms, march against the enemy ; let Holland be invaded ; let Belgium be freed ; let the commerce of England be ruined ; let the friends of liberty triumph over that region ; let our arms, everywhere victorious, bring deliverance and happiness to the peoples, and the world be avenged !

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

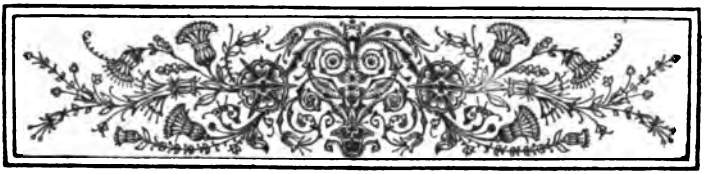
BARERE

Bertrand Barère was born at Tarbes in Gascony, September 10, 1755. His father was a lawyer, and he was himself educated for the bar and practised successfully at Toulouse. He was elected a member of the States-General in 1789. He spoke frequently in the Constituent Assembly, and published a paper. But his real career began in 1792, when he was elected a member of the National Convention. He attached himself permanently to no party. At first he seemed to favor the Girondins, but as they lost their power he attached himself to the Mountain, attacking his former allies and supporting Robespierre. He was made a member of the Committee of Safety, and was extremely useful in reporting to the Convention the plans of the Committee. He was for a time the supporter of Robespierre, but when the latter was attacked he was the loudest in calling for his condemnation. Upon the downfall of Robespierre it seemed as if a free hand had been given Barère, but in reality his career was ended. He was arrested, though for some unaccountable reason he was allowed to escape. Napoleon employed him for a while, but on the accession of Louis XVIII. he turned against Napoleon. During the Hundred Days he returned to his old allegiance, only to change it once more on the return of the Bourbons. For his treachery he was exiled, and he lived in Belgium until 1830, when he returned to France. His last years were relieved by a pension from Louis Philippe. Barère died January 15, 1841.

As an orator Barère had extraordinary facility in stating a case. He was able to grasp the arguments that might be made in behalf of almost any position, and to throw himself so completely into them as to be carried away by enthusiasm for his side. He had no real invention or profound thought, but was always the spokesman of others. His oratory in the

early years of his career was mild and on the whole ineffective; but in the later years, during the Convention, it was fierce and extravagant. His style was often atrocious, a mixture of rhapsody and coarse joke, of fierce declamation and trivial pun, absurd rant and appeals to antiquity and to precedents that were occasionally the product of his imagination.

There is no adequate life of Barère. His memoirs were published by Hippolyte Carnot and David of Angers, Paris, in 1843, but they are on the whole unreliable and worthless. But the life of Barère as an orator is so closely connected with the history of the Revolution in which he took such a prominent part that very few details of his career are wanting. Unfortunately there is no full edition of his speeches and reports. They would certainly be of the utmost value to the student of the period.



REPORT ON THE "VENGEUR"

Barère.

The following speech is a good example of the "Reports" which Barère was called upon to make to the Convention as a member of the Committee of Safety. The various battles were reported in the same way, and so popular and enthusiastically received were these reports, that it is said that a frequent shout was "Barère à la tribune!" The battle in which the *Vengeur* was lost took place off the coast of Brittany. The French fleet had been cruising about to protect a fleet that was expected from America. On May 29th the English fleet, under Lord Howe, was seen. The next two days the fleets, because of a thick fog, were prevented from fighting. Battle was given on June 1st. In the battle the *Vengeur* was dismasted and cut off from the French fleet. When the captain lowered his flag to surrender, he signalled for assistance. This the English gave, and rescued 267. The others were lost. The heroism of the sailors who perished in the sinking of the ship was erroneously attributed to all the officers and crew.

THE Committee has charged me to announce to the Convention certain sublime deeds which should not remain unknown to it or to the French people.

Since the sea became a field of carnage and the waves have been ensanguined by war, the annals of Europe have not recorded a battle so obstinate, a valor so sustained, or an action so terrible, so murderous, as that of the thirteenth Prairal, when our fleet saved the American convoy.

Vanstabel, while conducting the American fleet

into our ports, passed over waves stained with blood, through corpses, and the wreck of vessels. The fury of the combat which had preceded the arrival of the convoy proved how thoroughly our fleets are republican, since hatred of the English name directed their blows; and the more unequal were the forces on the side of the French, the greater and more courageous was the resistance. The English sailors who returned to their island have not been able to withhold this remarkable event from history. Here is what their papers report from the sailors of their fleet: "These French," say they to their comrades who stayed in their ports, "these French are like flints: the harder you strike them, the more fire they emit."

The souls of republicans rise insensibly in proportion to the progress of the Revolution; they become still more energetic, and their courage more exalted, because of danger and misfortune. The passion for liberty follows them in all places; it consoles them in fetters; it encourages them in adversity; and the songs by which we celebrate our victories and our independence console them for being condemned to live in the midst of the implacable enemies of the Republic.

The English have captured their persons and their vessels, but the republican virtues, the proud courage of the patriot, that love of his country, the idol of a French warrior, that lofty soul of the

republican, could never lie in the power of that old enemy of France; and notwithstanding adversity, the freeman exacts respect from tyrants, even in fetters. "Very early this morning," say the English journals, "the prisoners from the French prizes which have arrived at Spithead began to land, and a number of them are already quartered at Hilsea. During their disembarkation and along the route, the French sang their republican hymns with their usual gayety."

Their enthusiasm over the sweet recollection of their country was so great that the English guards took the burning expressions of liberty to be symptoms of rebellion, and had the barbarity to force the consoling songs to cease by a signal of death. A Frenchman was killed by a militia soldier of the escort, and the march towards the quarters was continued in silence.

Citizens, let us leave these execrable islanders; let us return to the ocean; we shall there see far more sublime instances of courage and of patriotic devotion. The naval forces of the French Republic and the English Monarchy had long faced one another, and a most terrible combat had taken place on the thirteenth Prairal. The most terrific fire, the most justifiable rage on the part of the French, augmented the horrors and the perils of that day. Three English vessels had foundered; some French ships had been disabled; the enemy's

fire had made gaping openings in one of these vessels, and thus united the double horror of certain wreck and a fight to the death.

But this ship was manned by those who had inherited that intrepidity of soul which braves any danger, and that love of country which despises death.

A kind of martial stoicism had taken possession of the whole crew. The vessels of the English tyrant surround the ship of the Republic, and summon the crew to surrender. A number of cannon thunder on the *Vengeur;* broken masts, torn sails, spars of the vessel strew the sea; had so much courage, such supernatural efforts, then become fruitless?

Miserable slaves of Pitt and of George, do you think that French republicans would yield themselves to your perfidious hands and treat with enemies as vile as you? No, hope it not; the Republic is gazing on them; for her they will conquer or die. Many hours of combat have not shaken their courage; they still fight; their last bullets are hurled at the enemy, and their ship is leaking at every seam.

What will become of our brethren? They must either fall into the hands of tyranny or sink to the bottom of the sea.

Fear nothing for their glory; the republicans who man that ship are yet greater in misfortune than in success.

A firm resolve has succeeded to the heat of combat. Picture the ship *Vengeur* pierced by cannon-balls, gaping in every part, surrounded by English tigers and leopards, a crew composed of wounded and dying, battling against waves and guns. The third battery almost touched the billows, but it still vomited death upon the perfidious islanders before it should be engulfed. Suddenly the tumult of battle, the dread of danger, the cries of suffering from the wounded, all cease; all ascend or are carried to the deck. All the flags, all the pennons, are hoisted; the ensign is nailed to the mast; cries of "Long live the Republic!" "Long live Liberty and France!" are heard on all sides; it is the touching and animated spectacle of a civic celebration, rather than the terrible moment of a wreck.

They might have hesitated for a moment as to their fate. But no, citizens, they did not hesitate; they see only the English and the Fatherland; they prefer to be engulfed rather than to dishonor that Fatherland by surrendering; they do not waver; their last prayers are for the Republic and liberty. They disappear——

Who then has revealed to us this secret of our greatness? What friend of liberty has transmitted to us this heroic deed which seems to belong to the age of fable?

Who has disclosed all to us? Our enemies, the

English, their journals, their mania for contesting our glory.

Listen to the account of an English paper, under date of June 16 [old style]:

"The partisans of the existing war, with their usual respect for truth and with their ordinary good faith, continue to assert that it is only fear which produces in the souls of the French that astounding enthusiasm and potent energy of which we are witnesses every day. Here is a proof of that which they allege: it is certain that in the brilliant naval action which has just taken place, the crew of one of the French ships, at the moment when it was sinking, unanimously gave vent to cries of 'Long live the Republic!' 'Long live Liberty!' This expression of love for the Republic, this dominant passion for liberty, which overcomes even the horror of death, is it the effect of force or fear?"

Republicans fear! Yes, those who manned the ship *Vengeur* feared lest the tri-colored flag should fall into the power of the enemy, lest it should be sullied, dishonored, by passing into the hands of the English. They preferred to be engulfed with the symbol of liberty, to carry it to the bottom of the sea, even as they held its love in the bottom of their hearts.

Even the *émigrés,* those vile parricides, cannot withhold their admiration for the courage of the republicans.

There has fallen into our hands a letter from the *émigré* G. Chiché, dated at Crown-Point June 20, 1794, written to Ernest Money, lieutenant of dragoons in the English army in Flanders:

"You doubtless know that the French fleet has come to blows with that of Lord Howe. The action was one of the hottest that has been known at sea up to this time. The *sans-culottes* fought desperately; they did not in the least lack for courage. Among other brave acts, a French ship which was in the act of sinking discharged her broadside at the moment when her last guns were touching the water; then the sailors nailed their ensign to the mast, for fear lest it should float and fall into the hands of their enemies, and then allowed themselves to be swallowed by the waves rather than surrender. History does not furnish us with like acts of bravery. Though I am not a *sans-culotte,* I cannot help admiring such courage."

Another paper of June 14th reports this act, and says that it was the crew of the *Terrible* which gave this memorable proof of greatness of soul and of constancy. She was swallowed up with all the national colors, flags and pennons, flying in all parts, and amid repeated cries of "Long live the Republic!"

In a private letter from an officer of the Howe fleet, this sublime deed is attributed to the ship *Vengeur.*

And according to the representative of the people,

Jean Bon Saint-André, this latter version is the best attested: it is the *Vengeur* to whom belongs this splendid glory; and if she has won the admiration of our cowardly enemies, what Frenchman could contest it?

Let us not pity the Frenchmen who composed the crew of the *Vengeur;* let us not pity them; they died for their country—let us honor their destiny and celebrate their virtues.

A Pantheon rises in the midst of the central community of the Republic; that monument of national gratitude is descried from all the frontiers, let it be descried also from the middle of the ocean.

Up to now we have conferred no honors upon the heroes of the sea; only those of the land have obtained homage. Why should it not be suggested to you to hang in the vault of the French Pantheon a ship in the likeness of the *Vengeur,* and to inscribe upon the column of the Pantheon the names of those brave republicans who composed the crew of that vessel, with the courageous deed which they have done?

It is by such honors that the memory of great men is perpetuated, and that on the fields of the Republic are thrown the seeds of greatness and of virtue. It is thus that the Pantheon, by a simple decree of the National Convention, will change into an awful workshop, where, by the voice of the Republic, will be formed vessels and sailors.

For it is not sufficient to make heroes by the influence of national recompense; we must give back to the French marine the ships which the sea has swallowed up. No, the memory of the *Vengeur* will not perish from among us, and that glorious name is to be given by your orders to the three-decked ship which is at this moment being built in the covered dock at Brest.

But are there not yet more durable monuments of glory? Time, which demolishes mountains and destroys the works of man, will not always respect those which are raised by the Republic, and in the world ruins are succeeded by new ruins. Have we no other means of immortalizing the deeds which we admire? Are not the deeds of the celebrated men of antiquity, who also had reared to them temples which are no more, still living in pictures, in writings? It is for the poets, the sculptors, and the painters to trace and paint the story of the *Vengeur;* it is for their memorial verses, their grateful pencils or chisels, to hand down to posterity what the founders of the Republic find great, generous, or useful. The monuments erected to the heroes of Homer are no more, save in his verse. The fame of Agricola remains no longer in that urn made by a celebrated artist; it still breathes in the writings of Tacitus. Let us then open an honorable competition to poesy, sculpture, and painting, and let national recompenses.

awarded in a civic celebration, regenerate the arts and encourage the artists; or rather, David, seize again thy pencils, and let thy genius tear from the bosom of the ocean that celebrated ship, the sailors of which wrested admiration from the English themselves.

The memory of that vessel which has been the threatre of republican glory and virtue must also be preserved. Let the ship *Vengeur* then reappear upon the seas, and may it very soon justify its name and win a new name in being rejoined to a fleet which shall be victorious over those cruel islanders who desired to annihilate liberty in France and to destroy the rights of man.

If I could make my voice heard by all those who defend our country on the seas, I should say to them: "Sailors of the Republic, when you are about to confide your destinies to that terrible element, turn for an instant your looks toward the Pantheon, and behold there your grateful country.

"Above all remember the *Vengeur,* when you meet the tyrants of the sea. The navy of the monarchy was only a costly luxury; the navy of the Republic is a sure weapon to procure the freedom of the seas. Liberty has another ambition besides commerce. This latter wishes for slaves, and that one people only should dominate it: liberty desires no more tyrants on the land than on the sea. It is not to be maritime slaves that nature

has given us all that is necessary for building, numerous harbors for the reception of ships, and seas washing our coasts. It is not to be tyrannized over by bankers and merchants of London that the Revolution has placed in our hands an enormous fortune, immense forests, a warlike population, and skilful sailors. Frenchmen, be brave and great like the republicans who manned the *Vengeur,* and England will be speedily destroyed. Free the seas from these pirates and dealers in men; and the shades of those sailors who immortalized themselves on the *Vengeur* will again rejoice in their tomb sunk in the abyss of the seas."

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

NAPOLEON

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, Corsica, August 15, 1767. His father was of Italian descent, his mother of Corsican. He was educated at Brienne and obtained his commission in 1785. After adventures in Corsica, he returned to France in 1792, received a commission, and by his energy and skill rose rapidly until, in 1796, he became commander of the Army of Italy. His extraordinary success in Italy and his bold independence in the conduct of the war and negotiations made him the popular hero of France. His position was so assured that even the failure of the Egyptian campaign did not prevent his becoming the practical dictator of France. He was able, in November, 1799, to bring about a revolution whereby he became consul. At once he set about great legislative reforms and the administrative reconstruction of France, which had become possible for the first time since the overthrow of the monarchy. But Napoleon's ambition was not content with the consulate, and in 1804 he was crowned Emperor. By 1807 he was at the head of Europe, a king of kings. He retained this position until the invasion of Russia. Although in this campaign he suffered no decisive defeat, he was obliged to retreat. Austria, Prussia, and Russia leagued themselves together to overthrow him, and he was so overwhelmingly defeated at the great battle of Leipsic, in October, 1813, that he was forced to evacuate Germany. The allies thereupon invaded France. Paris capitulated March 31, 1814. Napoleon was deposed and sent to Elba. He returned to France in the March of the following year. The allies at once renewed the war, and on June 18, 1815, at the battle of Waterloo, put an end to Napoleon's career. He surrendered to the English, and was sent as a prisoner to the island of St. Helena, where he died May 5, 1821.

Napoleon was the greatest military orator of whom we have

record. The reports of the speeches of warriors in the works of the ancient historians are often evident fabrications, but Napoleon actually addressed his troops before and after battle. He also issued bulletins and addresses which are unique in the history of oratory. That which gives point and weight to these speeches is their tremendous energy. They are not eloquent according to any established standard. There is about them, according to modern standards, a certain magniloquence that elsewhere would be absurd. But the immensity of the man's exploits, and the enormous labor, the countless deaths, and the untold misery occasioned by his campaigns, demanded an extraordinary style, and the action and situation rendered the speeches appropriate and effective.

The literature on Napoleon is enormous. No man of modern times has been more discussed and has been the object of more affection and hatred. See current bibliographies.

TO THE ARMY OF ITALY

Napoleon.

In estimating the merit of the military speeches of Napoleon to his soldiers, it must always be remembered that the taste of the day called for a certain amount of bombast. Moreover, the time was one of excitement, when the ordinary language of a more quiet day would have seemed tame and lifeless. With these facts borne in mind, it will be readily seen that these speeches were of the very highest order of eloquence. They were burning, passionate words, which incited their hearers almost to delirium. They were ready to follow their general to the ends of the earth. Never erring on the side of length of speech, Napoleon gave to every word a power which no other military orator has ever approached. If now his highly figurative language seems sometimes to border on the absurd, it is because the reader cannot sympathize with the enthusiasm of the passed day, cannot understand the thrill which ran through every French heart at the very name of Napoleon.

The following speech was addressed to the army after its entrance to Milan.

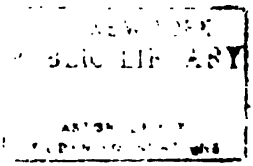
YOU have descended from the summits of the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Tessino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumphs and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much—but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you

leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge.

To reëstablish the Capitol and reërect the statues of its heroes: to awake the Roman people, sunk under the torpor of ages of bondage: behold what remains to be done! After accomplishing this, you will return to your hearths; and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say: "He was a soldier of the Army of Italy!"

Napoleon Bonaparte.

From an engraving by Benoist, Je., after J. Goubaud.



ADDRESS AFTER AUSTERLITZ

Napoleon.

As emperor as well as republican general, Napoleon well knew how to appeal to the hearts of his soldiers. His address to his army after the battle of Austerlitz is a masterpiece. He speaks to them as to friends, to beloved children; he seems to walk along their ranks, to thank them for their efforts in behalf of their country and Emperor, and to promise them his paternal care. He has no word to say of their leaders; allies of the army. He speaks with enthusiasm of their achievements, and he promises them the ultimate reward in glory.

This address was not actually delivered as a speech, but all Napoleon's proclamations are couched in the oratorical style and were really intended as speeches, though because of circumstances they were not delivered.

SOLDIERS! I am satisfied with you; you have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, has been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your swords has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colors,—the standards of the Imperial Guard of Russia,—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners are the results of this day, forever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of and in numbers so

superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.

Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I entrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say: "I was at the battle of Austerlitz," in order that your countrymen may answer: "There is a brave man!"

FAREWELL TO THE OLD GUARD

Napoleon.

History presents no more pathetic scene than that enacted in the Court of the White Horse at Fontainebleau, when Napoleon bade farewell to his Old Guard. Every soldier was in tears as he beheld his idolized leader about to depart into exile. The words addressed to them by Napoleon, when read with proper memory of all that the scene meant to its participants, are as solemn, affecting, and eloquent as any ever uttered by orator. The action of kissing the Eagle, which may now seem theatrical and artificial, was altogether appropriate to the occasion and its feeling. It was the soldier's farewell to the glory that he had shared with his comrades, the general's adieu to the army which had followed him so long and loved him so well.

SOLDIERS! I bid you farewell. For twenty years that we have been together, I have been satisfied with you. I have always found you on the road to glory. All the powers of Europe are armed against me alone; some of my generals have betrayed their duty and France. France has deserved other destinies. With you and the other brave men who have remained faithful to me I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy. Be faithful to your new king — be obedient to your new chiefs — and do not abandon your dear country. Do not lament

my fate. I shall be happy as long as I know that you also are happy. I might have died. If I have consented to live, it is still to your glory. I will write the great deeds that you have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General Petit, let me press you to my heart. Bring me that Eagle, and let me embrace it also. Ah, dear Eagle, may this kiss which I give you be remembered by posterity. Adieu, my children. My prayers will always accompany you. Preserve my memory.

Revised translations by the Editors of this volume.

FICHTE

Johann Gottlieb Fichte was born at Rammenau, Saxony, May 19, 1762. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a ribbon-weaver. He was educated by the aid of a noble patron, first at Pforta and later at Jena. In 1791 he made the acquaintance of Kant, to whose notice he had been favorably introduced by a philosophical essay. He became professor at Jena in 1799. An unfortunate dispute arose, during this latter year, as to the interpretation of certain utterances of Fichte, and an accusation of atheism was made against him. Instead of meeting the charge with disproof, he tried to force the Government to recede from its position. The matter ended with Fichte's dismissal in disgrace, and he went to Berlin. Here he made the acquaintance of the leaders of thought in that city, including Friedrich Schlegel and Schleiermacher, and devoted himself to public lecturing before the educated classes. In 1805 he was one semester at Erlangen, and in the following year removed to Königsberg. He returned to Berlin in 1807, and in 1809 was appointed professor at the new University of Berlin, and there continued his work until his death in 1814.

Fichte was one of the great orators of modern Germany. The scholastic or academic oration finds in his work its most brilliant examples. He brought to his task as a public speaker a profoundly philosophical mind, a glowing moral earnestness, and a wide literary culture. When he spoke, it was with the conviction of a man who considered that which he had to say as being a matter of life and death. His style is involved and not to be rendered into English without some violence to the idiom. His thought is frequently abstract, but his purpose is clear.

The works of Fichte, consisting chiefly of philosophical discussions and expositions, together with series of lectures

on semi-philosophical themes, have been published by J. H. Fichte, in 8 vols., Berlin, 1845–1846. A number of the more popular works, such as his series of lectures delivered before the public, have been translated into English by W. Smith, London, 1848–1849. Other works, chiefly philosophical, have been translated by A. E. Kroeger. For his life, see that by J. H. Fichte, his son. A useful sketch of his life is prefixed to Smith's translation. For his life and system the best work is Kuno Fischer's *Geschichte der neuren Philosophie,* 1869, R. Adamson.

THE PEOPLE AND THE FATHERLAND

Fichte.

The famous Addresses to the German Nation were delivered during the winter of 1807–1808. The time was extremely critical. Berlin was still under French control. Very stringent restrictions were laid upon freedom of speech; a bookseller had actually been shot for publishing an unimportant pamphlet. Spies were always present at the lectures when these were delivered. It was often reported that the bold orator had been arrested. Under these circumstances the speaker was forced, in order to accomplish his work, to adopt a circuitous method, discernible throughout the addresses. The theme which runs through the series is the renewal of the nation and the national spirit by a reformation of the educational system which should emphasize the national characteristics. In the course of the discussion he comes to the question as to the nature of a people in the higher sense of that word, and the nature of patriotism or love of fatherland. The following oration is the eighth of the series.

RELIGION is able to disregard all time and indeed the whole present life, and yet it does not thereby do the least wrong to the righteousness, morality, and holiness of the life possessed by that faith. Even if a man is convinced that all our actions on this earth accomplish nothing and leave no trace behind, that the divine itself has been degraded to an instrument of evil and a means of still greater degradation, he can yet persist in this life of activity merely to maintain that divine life which has appeared in us and to bring it into

relation with a higher order of things in a future world, in which nothing which has been done in God can come to naught. The Apostles and the early Christians in general, through their faith in a heaven already present in this life, were thus brought into relation with that which was above this world and the affairs of this world; they renounced the State, the earthly fatherland, and the nation, completely and as not worthy of their attention. This may be quite possible and easy for faith. One may give himself up to it with joy, for if the will is once and unchangeably God's, we have no earthly fatherland, but are here below but outcasts and slaves.

This, however, is not the normal condition and law of this world, but a rare exception; and it is a very improper use of religion, often made in lay Christianity, to recommend this withdrawal from the affairs of the State and the nation as a genuine religious sentiment, although from the beginning this has been done without reference to actual circumstances and conditions of life. The secular life, in such a state of things, loses all independence, if this state is a real and permanent condition and is not a mere transitory religious fanaticism, and it becomes merely an outer court to the true life, a hard trial which each man must undergo in obedience and devotion to the will of God, and it would follow, as has been thought by many, that

immortal souls have been put into this life, as into a prison, for punishment. On the contrary, the earthly life is a real life in the natural order of things, and men can enjoy it with thankfulness, though in the expectation of a higher life; and although religion is the comforter of the oppressed and the enslaved, yet before all it is a true religious sentiment to resist slavery, for religion should not be allowed to sink so as to become a mere comfort for prisoners. It is convenient for the tyrant to preach religious devotion, to refer to heaven those to whom he will allow no place on earth. But we, on the contrary, must be in no haste to accept this conception of religion, and if possible we must defeat the attempt to make this world a hell in order to arouse a greater longing for heaven.

There is in man a natural instinct which is never to be abandoned except in a real necessity. It seeks to find heaven already on this earth and to bring eternity into the daily work, to plant the imperishable in the temporal and to foster its growth, not in some way which is incomprehensible and separated from the eternal by a chasm that no mortal eye can penetrate, but in a way which is perceptible to mortal eyes.

Let me make this clear by a simple example. Where is there a man of high mind and noble sentiments who does not desire that in his children and his children's children his own life may be repeated

in a nobler and higher scale, that after his death his life may continue on this earth, only ennobled and perfected; who does not long to leave in the minds of those who remain behind him the spirit, the sense, the morality, which perhaps in his case was shocked by perversity and ruin, to rescue these from mortality and leave them as his best treasure to the future world; to strengthen the religious, animate the slothful, and raise the depressed? Where is there a man of high mind and noble sentiments who does not desire by his thought and actions to plant a seed to aid the endlessly increasing perfection of his race, to cast into the time something new, something that as yet has never been, that it may become an unfailing spring of new creation, that so he may pay for his place on earth and the short span of life granted to him with that which is of eternal permanence, so that although he be solitary and unknown to history — for the thirst for fame is an empty vanity — he may leave in his own conscience and faith a public monument to mark the fact that he has been? Where is there a man of high mind and noble sentiments, I ask, but desires this? Only according to the needs of those who are habitually thus minded should this world be regarded and ordered; only on their account is there any world at all. They are the kernel of the world, while they who are otherwise minded are mere parts of a transitory

world, so long as they think that only for their sakes the world exists and that it must accommodate itself to them, until all have become as they are.

What is there of proof to fill this demand, this faith of the noble-minded in the imperishability, the eternity of his works? Surely it can be found only in an order of things which is itself eternal, and which may be regarded as able to take unto itself the eternal. Such an order there is. Though it may not be comprehended under one concept, yet it is certainly present. It is the peculiar spiritual nature, the human environment from which a man himself springs, with all his power of thinking and acting and with his faith in the eternity thereof. It is the people, the nation from which he descends and under which he has been trained and has grown to be that which he now is. For it is undoubtedly true that his work, when he rightly claims for it an eternity, is by no means the mere product or result of the spiritual laws of his national life, and equal to that result, but it is something more than that, and so far streams forth immediately from the original and divine life. And it is even true that that something more, even when first it takes a visible form and appearance, submits to those special spiritual laws, and only through them attains a perceptible expression. Under those laws there will enter, as long as the

people or nation remain, all those revelations of the divine among them, and they will take form among them. This law, however, will itself be further defined by the fact that such a man was and so worked, and his activity will have become a permanent constituent of the law. All that follows must be disposed according to this, and must attach itself to it. For the man is then certain that the perfection which he has attained remains in a people, as long as they remain, and becomes a lasting motive for all their future developments.

This then is the meaning of the word *a people,* taken in a higher sense and regarded from the standpoint of a spiritual world, namely: that whole body of men living together in society, reproducing themselves from themselves both physically and spiritually, which whole body stands together under certain special laws of the development of the divine part thereof. The participation in these special laws is that which in the eternal world, and therefore in the transitory world as well, unites this mass into a natural and homogeneous whole. This law itself can, in respect to its contents, be well comprehended as a whole, as we have apprehended it in the case of the Germans as a principal race or people; in many of its future determinations it can still further be comprehended through a consideration of the appearance of such a people; but it can never be understood by any

one who remains unconsciously under the law, although its existence may be clearly perceived. . . . This law determines and completes what has been called the national character of a people, namely, that law of the development of the original and divine. It is clear from this last consideration, that men who have hitherto described foreign lands do not at all believe in their originality and their continued development, but merely in an unending circulation of apparent life, and by their faith these peoples become according to their faith, but in the higher sense are no people, and since they are not that in reality, they are quite unable to have a national character.

The belief of the noble-minded in the eternal continuance of his activity, even on this earth, is founded, accordingly, on the hope of the eternal continuance of the people from whom he has himself sprung, and of the distinctive character of that people according to that hidden law, without any mixing with, or deprivation by, anything foreign to it or anything not belonging to the fulness of that law. This distinctive character is the eternal, to which he trusts the eternity of himself and his continued activity ; it is the eternal order in which he places that in himself which is eternal ; he must desire its continuance, because it is his only means of deliverance, whereby the short span of his mortal life may be prolonged to an enduring

life. His faith, his endeavor to plant something imperishable, his idea in which he comprehends his own life as an eternal life, is the bond which unites him most intimately to his own nation and thereby to the whole human race, and forever brings all their needs into his broadened heart. This is love for the people, above all reverencing, trusting, joying in them and in his descent from them. The divine has appeared in the people, and the original has esteemed it worthy of clothing itself in it, and making it its means of union with the world. The divine will, furthermore, is manifested in him. He will therefore be active, efficient, self-sacrificing for it. Life, merely as life, as the carrying on of a varying existence, has no value for him apart from this; he desires it only as the source of that which is permanent. But this permanency is promised him only through the independent permanency of his nation. To preserve this he must be willing even to die, that it may live and he live in it, the only true life which is desirable to him.

Thus it is. Love that is genuine love and not merely a passing desire is never attached to the transitory, but it awakes, is inflamed, and rests in the eternal alone. A man is not able even to love himself unless he thinks of himself as an eternal being; he cannot otherwise even honor or approve himself. Still less is he able to love anything

outside himself, unless he takes it up into the eternity of his faith and heart, and it becomes joined to them. He who does not first of all see himself as eternal has no love and cannot love a fatherland, and for him there is no such thing. He who looks upon his invisible life, but not his visible life, as eternal, may indeed have a heaven and in it a fatherland, but here below he has no fatherland, for this is seen only under the form of eternity, and, indeed, a visible and sensible eternity, and he is therefore unable to love a fatherland. If there exist one to whom has been given no fatherland, he is certainly to be pitied; but he to whom has been bequeathed a fatherland, and in whose heart heaven and earth, the visible and invisible, penetrate and so create for him for the first time a true and worthy heaven — he fights to the last drop of his blood that he may transmit to the ages to come that dear possession in its integrity.

Thus it has always been, although not always expressed with this generality and clearness. What was it that inspired the labors, the sacrifices, the endurance, the patience for the fatherland, of the Romans, whose ideas and thoughts still live and breathe among us in their monuments? They themselves clearly and frequently proclaim it. It was their firm faith in the eternal permanency of their Rome, and their trusting expectation that in this eternity they themselves would live on in the

stream of time. However far this faith was well grounded, and however far they themselves, if they had been quite clear about it, would have comprehended it, this faith never deceived them. Unto this day that lives which was eternal in their eternal Rome, and they together with it still live among us, and in its consequences live to the end of time.

People and fatherland in this sense, as the bearer and pledge of an earthly eternity, and as that which even here on earth may be eternal, extend far beyond the State in the common acceptation of that word, beyond its social order, as this is comprehended in clear and simple ideas and is erected and upheld according to those ideas. For the State seeks a certain justice, internal peace, and aims to bring about that each will find in industry the support and maintenance of his physical life, as long as God permits him to live. But all this is merely a means, a condition, a preparation for that which the love of the fatherland, or patriotism, demands for the blossoming of the eternal and divine in the world, ever more purely, more perfectly, and more successfully in endless continuance. For this reason, this patriotism must control and direct the State, because it is the highest, last, and one absolutely independent authority, and first of all, inasmuch as it sets a limit to the State in the choice of means whereby it

seeks to attain its immediate end,—internal peace. For this end, indeed, the natural freedom of the individual must in many ways be limited ; and if in connection with this there is no other purpose or consideration than this, it might easily be attained by making that liberty as limited as possible, by reducing all actions to uniform rule and holding rules under constant supervision. Even if this strictness should not be required, it would at least do no harm in regard to this one purpose. But the higher conception of the human race and the peoples widens this narrow calculation. Freedom, even in the actions of the external life, is the ground in which the higher culture germinates. Legislation which keeps this in view will allow this freedom the widest possible range, in spite of the danger of less uniform quiet and peace, and that the conduct of the government may be a little more difficult and wearisome.

Let me make this clear by an example. It has happened, as every one knows, that it has been said to nations, even to their very faces, that they do not need as much freedom as some other State. This speech may have been already softened and rendered less harsh, inasmuch as the intention was to say that such nations cannot bear so much freedom, and that only a high degree of strictness can prevent them from destroying one another. If, however, the words are taken as they stand, they

are true only on the assumption that such a nation is completely incapable of a true and original life and the struggle to attain it. Such a nation, if indeed such a one there be, in which the noble form an exception to the general rule, needs in truth no freedom at all, for this is something only for the higher ends which lie beyond the State; it needs taming and breaking in, so that individuals may live together in peace and the whole body be made efficient means for ends which are beyond it and to be set arbitrarily. We need not pause to determine whether this can strictly be said of any nation; this much, however, is clear, that an original people needs freedom, that this freedom is the pledge and surety for their continuance, and that as they continue to bear freedom their ability to bear yet more is ever increasing. And this is the first point wherein patriotism, or love of fatherland, must govern even the State.

This then it must be which rules the State, inasmuch as it sets the same an end which is higher than the customary end of maintaining the internal peace, of preserving property, personal liberty, the life and welfare of all. For this higher end alone, and for no other purpose, the State gathers together an armed force. If the question as to the employment of this force arise, if it come to hazarding all these ends of the State as summed up in the ideas of property, personal freedom, life

and welfare, without any clear conviction of the attainment of the intended object, which is never possible in matters of this sort, and if it come to deciding as being answerable to God alone: then there is at the helm of State for the first time a truly original and first life, and then first enters into this place the true prerogative of government, even as God to put in jeopardy the lower life for the sake of the higher. In the maintenance of the traditional constitution, laws, and civil welfare, there is no proper individual life and no original resolution. Circumstances, conditions, lawgivers perhaps long since dead, have created them. The succeeding ages go confidently forward on the road in which they have entered, and live in fact, not their own public life, but merely a past life which they repeat. At such times there is no need of any real government. But if this uniform advance is endangered, and cases which have never before occurred must be decided, then there is need of a life that lives from itself. What spirit is it then, that under such circumstances may place itself at the helm, that is able to determine questions with safety and certainty and without any hesitation, that has an undoubted right to venture to command every one, whoever he may be and whether or not he is willing, and to compel him who resists, so that he may put at stake everything, even his own life? Not the spirit of calm

and common love for the constitution and the laws, but the devouring flame of the higher love for the fatherland, which looks upon the nation as the husk which envelops the eternal, for which the noble-minded sacrifices himself with joy, and the ignoble, who lives indeed only for the sake of the noble, is forced to sacrifice himself. It is not that love of the constitution which any citizen might have; this can accomplish nothing if it remains merely a matter of prudence and understanding. However it may result, since a government will exist, a ruler will be found for it. Let it be assumed that the ruler would have even slavery—and what is slavery but the contempt for, and the suppression of, the distinctive character of an original people which is non-existent in his mind?—let him even desire slavery; but since from the life of slaves, from their number, even from their good condition, profit may be derived, it will happen that, if such a ruler is in any respect a prudent man, slavery under him will be endurable, the slaves will always find life and sustenance with him. For what else should they strive? In respect to them there exists that peace and calm which is to them above all. This will only be disturbed by the continuation of the struggle. They will, therefore, employ every means to bring this struggle to an end. They will obey; they will keep silence. And why should they not? There has never been

anything else for them to do, and they have hoped for nothing more from life than the prolongation of the habit of existing under endurable conditions. The promise of life here below stretching far beyond this life, and that too on this earth, is the only thing which can inspire one even to die for the fatherland.

So has it been heretofore. Where there has been an actual government, where grave struggles have been maintained, where victory has been won against powerful opposition, there has been that promise of eternal life which has governed, struggled, and conquered. The German Protestants fought in faith in this promise. Did they not know that with the old faith also peoples could be governed and held together in legal order, and that in that faith a man could find good support for his life? Why then did their princes decide on armed resistance, and why did the peoples adopt it with enthusiasm? It was heaven and eternal happiness for which they were willing to pour forth their blood. But what earthly power could penetrate the inner sanctuary of their hearts and blot out from thence that faith which had once risen in their hearts? But it was not their own happiness for which they fought — they were already sure of that; it was the happiness of their children, of their yet unborn grandchildren and all their as yet unborn posterity; these too should be

trained in the same doctrine as that which seemed to them to be alone of saving virtue, and these too should be partakers of the salvation which had dawned for them; it was this hope alone which was threatened by the enemy; for this, for an order of things which should flourish above their graves when they themselves were dead, they joyfully shed their blood. Let us admit that they were not wholly clear as to themselves, that they failed to correctly express in words the noblest that was in them, and with their lips wronged their hearts; let us gladly confess that their confession of faith was not the one and only means of becoming a partaker of the heaven beyond the grave: it nevertheless remains eternally true that there has come into all the life of the succeeding time more of heaven on this side of the grave, more courageous and joyous looking up from the earth, and a freer action of the spirit, because of their sacrifice; and the posterity of their opponents, quite as much as we, their own posterity, still enjoy the fruits of their labors.

In this faith our oldest common ancestors, the original people of the new culture, the Teutons, called Germans by the Romans, set themselves bravely in opposition to the overwhelming world-wide rule of the Romans. Did they not see with their own eyes the finest blossom of the Roman provinces beside them, the finer enjoyment in the

same, together with laws, courts of justice, lictors' staves and axes in superabundance? Were not the Romans ready and generous enough to let them share in all these benefits? Did they not see proof of the famous Roman clemency in the case of several of their own princes, who allowed themselves to think that war against such benefactors of the human race was rebellion? For the compliant were decorated with the title of king and rewarded with posts of importance as leaders in the Roman army, with Roman sacrificial wreaths; and when they were expelled by their countrymen, the Romans furnished them with a refuge and support in their colonies. Had they no appreciation of the advantages of Roman culture, for better organization of their armies, for example, in which even Arminius himself did not refuse to learn the art of war? It cannot be charged against them that in any one of these respects they were ignorant. Their descendants have appropriated that culture, as soon as they could do so without the loss of their own freedom, and as far as it was possible without the loss of their distinctive character. Wherefore, then, have they fought for so many generations in bloody wars which have been repeatedly renewed with undiminished fury? A Roman writer represents their leaders as asking if anything else remained for them but to maintain their freedom or to die before they became slaves.

Freedom was their possession, that they might remain Germans, that they might continue to settle their own affairs independently and originally and in their own way, and at the same time to advance their culture and to plant the same independence in the hearts of their posterity. Slavery was what they called all the benefits which the Romans offered them, because through them they would become other than Germans, they would have to become semi-Romans. It was perfectly clear, they assumed, that every man, rather than become this, would die, and that a true German could wish to live only to be and to remain a German, and to have his sons the same.

They have not all died; they have not seen slavery; they have bequeathed freedom to their children. To their constant resistance the whole new world owes that it is as it is. Had the Romans succeeded in subjugating them also, and, as the Romans everywhere did, destroying them as a nation, the entire development of the human race would have taken a different direction, and it cannot be thought a better one. We who are the nearest heirs of their land, their language, and their sentiments, owe to them that we are still Germans, that the stream of original and independent life still bears us on; to them we owe that we have since then become a nation; to them, if now perhaps it is not at an end with us and the

last drops of blood inherited from them are not dried in our veins, we owe all that which we have become. To them, even the other tribes, who have become to us aliens but through them our brethren, owe their existence; when they conquered eternal Rome, there were no others of all those peoples present; at that time was won for them the possibility of their future origin.

These, and all others in the territory of the world who shared in their sentiments, have conquered because the eternal inspired them; and therefore this inspiration always and necessarily triumphed over him who was not thus inspired. Not strength of arm nor keenness of blade, but power of soul and heart won victories. He who sets himself a limit to his sacrifices and will not risk more than up to a given point, abandons resistance as soon as danger to him reaches this point which may not be abandoned. He who has set himself no limit, but who pledges all and the highest that man can lose here below, even his life, never abandons resistance, and conquers, for his opponent has assuredly a shorter limit. A people which is able, even if only in its highest representatives and leaders, to look clearly upon that vision from the spiritual world, upon independence, and to be possessed by a love for it, as were our earliest forefathers, certainly triumphs over one which can be used, as were the Roman

armies, as an instrument for the gratification of the love of foreign power and for the subjugation of independent peoples ; for the former have all to lose, the latter have only something to gain. But over that temper which regards war as a mere game of chance concerned with temporal gain or loss, and by which, even before the game has begun, is determined what sum it will stake on the cards, even a mere cricket is victorious. Think, for example, of Mahomet (not the real Mahomet of history,— I confess that I have formed no opinion of him,—but the Mahomet of a well-known French poet), a man who once firmly grasped the idea that he was a man of uncommon nature, called to lead the benighted, the common earthly people, and to whom, on account of this assumption, all his chance ideas, however mean and limited they may be in reality, simply because they are his, must of necessity appear as great, sublime, and beneficent, and all who oppose him as the benighted common folk, enemies of their own good, evilly disposed and despicable, in order to justify to himself his own conceit as a divine call ; and absorbed with his whole life in this thought, he must now stake all upon it, and cannot rest until he has destroyed all who will not think as highly of him as he does of himself, and until from the whole world around him there is reflected his own faith in his divine mission : I will not say how it

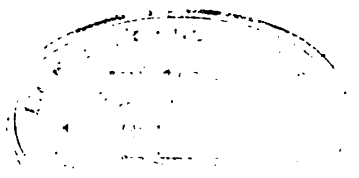
would be with him, if an actual spiritual vision, true and clear in itself, opposed him in line of battle, but he certainly gets the better of those cautious players, for he stakes all against those who do not stake all; no spirit inspires them, at all events an enthusiastic spirit inspires him, the spirit of his mighty and profound self-conceit.

From all this it follows that the State, as a mere control of the human life as it advances in customary and peaceful course, is not that which is primary and existent for its own sake, but is merely a means for that higher purpose, the eternally, uniformly progressive development of the purely human in the nation; that it is only the image and the love of this eternal progress, which shall in the quiet flow of time mould the higher ideas in the conduct of the State, and which, when the independence of the people is in danger, is alone able to save it. Among the Germans, amid whom as an original people this love of the fatherland was possible, and, as one who knew firmly believed, thus far has also been actual, this could so far with a high degree of confidence count upon the security of its most important affairs. As in the case of the Greeks in old time, so here in the case of the Germans the State and the nation were separated from each other, and each was presented for itself, the former in the various distinct German kingdoms and principalities, the latter visibly

in the imperial union, and invisibly, not according to a written constitution but a fundamental law living in the hearts and minds of all, in a multitude of customs and institutions. As far as the German tongue was spoken, so far could every one upon whom the light dawned within that radius regard himself in a twofold aspect as a citizen: on account of his birthplace, to whose care he was first committed, and on account of the entire common fatherland of the German nation. It was permitted each one to obtain for himself over the entire surface of the fatherland that culture which had the greatest affinity with his spirit, or that field of work which was most appropriate to him, and his talent did not grow in its place as a tree grows, but it was permitted him to seek it. Whoever, by the direction which his education took, was estranged from his immediate surroundings, easily found acceptance elsewhere, found new friends in place of those whom he had lost, found time and leisure to explain himself more particularly, and perhaps to win to himself those who had been estranged and so to unite the whole once more. No German prince has ever been able to compel his subjects to remain among the mountains and rivers where he ruled, or to regard themselves as bound to the surface of the earth. A truth which might not be expressed in one place, might be expressed in another, in which place on

the contrary those truths were forbidden which were allowed in the first region ; and therefore, in spite of all the one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness of the various States, there was to be found in Germany, taken as a whole, the highest freedom of investigation and instruction ever possessed by a people, and the highest culture was, and everywhere remains, the result of the mutual action of the citizens of the German States, and this higher culture came gradually in this form to the vast multitude of the people also, so that it forthwith continued in the whole to educate itself by itself. This essential pledge of the continuance of a German nation detracts in no respect from any German soul who stands at the helm of the government ; and although in respect to some original decisions have occurred, as has been thought, otherwise than as the higher German love of fatherland must wish, nevertheless the affairs of the State have at least not been handled directly contrary to what has been desired ; no one has been tempted to undermine that love, to exterminate it and to bring a contrary love in its place.

If now, perhaps, the original guidance, not only of the higher culture but of the national power, which should be used as an end only for that and for its continuance, for it is the employment of German wealth and German blood, should be



turned in another direction on account of the willingness of the German heart, what would necessarily follow? Here is the point where it is especially necessary that we should not be willing to be deceived in our own affairs, and be courageous enough to see the truth and to confess it; and it is, as far as I know, still allowed us to speak with one another in the German tongue of the fatherland, or at least to sigh; and, believe me, we would not do well if we, on our part, anticipated such a prohibition and clasped the shackles of timidity upon the courage of some who have, no doubt, already thought of the danger.

Picture to yourselves the new power as kind and benevolent as you will, make it as good as God, will you be able to attribute to it divine reason? Let it wish in all seriousness the highest happiness and prosperity of all; will that prosperity which it will be able to comprehend be the German prosperity? I hope then that the main point which I have to-day presented to you may be well understood by you; I hope that there are many here who have thought and felt that I merely express clearly and in words that which they have already felt in their hearts; I hope that other Germans who may sometime read these words may stand in the same way toward them.

But several Germans before me have also said very nearly the same things, and the same senti-

ment, though obscure, has been at the foundation of that striving, always well maintained, against a merely mechanical arrangement and conception of the State. And now I call upon all who are acquainted with the recent foreign literature, to show me what modern sage, poet, or legislator of the same has ever shown thoughts like these, regarding the human race as eternally progressing, and describing all its activity in time as steps in that progress; whether any one, even in that point of time when men have risen to the boldest political conceptions, has ever demanded of the State more than the absence of inequality or internal peace and external national fame, and, where it is at the very best, domestic happiness. If this is their highest, as must follow from what has been pointed out, they will ascribe to us no higher necessities and no higher demands in life, and, assuming in them benevolent sentiments towards us and absence of all selfishness and all desire to be more than we are, they will believe that we have been well cared for, if we find all which they regard as alone desirable; but that for which alone the nobler of us live has been obliterated from public life, and the people, which has always shown itself sensitive to the suggestions of the nobler, and which one might for the majority hope to raise to the rank of nobility, so far as it is treated as those nobler men would treat it, has been

degraded from its rank, dishonored, obliterated from the list of things, in as far as it is merged in what is lower.

He in whom there remains in life and strength those higher demands of life, together with a feeling for divine justice, feels himself led with deep reluctance back to those first days of Christianity, to those men to whom it was said, "Ye shall not resist evil, but if one shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also, and if any one will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also"; rightfully quoting the last saying, for so long as he sees a cloak on thee, he will contrive some way in which he can take it from thee; when thou art entirely naked thou wilt escape his notice and be let alone by him. Even his higher sense, which honors him, makes the earth for him a hell and a despair; he wishes that he had never been born, that his eyes may close forever before the glance of day and the sooner the better; unending mourning encompasses his days even to the grave; for him who is dear to him he can wish no better gift than a stupid, satiated sense, that with little pain he may approach an eternal life beyond the grave.

These orations have attempted, by the only means remaining after others have been tried in vain, to prevent this annihilation of every noble action that may in the future arise among us, and

this degradation of our entire nation. They have attempted to implant in your minds the deep and immovable foundations of the true and almighty love of the fatherland, in the conception of our nation as eternal and the people as citizens of our own eternity through the education of all hearts and minds.

Translated for this volume by Joseph Cullen Ayer, B.D., Ph.D.

CHATEAUBRIAND

François René, Viscomte de Chateaubriand, was born at St. Malo, September 4, 1768. His family was of distinction, though not of the higher aristocracy. His education was obtained at Dol and at Rennes. He travelled extensively in America in the first years of his manhood, and the type of life which he there saw was among the influences that determined his career. On his return from America he found the Revolution in full progress, and, being a royalist, he emigrated to England, where he began his serious literary work. He later returned to France and, by his *Génie du Christianisme,* published in 1802, made himself famous. During the next few years he published tales and poems and was employed, though without much success, in the diplomatic service. On the Restoration he attached himself to the Bourbons, and held several ministerial positions during the reign of Charles X. He was not active in politics during the reign of Louis Philippe, but busied himself with his literary work, which was chiefly of an historical character. His closing years were embittered by the fact that he had been unable to maintain his position in politics and literature. Chateaubriand died July 4, 1848.

Chateaubriand was one of the greatest writers of his times, and was the literary representative of the reaction from the excesses of the Revolution. He was one of the first of the literary statesmen who have played such an important part in the history of modern France. He was a rhetorician, a maker of phrases that catch the ear and hold the attention. His imagination was vivid and powerful, and his language polished and graceful. These characteristics are apparent throughout his oratory. But if the merits of his oratory are the result of his poetic and artistic temperament, the defects are the result of his character. He was unable to bring into his speech the

intense conviction and moral enthusiasm which are essential to the highest oratory. Lacking this, he was unable to attain the highest rank, notwithstanding the marvellous beauty of his style.

The best edition of the works of Chateaubriand is that published under the supervision of St. Beuve, Paris, 1859–1860. Chateaubriand has written much that is autobiographical; especially important are his *Mémoires d' Outre-Tombe,* which were published soon after his death. See also St. Beuve, *Chateaubriand et sa Groupe Littéraire,* Paris, 1872; and M. de Lescure, *Vie de Chateaubriand.*

AGAINST THE MONARCHY OF JULY

[Selection.] *Chateaubriand.*

The following is the peroration of the speech of Chateaubriand against the proposed establishment of the Monarchy of July, as it was called. It is an excellent specimen of the manner of the gifted but unsuccessful advocate of the Bourbon dynasty. The occasion on which it was delivered was that of the vote of the Chamber upon the selection of a Government to replace that destroyed by the overthrow of Charles X.

NEVER has there been a defence more legitimate and more heroic than that of the people of Paris. They have not risen against the law; as long as the social pact was respected, the people remained peaceful; without complaint they endured insults, provocations, menaces; in exchange for the Charter, their money and their blood was required — they lavished both.

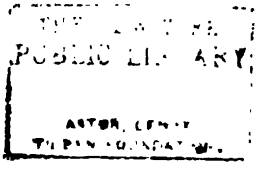
But when, after having lied to the last moment, the tyrant suddenly sounded the knell of freedom; when the conspiracy of folly and hypocrisy was suddenly brought to light; when a Terror of the Palace, organized by eunuchs, was thought powerful enough to replace the Terror of the Republic and the iron yoke of the Empire,— then the

people armed themselves with intelligence and with courage; it was found that these shopkeepers freely breathed the smoke of powder, and that more than four soldiers and a corporal were needed to control them. A century would not have so matured the destinies of a people as have the last three suns which have risen upon France. A great crime has taken place; it has produced the forcible bursting forth of a principle; because of that crime and of the moral and political triumph which followed it, should the established order of things be overthrown? Let us examine.

Charles X. and his son have fallen or have abdicated, as it pleases you to put it; but the throne is not vacant: after them follows a child; should his innocence be condemned? Whose blood to-day cries out against him? Dare you answer, that of his father? That orphan, brought up at the patriotic schools in the love for constitutional government and in the ideas of his century, could have become a king in sympathy with the needs of the future. The guardian of his tutelage could have been made to swear to the declaration upon which you have just voted; arrived at his majority, the young monarch would have renewed the oath. The king for the time, the actual king, would have been M. the Duke of Orleans, regent of the kingdom, a prince who has lived among the people and who knows that to-day the monarchy

François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand.

From a drawing by G. Staal.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can only exist as a monarchy by consent and because of reason.

That natural combination seemed to me a great means of conciliation, and could perhaps have saved France from those agitations which are the consequence of violent changes in a state.

To say that that child, separated from his masters, would not have the time to forget their very names before becoming a man : to say that he would remain infatuated with certain dogmas of his birth after a long popular education, after the terrible lesson which cast down two kings in two nights : is this reasonable ?

It is neither from a sentimental devotion, nor from a childish emotion transmitted from babyhood to babyhood from the cradle of Henry IV. to that of this young Henry, that I plead a cause which will cause all to turn anew against me, if it should triumph.

I do not aim at becoming either a Roman, a knight, or a martyr ; I do not believe in the divine right of royalty, and I do believe in the power of revolutions and of facts. I do not even invoke the Charter, I draw my ideas from a higher source — I draw them from the philosophical sphere of the epoch in which my life expires ; I simply propose the Duke of Bordeaux as a greater benefit to us than that which is being argued for.

I know that by sending away that child, there

is sought to be established the principle of the sovereignty of the people: a silliness of the old school, which proves that, in regard to political relation, our old democrats have made no more progress than have the veterans of royalty. There is no such thing as absolute sovereignty; liberty does not flow from political right, as was thought in the eighteenth century,—it comes from natural right, that which exists in all forms of government, and a monarchy can be freer, and much freer, than a republic; but this is neither the time nor the place to give a course of political lectures.

I shall content myself with remarking that, when the people have given thrones, they have also often given away their liberty; I will call attention to the fact that the principle of hereditary monarchy, absurd in the first instance, has been found by trial to be superior to the principle of an elective monarchy. The reasons for this are so evident that I have no need to develop them. You choose a king to-day; what will hinder you from choosing another to-morrow? The law, you say. The law? why, it is you who make it! A simpler manner to decide the question is to say: We do not wish any more of the old branch of the Bourbons. And why do you not wish them? Because we are victorious; we have triumphed in a just and holy cause; we proceed from a right of double conquest.

Very well: you proclaim the sovereignty of might. Guard then carefully that might; for if in a few months it escapes you, you will be in evil case to complain. Such is human nature! The most enlightened and the most just minds cannot always rise superior to success. Those minds are the first to invoke the law against violence; they uphold the law with all the superiority of their talents, and, in the very moment when the truth of what they said is demonstrated by the most abominable abuse of force and by the overthrow of that force, the victors take up the weapons which they have broken.

Dangerous fragments, which will wound their hands without serving them.

I have carried the war into the territory of my adversaries; I am not going to bivouac in the past under the old flag of the dead, a flag which does not lack glory, but which droops upon the staff which carries it, because no breath of life sustains it. When I stirred the dust of thirty-five Capets, I drew therefrom no argument which any one cares even to hear. The idolatry of a name is abolished; monarchy is no longer a religion; it is a political form at this time preferable to all others, because it can best bring order into liberty.

A useless Cassandra, I have sufficiently wearied the throne and the country with my despised prophecies; there is left to me nothing but to seat

myself upon the fragments of a wreck which I have often enough predicted. I recognize in misfortune all kinds of power, except that which can release me from my oaths of fidelity. I wish also to keep my life consistent: after all that I have done, said, and written for the Bourbons, I should be the worst of wretches if I denied them at the moment when, for the third and last time, they tread the path toward exile.

I leave fear to those generous royalists who have never sacrificed an obolus or a place to their loyalty; to those champions of the altar and the throne who lately treated me as a renegade, an apostate, and a revolutionary. Pious libellers, the renegade summons you! Come then to stammer a word, one single word with him for the unfortunate master who overwhelmed you with his gifts, and whom you have lost! Provokers of *coups d'état,* prophets of constituent power, where are you? You hide yourselves in the mire from the bottom of which you valiantly lifted your heads to calumniate the true servants of the king; your silence of to-day is worthy of your language of yesterday.

Let all those cavaliers, whose projected exploits have caused the descendants of Henry IV. to be chased with blows of pitchforks, now tremble, cowering beneath the tricolored cockade; it is very natural. The glorious colors with which they

adorn themselves will protect their persons, but will not cover their cowardice. For the rest, in frankly explaining myself on this tribune, I do not think that I have done a heroic act. We are no longer in the times when an opinion cost a life; should we be in them, I should speak a hundred times more loudly. The best buckler is a breast which does not fear to expose itself to the enemy. No, gentlemen, we have nothing to fear either from a people whose reason equals their courage, or from that generous youth which I admire, with which I sympathize with all the faculties of my soul, to which I wish, as to my country, honor, glory, and liberty.

Above all, far from me be the thought of casting the seeds of discord into France, and this is why I have kept out of my speech the accent of passion. If I had the firm conviction that a child ought to be left among the obscure and happy ranks of life in order to assure the repose of thirty-three millions of men, I should have regarded as a crime any word in contradiction of the need of the times: I have not such a conviction. If I had the right to dispose of a crown, I should willingly place it at the feet of the Duke of Orleans. But I see vacant only a tomb at Saint Denis, and not a throne.

Whatever be the destinies which await the lieutenant-general of the kingdom, I will never be his enemy if he acts for the happiness of my country.

I demand only the privilege of preserving my liberty of conscience and the right of going to die wherever I may find independence and peace.

I vote against the contemplated declaration.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

LAMARTINE

Alphonse Marie Louis de Prat de Lamartine was born at Mâcon, October 21, 1790. His family was of good position, and his education, which was received partly at Lyons and partly at Belley, was completed by several years of travel. He was by temperament a poet and a man of society. For a time he was in the army and later in the diplomatic service. He published several volumes of poetry, of a lyrical character, but after 1834 he devoted himself chiefly to writing history, travels, and political pamphlets. Meanwhile, his interest in politics increased and his opinions became republican. His conversion to this political faith is shown in his well-known *Histoire des Girondins*, his best-known historical work. His reputation as an orator was at the same time constantly increasing, and in the Revolution of 1848 he suddenly came to the front and for a few months he was at the head of affairs in France. But he was impractical and had little or no powers of statesmanship. He was able for a short time to keep affairs in control, but, owing to his lack of executive ability, he was unable to maintain his hold upon power. During the remaining twenty years of his life he devoted himself to literature as a means of livelihood, and struggled hard to hold his early position in letters, but the new tastes which were being rapidly acquired proved fatal to his hopes. He died March 1, 1869.

Lamartine belonged to the emotional school of oratory. In his speeches, no less than in his prose and poetry, there is always the same grace and beauty. But although his orations were distinguished by sentiment and imagination, there was little in his work that was substantial. His historical writings are throughout political pamphlets, and he employed a romantic and poetic, rather than a historical, treatment of the subject.

Lamartine's complete works were published, under his own supervision, in Paris, 1860–1865. He has treated a very large part of his life in a species of autobiographical works. Although these travels are not always accurate, they give an excellent idea of the mind and character of their author. The well-known work of the Viscomte de Cormenin gives some account of Lamartine.

THE REVOLUTION

[Selection.] *Lamartine.*

The following selection is from the speech delivered by Lamartine at the banquet given in his honor in 1847. The banquet was given "to the author of *Les Girondins,*" and Lamartine, during a portion of his speech as the guest of the evening, took occasion to eulogize the Republic. We have chosen this excerpt as a characteristic specimen of the style of Lamartine, as well as an excellent example of the oratory of his day.

SINCE attaining the age of political reason, that is to say since attaining that age when we form our own opinions after having as children babbled the opinions or the prejudices of our nurses, I have said to myself: What is the French Revolution?

Is the French Revolution, as the worshippers of the past say of it, a great popular sedition, which agitates itself to no end, and which in its insensate convulsions wounds its church, its monarchy, its castes, its institutions, its nationality, and even destroys the map of Europe? But, under this classification, even the revolution effected by Christianity when it arose in the world was nothing but a great sedition also; for in order to conquer it produced a

great commotion in the world! No! the Revolution has not been a miserable French sedition; for a sedition fails even in success, and leaves behind it only ruins and corpses. It is true that the Revolution has left scaffolds and ruins—that is its remorse and its misfortune; but it has left a doctrine, it has left a spirit which will endure and which will perpetuate itself as long as human reason lives. I have said to myself again: Was the Revolution, as has been pretended by the self-styled politicians, only the result of a financial embarrassment in the public treasury, an embarrassment which the resistance of the miserly court prevented M. Necker from remedying, and because of which was swallowed, in the maw of an insignificant fiscal deficit, a monarchy which had existed for fourteen centuries? What! because of a miserable deficit of fifty to sixty millions in an empire as rich as France, the monarchy was destroyed, the feudality uprooted, the church dispossessed, the aristocracy levelled, and France has spent milliards of her capital and millions of the lives of her children! What a cause for such an effect! and what a proportion between the effect and the cause! and what littleness do the calumniators of one of the most tremendous events of modern history attribute to the principle of the Revolution, in order to belittle the greatness and the importance of the event by the insignificance and the vileness of the

motive! Let us leave this puerility to the financiers who, accustomed to reduce everything to figures, wished also to mathematically demonstrate the fall of an old world and the birth of a new one.

Finally I said to myself: Is the French Revolution an access of frenzy in a people not understanding what they want, what they seek, what they pursue beyond the wrecks and the waves of blood which they have traversed, to arrive wearily at the same point from which they set out? But fifty years have passed since the day when that pretended access of insanity seized a whole nation, king, court, nobles, clergy, people. The generations, cut down by the scaffold and by war, have been twice renewed. France is tranquil; Europe is quiet; men are not the same, and yet the same spirit still animates the thinking world! and the same words, spoken or written by the most feeble organs, still make the same fibres palpitate in all hearts, in the breasts of even the children of those who died in the opposing shock of two ideas! Ah, if that is a national insanity, at least admit that its duration is a long one and that the principle is firmly fixed! and that a similar folly to the Revolution may some day parallel that "folly of the Cross" which has lasted two thousand years, which sapped the old order, which taught masters and slaves the new name of brothers, and which recreated the altars, the

empires, the laws, and the institutions of the universe!

No, the French Revolution was something different; it is not given to base material interests to produce such effects. The human race is spiritual notwithstanding its calumniators; it is sometimes mute as to its interests, but that is when it lacks ideas, or when, as with us at this moment, it falls below its ideals. The human race is spiritual, and in that is its glory; and religions, revolutions, martyrs, are only the spiritualism of ideas protesting against the materialism of facts!

The Revolution was the advent of an idea, or a group of new ideas, into the world. You know what were those ideas; you have read the first teachers of them, Fénelon in *Telemachus,* Montesquieu in *The Spirit of Law,* Jean Jacques Rousseau in *The Social Contract.* It is from those books that breathed that first aspiration for the renewing of all things, then a unanimous aspiration in all classes, in those who had something to lose as well as those who had something to gain, in the privileged as in the oppressed, in the nobility and clergy as in the people; for the powerful conviction of those divine truths then made all the world just, unselfish, generous as the truth itself.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

KOSSUTH

Lajos, or Louis, Kossuth was born in Monok, Hungary, in 1802. He studied law at the Protestant college of Sarospatak, and practised for a time at Pesth. He inaugurated his political career by editing a liberal paper at the Diet of Presburg, but the journal was outlawed, and Kossuth was soon after imprisoned. On his liberation, three years later, he again edited a paper, which gained great vogue, especially among the populace, for its liberal views. In 1847 Kossuth was elected to the Diet as deputy for Pesth, and soon became noted as a speaker. Indeed, the Hungarian revolution, as well as the insurrection of Vienna, was the direct fruit of his eloquence. In 1848, on the dissolution of the ministry, Kossuth was placed at the head of the Committee of National Defence, and soon after he induced the Assembly to formally declare the independence of Hungary. Kossuth was appointed Provisional Governor, but the intervention of Russia, the torpor of the people, and the quarrel between himself and Görgei, combined to neutralize his efforts, and in 1849 he was compelled to flee to Turkey, where he was arrested, although the Porte refused the demands made for his extradition. In 1851 he regained his liberty, and began his progress through England and America, being everywhere received with great enthusiasm. He was regarded as a martyr in the cause of liberty, and his speeches, delivered at various meetings and dinners, were eagerly heard. In 1852 he took up his residence in England, residing in that country until the breaking out of the war between Italy and Austria, when he migrated to Italy, where he spent the last of his life in quiet and oblivion.

Kossuth was a natural orator, fiery and enthusiastic in style, with excellent command of language, which sometimes betrayed him into turgidity. No public speaker was more popular in his day, yet he was quickly forgotten when he

disappeared from the actual scene. He had the quality of inspiring, but not that of maintaining, enthusiasm.

There is no good biography of Kossuth. His own memoirs are interesting, but not full. His speeches have been published in several editions.

THE PRESENT WEAKNESS OF DESPOTISM

Kossuth.

During Kossuth's residence in this country he was repeatedly fêted, and was always called upon for a speech on such occasions. He invariably took advantage of this to urge upon his hearers the necessity for action in the cause which it was his life-work to plead. It was his aim to rouse the American Government to take action in the cause of Hungary, and although the renowned Magyar did not succeed in his effort, the attempt called forth some heart-stirring eloquence. The following speech was delivered at Harrisburg, Pa., in answer to the toast: "Hungary—Betrayed but not subdued; her constitution violated, her people in chains, her chief in exile. The star of freedom will yet shine through the dark night of her adversity."

TO what purpose is eloquence here? Have you not anticipated my wishes? Have you not sanctioned my principles? Are you not going on to action, as generous men do, who are conscious of their power and of their aim? Well, to what purpose, then, is eloquence here? I have only to thank—and that is more eloquently told by a warm grasp of the hand than by all the skilful arrangement of words.

I beg therefore your indulgence for laying before you some mere facts, which perhaps may contribute to strengthen your conviction that the people of the United States, in bestowing its sympathy

upon my cause, does not support a dead cause, but one which has a life, and whose success is rationally sure.

Let me before all cast a glance at the enemy. And let those imposed upon by the attitude of despotism in 1852, consider how much stronger it was in 1847–8. France was lulled by Louis Philippe's politics, of "peace at any price," into apathy. Men believed in the solidity of his government. No heart-revolting cruelty stirred the public mind. No general indignation from offended national self-esteem prevailed. The stability of the public credit encouraged the circulation of capital, and by that circulation large masses of industrious poor found, if not contentment, at least daily bread. The King was taken for a prudent man; and the private morality of his family cast a sort of halo around his house. The spirit of revolution was reduced to play the meagre game of secret associations; not seconded by any movement of universal interest, the spirit of radical innovation was restrained into scientific polemic, read by few and understood by fewer. There was a faith in the patriotic authority of certain men, whose reputation was that of being liberal. One part of the nation lived on from day to day, without any stirring passion, in entire passiveness; the other believed in gradual improvement and progress, because it had confidence in the watchful care of partisan leaders. The combat

Louis Kossuth.

***From a drawing** by Messterhazi.*

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of parliamentary eloquence was considered to be a storm in a glass of water, and the highest aspiration of parties was to oust the ministry and take their place. And yet the prohibition of a public banquet blew asunder the whole complex like mere chaff.

Germany was tranquil, because the honest pretensions or ambitions of her statesmen were satisfied by the open lists of parliamentary eloquence. The public life of the nation had gained a field for itself in legislative debates — a benefit not enjoyed for centuries. The professors being transferred to the legislative floor, and the college to the parliament, the nation was gratified by improvements in the laws, and by the oratory of her renowned men, who never failed to flatter the national vanity. It believed itself to be really in full speed of greatness, and listened contented and quiet — like an intelligent audience to an interesting lecture — even in respect to the unity of great Germany. The custom-association (Zollverein) became an idol of satisfied national vanity, and of cheerful hopes; science and art were growing fast; speculative researches of political economy met an open field in social life; men conscious of higher aims wandered afar into new homes, despairing to find a field of action in their native land. Material improvement was the ruling word, and the lofty spirit of freedom was blighted by the contact of small interests.

And yet a prohibited banquet at Paris shook the very foundation of this artificial tranquillity, and the princely thrones of Germany trembled before the rising spirit of freedom, though it was groping in darkness, because unconscious of its aim.

Italy — fair, unfortunate Italy — looking into the mirror of its ancient glory, heaved with gloomy grief; but the sky of the heaven was as clear and blue above, as it ever was since creation's dawn; and it sang like a bird in a cage placed upon a bough of the blooming orange tree. And then Pius IX., placing himself at the head of Italian regeneration, became popular as no man in Rome since Rienzi's time. In 1848 men heard with surprise, on the coast of the Adriatic, my name coupled in *vivas* with the name of Pius IX. But the sarcasm of Madame de Staël — that in Italy men became women — was still believed true; so that too many of the Italians themselves despaired of conquering Austria without Charles Albert.

Austria had not for centuries, and Prussia never yet has, experienced what sort of a thing a revolution is, and the falling of the vault of the sky would have been considered less improbable than a popular revolution in Berlin or Vienna, where Metternich ruled in triumphant, proud security.

The House of Austria was considered as a mighty power on earth; respected, because thought necessary to Europe against the preponderance of Russia.

No people under the dominion of this dynasty had a national army, and all were divided by absurd rivalries of language, kept up by Metternich's Machiavelism. The nations were divided; none of them was conscious of its strength, but all were aware of the united strength of a disciplined and large imperial army, the regiments of which had never yet fought one against another, and never yet had broken the spell of the black and yellow flag by tearing it to pieces with their own hands.

And yet, when Paris stirred and I made a mere speech in the Hungarian Parliament, the House of Austria was presently at the mercy of the people of Vienna; Metternich was driven away, and his absolutism replaced by a promise of constitutional life.

In Galicia the odium connected with the despotic Austrian rule had, by satanic craft, been thrown upon those classes which represent the ancient Polish nationality; and the well deserved hatred of aristocratic oppression, though living only in traditional remembrances, had prevailed in the sentiments of the common people over the hatred against Austria, though despotic and a stranger; so much so, that, to triumph over the ill-advised, untimely movement in 1846, Austria had nothing to do but open the field to murder, by granting a two dollars' reward for every head of a Polish land proprietor.

And in Hungary the people of every race were

equally excluded from all political right — from any share of constitutional life. The endeavors of myself and my friends for internal improvement — for emancipation of the peasantry — for the people's restoration to its natural rights in civil, political, social, and religious respects—were cramped by the Hapsburg policy. But the odium of this cramping was thrown by Austria upon our own conservative party: and thus our national force was divided into antagonistic elements.

Besides, the idea of Panslavism and of national rivalries, raised by Russia and fostered by Austria, diverted the excitement of the public mind from the development of common political freedom. And Hungary had no national army. Its regiments were filled with foreign elements and scattered over foreign countries, while our own country was guarded with well disciplined foreign troops. And what was far worse than all this, Hungary, by long illegalities, corrupted in its own character, deprived of its ancient heroic stamp, Germanized in its salons, sapped in its cottages and huts, impressed with the unavoidable fatality of Austrian sovereignty and the knowledge of Austrian power, secluded from the attention of the world, which was scarcely aware of its existence,—Hungary had no hope in its national future, because it had no consciousness of its strength, and was highly monarchical in its inclinations and generous in its allegiance

to the King. No man dreamed of the possibility of a revolution there, and he who would have suggested it would only have gained the reputation of a madman.

Such was the condition of Europe in the first half of February, 1848. Never yet seemed the power of despots more steady, more sure. Yet, one month later, every throne on the continent trembled except the Czar's. The existence of dynasties depended upon the magnanimity of their people, and Europe was all on fire.

And in what condition is Europe now? Every man on earth is aware that things cannot endure as they are. Formerly millions believed that a peaceful development of constitutional monarchy was the only future reserved for Europe. Now nobody on the European continent any longer believes that constitutional monarchy can have a future there. Absolutist reaction goes with all that arrogance which revolts every sentiment and infuriates the very child in its mother's arms. The promise, the word, the oath of a king are become equivalent to a lie and to perjury. Faith in the morality of kings is plucked out, even to the last root, from the people's heart.

The experiment of constitutional concessions was thought dangerous to the dynasties, as soon as they became aware that the people of Europe is no imbecile child, that can be lulled to sleep by

mockery, but that it will have reality. Thus the kings on the greater part of the continent, throwing away the mask of liberal affectations, deceived every expectation, broke every oath, and embarked with a full gale upon the open sea of unrestricted despotism. They know that love they can no longer get; so we have been told openly that they will not have love, but money, to maintain large armies, and keep the world in servitude. On the other hand, the nations, assailed in their moral dignity and material welfare, degraded into a flock of sheep kept only to be shorn, equally with the kings detest the mockery of constitutional royalty which has proved so ruinous to them.

Royalty has lost its sacredness in France, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Hungary. Both parties equally recognize that the time has come when the struggle of principles must be decided. Absolutism or republicanism—the Czar or the principles of America—there is no more compromise, no more truce possible. The two antagonist principles must meet upon the narrow bridge of a knife-edge, cast across the deep gulf which is ready to swallow him who falls. It is a struggle for life and death.

That is the condition of the European continent in general. A great, terrible, bloody uprising is unavoidable. That is known and felt by every one. And every sound man knows equally well that the temporary success of Louis Napoleon's

usurpation has only made the terrible crisis more unavoidable. Ye men of "peace at any price," do not shut your eyes wilfully to the finger of God pointing to the *mene, mene, tekel, upharsin* written with gigantic letters upon the sky of Europe. Despots never yield to justice; mankind, inspired with the love of freedom, will not yield up its manhood tamely. Peace is impossible.

Gentlemen, the success of my mission here may ensure the victory of freedom; may prevent torrents of martyrs' blood; may weaken the earthquake of impending war, and restore a solid peace. But, be sure, the certainty of the European struggle does not depend upon your generous support; nor would my failure here even retard the outbreak of the hurricane.

Should we, not meeting here with that support, which your glorious Republic in its public capacity and your generous citizens in their private capacity can afford without jeopardizing your own welfare and your own interest (and assuredly it never came into my mind to desire more)—should we, meeting with no support here, be crushed again, and absolutism consolidate its power upon the ruins of murdered nations, I indeed cannot but believe that it would become a historical reproach of conscience, lying like an incubus upon the breast of the people of the United States from generation to generation. I mean, the idea that had you not

withheld that support which you might have afforded consistently with your own interest, Hungary perhaps would be a free, flourishing country, instead of being blotted out from the map; and Europe perhaps free, and absolutist tyranny swept from the earth.

You then would in vain shed a tear of compassion over our sad fate, and mourn over the grave of nations: nor only so; but the victory of absolutism could not fail to be felt even here in your mighty and blessed home. You would first feel it in your commercial intercourse, and ere long you would become inevitably entangled; for as soon as the Czar had secured the submission of all Europe, he would not look indifferently upon the development of your power, which is an embodiment of republican principles.

I am not afraid to answer the question, as to what are our means and chances of success—but prudence commands me to be discreet. Still, some considerations I may suggest.

The spell of Austria is broken. It is now notorious that the might of the dynasty, though disciplined, well provided, and supported by deluded races, which had been roused to the fury of extermination against us—it is now notorious that all this satanically combined power proved unable to withstand the force of Hungary, though we were surprised and unprepared, and had no army

and no arms, no ammunition, no money, no friends, and were secluded and forsaken by the whole world. It was proved that Austria could not conquer us Magyars, when we were taken unaware; who can believe that we should not match her now that we are aware and predetermined? Yes, unprepared in material resources, we are yet prepared in self-consciousness and mutual trust; we have learned by experience what is required for our success.

In former times Hungary was the strength of Austria. Now, Austria is weak, because it has occupied Hungary. It was strong by the unity of its army, the power of which was founded upon the confidence in its unity. That confidence is broken, since one part of that army raised the tricolor flag and cast to the dust the double-headed eagle, the black and yellow flag, which was the emblem of the army's unity.

Formerly the Austrian army believed that it was strong enough to uphold the throne; now it knows that it is nothing by itself, and rests only upon the support of the Czar. That spirit-depressing sentiment is so diffused among the troops, that, only take the reliance upon Russia away, or make it doubtful whether Russia will interfere or not, and the Austrian army will disperse and fall asunder almost without any fight; because it knows that it has its most dangerous enemies within its own

ranks, and is so far from having cement, that no man, himself attached to that perjured dynasty, can trust the man beside him in the ranks, but watches every movement of his arm. In such an army there is no hope for tyrants.

The old soldiers feel humiliated by the issue of our struggle. They are offended by having no share in the reward thrown away on despised court favorites. The old Croat regiments feel outraged in their national honor by being deceived in their national expectations. The recruits brought with them recollections of their bombarded cities and of the oppression of their families; and in that army are one hundred and forty thousand Hungarians who fought under our tricolored flag against Austria, and whose burning feelings of national wrong are inspired by the glorious memory of their victories.

Oh, had we had in 1848 such an army of disciplined soldiers as Austria itself keeps now for us, never had one Cossack trod the soil of Hungary, and Europe would now be free. Or, let Austria dismiss them, and they will be disciplined soldiers at home. The trumpet of national resurrection will reach them wherever they are.

Hungary has the conviction of her strength. The formerly hostile races, all oppressed like us, now feel themselves to have been deceived, and unite with us. We have no opposite party in the

nation. Some there are, ambitious men, or some incorrigible aristocrats perhaps: but these are no party; they always turn towards the sun, and they melt away like snow in March.

And besides Hungary, the people in Austria too, in Italy, in Prussia, in all Germany, is conscious of its strength. Every large city on the continent has been in the power of the people, and has had to be regained by bombardings and by martial law. Italy has redeemed its heroic character, at Milan, Venice, Brescia, and Rome—all of them immortal pages in Italian history, glorious sources of inspiration, heroism, and self-conscious strength. And now they know their aim, and are united in their aim, and burn to show to the world that the spirit of ancient Rome again rises in them.

And then to take into consideration the financial part. Without money there is no war. Now, the nations, when once engaged in the war, will find means enough for home-support of the war in the rich resources of their own land; whereas the despots lose the disposal of those resources by the outbreak of insurrection, and are reduced entirely to foreign loans, which no emperor of Austria will find again in any new revolution.

And, mark well, gentlemen, every friendly step by which your great Republic and its generous people testifies its lively interest for our just cause, adding to the prospects of success, diminishes the

credit of the despots, and by embarrassing their attempts to find loans, may be of decisive weight in the issue.

Though absolutism was much more favorably situated in 1847 than in 1851, it was overtaken by the events of 1848, when, but for the want of unity and concert, the liberal party must have triumphed everywhere. That unity and concert is now attained; why should not absolutism in 1852 be as easily shaken as in 1848?

The liberal cause is stronger everywhere, because conscious of its aim and prepared. Absolutism has no more bayonets now than in 1848. Without the interference of Russia our success is not only probable, but is almost sure.

And as to Russia, remember, that if at such a crisis she thinks of subduing Hungary, she has Poland to occupy, Finland to guard, Turkey to watch, and Circassia to fight.

Herein is the reason why I confidently state that if the United States declare that a new intervention of Russia will be considered by your glorious Republic a violation of the law of nations, that declaration will be respected, and Russia will not interfere.

Be pleased to consider the consequence of such renewed interference, after the passive acceptance of the first has proved so fatal to Europe, and so dangerous even to England itself. We can scarcely

doubt that, if ever Russia plans a new invasion, England could not forbear to encourage Turkey not to lose again the favorable opportunity to shake off the preponderance of Russia. I have lived in Turkey. I know what enthusiasm exists there for that idea, and how popular such a war would be. Turkey is a match for Russia on the continent. The weak point of Turkey lies in the nearness of Sevastopol, the Russian harbor and arsenal, to Constantinople. Well, an English fleet, or an American fleet, or both joined, stationed at the mouth of the Bosphorus, may easily prevent this danger without one cannon-shot; and if this be prevented, Turkey alone is a match for Russia. And Turkey would not stand alone. The brave Circassians, triumphant through a war of ten years, would send down eighty thousand of their unconquerable horsemen to the plains of Moscow. And Poland would rise, and Sweden would remember Finland and Charles XII. With Hungary in the rear, screened by this very circumstance from her invasion, and Austria fallen to pieces for want of foreign support, Russia must respect your protest in behalf of international law, or else she will fall never to rise again.

Gentlemen, I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to this exposition—long and tedious, because I had no time to be brief. And begging leave to assure you of my lasting

gratitude for all the generous favors you have been and will yet be pleased to bestow upon my cause, let me proclaim my fervent wishes in this sentiment:

"Pennsylvania, the Keystone State—May it, by its legitimate influence upon the destinies of this mighty power on earth, and by the substantial generosity of its citizens, soon become the keystone of European independence."

GIUSEPPE MAZZINI

Giuseppe Mazzini was born at Genoa in 1808. In 1827 he attracted attention by his contributions to literature, critical, literary, and political. In 1830 he became connected with the famous organization known as the Carbonari, was arrested, imprisoned for six months, and finally banished from Italy. He travelled in various countries, and while at Marseilles published a letter which procured him the sentence of perpetual banishment from his native land. Mazzini now became a leader among the republican spirits, and he founded the powerful organization known as "Young Italy." His connection with this led to recurring banishments from the various lands wherein he sought refuge, but 1848 gave him his opportunity, and he was the inciting spirit of that time. He was elected triumvir at Rome, and ruled with moderation and wisdom until the surrender of the city, when he retired to Switzerland. He fomented risings in Italy in 1853 and 1857, but without success. In 1860 he was joined with Garibaldi in the Sicilian expedition. In 1864 Mazzini was expelled from Switzerland, and went to England. In 1868 he returned to Italy, was arrested at Gaeta, and imprisoned there until the occupation of Rome by Victor Emmanuel in 1870. He died at Pisa in 1872, leaving a name as synonymous with virtue and purity of principle as with agitation and revolt.

Mazzini was one of the most literary of orators. He was poetical in his diction, never losing sight of form even in the sweep of passion, and charming as much as he incited. His diction was pure and tactfully varied, and his argument was close and convincing.

The works of Mazzini are extensive. A collected edition was published in 1861, under the title of *Scritti, Editi e Inediti, di Mazzini.* A memoir, by E. H. V., was published in London in 1874, and is the best accessible.

THE MARTYRS OF COSENZA

Mazzini.

In 1848 there was held at Milan a solemn commemoration of the anniversary of the death of the brothers Bandiera and the other martyrs of the cause of Free Italy who had perished at Cosenza for their faith. Mazzini was requested by the National Association to deliver the address on that occasion, and his speech is one of his finest efforts. It is at once patriotic, poetic, profound, and eloquent in the highest degree, and its burning words made a deep and lasting impression upon those who were so fortunate as to hear this, the greatest speech of Italy's greatest modern orator.

WHEN I was commissioned by you, young men, to proffer in this temple a few words sacred to the memory of the brothers Bandiera and their fellow-martyrs at Cosenza, I thought that some of those who heard me might exclaim with noble indignation: "Wherefore lament over the dead? The martyrs of liberty are only worthily honored by winning the battle they have begun; Cosenza, the land where they fell, is enslaved, Venice, the city of their birth, is engirt by foreign foes. Let us emancipate them, and until that moment let no words pass our lips save those of war."

But another thought arose, saying: "Why

have we not conquered? Why is it that, while we are fighting for independence in the North of Italy, liberty is perishing in the South? Why is it that a war, which should have sprung to the Alps with the bound of a lion, has dragged itself along for four months with the slow, uncertain motion of the scorpion surrounded by a circle of fire? How has the rapid and powerful intuition of a people newly arisen to life been converted into the weary, helpless effort of the sick man turning from side to side? Ah! had we all arisen in the sanctity of the idea for which our martyrs died; had the holy standard of their faith preceded our youth to battle; had we reached that unity of life which was in them so powerful, and made of our every action a thought and of our every thought an action; had we devoutly gathered up their last words in our hearts and learned from them that liberty and independence are one, that God and the people, the Fatherland and humanity, are the two inseparable terms of the device of every people striving to become a nation; that Italy can have no true life till she be one, holy in the equality and love of all her children, great in the worship of eternal truth, and consecrated to a lofty mission, a moral priesthood among the peoples of Europe: we should now have had, not war, but victory; Cosenza would not be compelled to venerate the memory of her martyrs in

Giuseppe Mazzini.

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secret, nor Venice be restrained from honoring them with a monument; and we, gathered here together, might gladly invoke their sacred names, without uncertainty as to our future destiny or a cloud of sadness on our brows, and say to those precursor souls: Rejoice! for your spirit is incarnate in your brethren, and they are worthy of you."

The idea which they worshipped, young men, does not as yet shine forth in its full purity and integrity on your banner. The sublime programme which they, dying, bequeathed to the rising Italian generation, is yours; but mutilated, broken up into fragments by the false doctrines which, elsewhere overthrown, have taken refuge amongst us. I look around, and I see the struggles of desperate populations, an alternation of generous rage and of unworthy repose; of shouts for freedom, and of formulæ of servitude, throughout all parts of our peninsula; but the soul of the country, where is it? What unity is there in this unequal and manifold movement? where is the word that should dominate the hundred diverse and opposing counsels which mislead or seduce the multitude? I hear phrases usurping the national omnipotence: "The Italy of the North—the League of the States—federative compacts between princes," but ITALY, where is it? Where is the common country, the country which the Bandiera hailed as thrice Initiatrix of a new era of European civilization?

Intoxicated with our first victories, improvident for the future, we forgot the idea revealed by God to those who suffered; and God has punished our forgetfulness by deferring our triumph. The Italian movement, my countrymen, is, by decree of Providence, that of Europe. We arise to give a pledge of moral progress to the European world. But neither political fictions, nor dynastic aggrandizements, nor theories of expediency, can transform or renovate the life of the peoples. Humanity lives and moves through faith; great principles are the guiding stars that lead Europe towards the future. Let us turn to the graves of our martyrs and ask inspiration of those who died for us all, and we shall find the secret of victory in the adoration of a faith. The angel of martyrdom and the angel of victory are brothers; but the one looks up to heaven, and the other looks down to earth; and it is when, from epoch to epoch, their glance meets between earth and heaven, that creation is embellished with a new life and a people arises from the cradle or the tomb, evangelist or prophet.

I will sum up for you in a few words this faith of our martyrs; their external life is known to you all; it is now matter of history, and I need not recall it to you.

The faith of the brothers Bandiera, which was, and is, our own, was based upon a few simple uncontrovertible truths, which few indeed venture

to declare false, but which are nevertheless forgotten or betrayed by most:

God and the People.

God, at the summit of the social edifice; the People, the universality of our brethren, at the base. God, the Father and Educator; the People, the progressive interpreter of His law.

No true society can exist without a common belief and a common aim. Religion declares the belief and the aim. Politics regulate society in the practical realization of that belief and prepare the means of attaining that aim. Religion represents the principle, politics the application. There is but one sun in heaven for all the earth. There is but one law for all those who people the earth. It is alike the law of the human being and of collective humanity. We are placed here below, not for the capricious exercise of our own individual faculties—our faculties and liberty are the means, not the end,—not to work out our own happiness upon earth; happiness can only be reached elsewhere, and there God works for us;—but to consecrate our existence to the discovery of a portion of the Divine Law, to practise it as far as our individual circumstances and powers allow, and to diffuse the knowledge and love of it among our brethren.

We are here below to labor fraternally to build up the unity of the human family, so that the day

may come when it shall represent a single sheepfold with a single shepherd — the Spirit of God, the Law.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition — the voice of anterior humanity — and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord, is truth; wheresoever they are opposed, is error. To attain a harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the Fatherland, and humanity, are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim. From above God watches the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time He raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of His truth and guides to the multitude on their way.

These principles,— indicated in their letters, in their proclamations, and in their conversations,— with a profound sense of the mission entrusted by God to the individual and to humanity, were to Attilio and Emilio Bandiera, and their fellow-martyrs, the guide and comfort of a weary life; and, when men and circumstances had alike betrayed them, these principles sustained them in death, in religious serenity and calm certainty of the realization of their immortal hopes for the future of Italy. The immense energy of their souls arose from the intense

love which informed their faith. And could they now arise from the grave and speak to you, they would, believe me, address you, though with a power very different from that which is given to me, in counsel not unlike this which I now offer to you.

Love ! love is the flight of the soul towards God; towards the great, the sublime, and the beautiful, which are the shadow of God upon earth. Love your family, the partner of your life, those around you ready to share your joys and sorrows ; love the dead who were dear to you and to whom you were dear. But let your love be the love taught you by Dante and by us — the love of souls that aspire together ; do not grovel on the earth in search of a felicity which it is not the destiny of the creature to reach here below ; do not yield to a delusion which inevitably would degrade you into egotism. To love is to give and take a promise for the future. God has given us love, that the weary soul may give and receive support upon the way of life. It is a flower springing up in the path of duty ; but it cannot change its course. Purify, strengthen, and improve yourselves by loving. Act always — even at the price of increasing her earthly trials — so that the sister-soul united to your own may never need, here or elsewhere, to blush through you or for you. The time will come when, from the height of a new life, embracing the whole past and comprehending its secret,

you will smile together at the sorrows you have endured, the trials you have overcome.

Love your country. Your country is the land where your parents sleep, where is spoken that language in which the chosen of your heart, blushing, whispered the first word of love; it is the home that God has given you, that by striving to perfect yourselves therein you may prepare to ascend to Him. It is your name, your glory, your sign among the people. Give to it your thoughts, your counsels, your blood. Raise it up, great and beautiful as it was foretold by our great men. And see that you leave it uncontaminated by any trace of falsehood or of servitude, unprofaned by dismemberment. Let it be one, like the thought of God. You are twenty-five millions of men, endowed with active, splendid faculties; possessing a tradition of glory the envy of the nations of Europe; an immense future is before you; you lift your eyes to the loveliest heaven, and around you smiles the loveliest land in Europe; you are encircled by the Alps and the sea, boundaries traced out by the finger of God for a people of giants; you are bound to be such, or nothing. Let not a man of that twenty-five millions remain excluded from the fraternal bond destined to join you together; let not a glance be raised to that heaven which is not that of a free man. Let Rome be the ark of your redemption, the temple of your nation.

Has she not twice been the temple of the destinies of Europe? In Rome two extinct worlds, the Pagan and the Papal, are superposed like the double jewels of a diadem; draw from these a third world greater than the two. From Rome, the holy city, the city of love, the purest and wisest among you, elected by the vote and fortified by the inspiration of a whole people, shall dictate the pact that shall make us one and represent us in the future alliance of the peoples. Until then you will either have no country, or have her contaminated and profaned.

Love humanity. You can only ascertain your own mission from the aim set by God before humanity at large. God has given you your country as cradle and humanity as mother; you cannot rightly love your brethren of the cradle if you love not the common mother. Beyond the Alps, beyond the sea, are other peoples now fighting or preparing to fight the holy fight of independence, of nationality, of liberty; other peoples striving by different routes to reach the same goal — improvement, association, and the foundation of an authority which shall put an end to moral anarchy and relink earth to heaven; an authority which mankind may love and obey without remorse or shame. Unite with them; they will unite with you. Do not invoke their aid where your single arm can suffice to conquer; but say to them that

the hour will shortly sound for a terrible struggle between right and blind force, and that in that hour you will ever be found with those who have raised the same banner as yourselves.

And love, young men, love and venerate the ideal. The ideal is the word of God. High above every country, high above humanity, is the country of the spirit, the city of the soul, in which all are brethren who believe in the inviolability of thought and in the dignity of our immortal soul; and the baptism of this fraternity is martyrdom. From that high sphere spring the principles which alone can redeem the peoples. Arise for the sake of these, and not from impatience of suffering or dread of evil. Anger, pride, ambition, and the desire of material prosperity, are arms common alike to the peoples and their oppressors, and even should you conquer with these to-day, you would fall again to-morrow; but principles belong to the peoples alone, and their oppressors can find no arms to oppose to them. Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul, and the visions of early youth, for they are a perfume of Paradise which the soul retains in issuing from the hands of its Creator. Respect above all things your conscience; have upon your lips the truth implanted by God in your hearts, and, while laboring in harmony, even with those who differ from you, in all that tends to the emancipation of our soil, yet ever bear

your own banner erect and boldly promulgate your own faith.

Such words, young men, would the martyrs of Cosenza have spoken, had they been living amongst you ; and here, where it may be that, invoked by our love, their holy spirits hover near us, I call upon you to gather those words up in your hearts and to make of them a treasure amid the storms that yet threaten you ; storms which, with the names of our martyrs on your lips and their faith in your hearts, you will overcome.

God bless you and Italy !

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

Victor Marie Hugo was born February 26, 1802, at Besançon, his father being at the time commandant of the garrison at that place. Young Hugo soon became famous as a poet, and was noted for prolific literary production. His writings gave offence to the ministry in 1832, but he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor in 1837, and in 1845 a peer of France. After the Revolution of 1848 he represented Paris in the Legislative Assembly, but he fell under the displeasure of Louis Napoleon, and was banished from France. Until the fall of the Empire he resided in Jersey. On his return to France in 1870, when he was received with enthusiasm, he was made a member of the National Assembly at Bordeaux, but soon resigned. He spent most of the remainder of his life in Paris, dying May 22, 1885.

Whether as orator, poet, playwright, or romancist, Hugo was essentially dramatic. He is not free from the taint of charlatanry in his manner of producing effects, yet his power is unquestionable. Extravagance of language and thought was his besetting sin as speaker and writer, and this often minimized the effect of his words.

Hugo's works are accessible in many editions. His autobiography is contained in his work called *Actes et Paroles,* Paris, 1870–72.

THE DEATH PENALTY

Hugo.

On June 11, 1851, Charles Hugo, the son of the great writer and orator, was placed on trial for having published an article upon the execution of a criminal named Montcharmant. The article was adjudged to be a disrespect to the laws, and the young man was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine. Victor Hugo appeared for the defence, and during the trial made the following eloquent and passionate appeal. It contains a dramatic arraignment of the death penalty, and is perhaps unsurpassed in dramatic power.

GENTLEMEN of the jury, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son ; it is myself—it is I ! —I, who for these last twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment—have contended for the inviolability of human life—have committed this very crime for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate-General ! I have committed it under the most aggravated circumstances : deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes ! this old and absurd *lex talionis*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated all my life ; all my life, gentlemen of the jury ! And while I have breath I will continue to combat it by all my efforts as a writer, by all my words and all

my votes as a legislator. I declare this before the crucifix ; before that victim of the death penalty, who sees and hears us ; before that gibbet to which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of all generations, the human law nailed the Divine !

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment, and for writing and publishing which he is now on trial before you—in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen of the jury, the right to criticise a law, and to criticise it severely,—especially a penal law,—is placed beside the duty of amelioration, as the torch beside the work in the hand of the artisan. This right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances ? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of our public squares. There he finds the scaffold. He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is still young—only twenty-nine. Ah ! I know what you will say : "He is a murderer." But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder ; he uses the scaffold against the scaffold !

The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes on the crowd. The officers, sweat and shame on their brows,—pale, panting, terrified, despairing; despairing with I know not what horrible despair; shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty and spared the passive instrument, the executioner,—the officers strive savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn, his shoulders bloody; still he resists. At last, after three quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony,—agony for all, be it understood; agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man,—after this age of anguish, gentlemen of the jury, they take the poor wretch back to prison. The people breathe again. The people, naturally merciful, hope that the man will be spared. But no! the guillotine, though vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night the officers, reinforced, again drag forth the wretch, so bound that he is but an inert weight—they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life; calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother—for like a very child had this man become at the prospect of death—they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted to the scaffold, and his head falls!—and then through every

conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this moment that from the breast of a young man escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart,—a cry of pity and anguish; a cry of horror; a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And, in face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.

Revised translation by the Editors of this volume.

LÉON GAMBETTA

Léon Gambetta was born at Cahors, October 30, 1838. In 1859 he began the practice of law at Paris, and ten years later became noted as a political advocate. He was a consistent republican, his panegyric of republicanism, delivered in May, 1870, gaining him great notoriety, and on the fall of the Empire he was made Minister of the Interior. Escaping from Paris by a balloon, he assumed dictatorial power, and endeavored to rouse all France to resistance. After the conclusion of the war, Gambetta became the leader of the extreme Left, but his views were too radical even for his party, and the violence of a speech delivered at Grenoble caused a reaction and the downfall of Thiers. Gambetta then became more moderate in his utterances, and led his party to success at the elections of 1877, although in that year he was imprisoned for virulence of speech. In 1879 Gambetta became President of the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1881 Premier of France, but his radical views again led to his defeat when his favorite measure, that of *scrutin de liste,* was urged in the Assembly, and he immediately resigned. His public career was now ended, although his journal, the *République Française,* was still a power. Gambetta died in 1882.

Gambetta's oratory was characterized by violence and invective. Yet he could on occasion rise to heights which showed his real powers, and was classed as the greatest orator of his day, although his natural vehemence was always apt to make him too careless of form and diction.

Gambetta left no collected works. His speeches have been published in various works on French oratory. There is no capable biography of him extant.

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TO THE ALSATIANS

[Selection.] *Gambetta.*

On the ninth of May, 1872, a deputation from Alsace came to Gambetta to present him, on the part of the great majority of the inhabitants, with a bronze group. We give a selection from the reply of the recipient. While the speech lacks the vehemence and virulence which unfortunately characterized the greater part of Gambetta's oratory, it does justice to his command of language and occasional height of thought, and is more truly eloquent than his parliamentary or platform harangues.

THE time is on our side. That does not mean that we must count on the time to do everything, but we should take it into account and make use of it to urge upon all the spirit of concord, the spirit of union, and — consider it well — the spirit of resignation and of sacrifice.

Ah ! it is very cruel to ask of these our brothers, harshly abandoned, the spirit of sacrifice and resignation, and nevertheless it is to them that we address that supreme request not to agitate the country in its labor of reconstruction. And, even as you were the country where the most arms were lifted for the national defence, even as you gave your children and your gold, even as you

longest endured bullets, fire, shells, the exactions of the enemy, so during this sorrowful peace you must give France the example of a people who know how to preserve their feelings without going beyond measure, without provoking intervention.

You owe to the mother country that supreme consolation of making her feel that, however powerless she is to succor you, your hearts are invincibly attached to her.

Ah, you will give her that consolation, that resignation: you will give it to her because, whatever be the ardor of your feelings, you have never made your Alsatian cause other than a French cause, and by this you have given a true proof of patriotism, disdaining in the greatest measure your personal interests, to subordinate them to the cause of all France. France owes it to you to reciprocate these great and noble sentiments. If she were so forgetful and impious as not to have constantly before her eyes the image of your bleeding and mutilated Alsatia, oh! then you would be right to despair!

But as long as there is a national party in France, have no fear. And be sure that that national party reforms and reconstitutes itself. The true genius of France, chained and delivered over to its enemies by the Second Empire, is to-day placed in full light. From all sides come publications making known to us the rôle played by our people, and

Léon Gambetta.

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one can see that France was far more slaughtered than slain, far more taken by surprise than taken by arms. And, at the same time when the truth concerning these events appeared, the conscience of the land was reborn. You see already beginning a great work, legitimate though sorrowful, of reprobation and of branding; I hope that you will also take part in necessary chastisements.

At the same time as the land, all the parties reunited to claim punishment for that crime of treason to France committed under the walls of Metz, and you beheld come into our ranks true patriots, men who, without hesitation, without discussion, did their duty and were veritable heroes of the army of the Loire. Ah! it was because they felt, those who were fighting, that there was no other resource, no other honor, for France than to make of the flag of the Republic the flag of the nation. There is in this spectacle that which invites us to turn back upon ourselves and to seek in a new flight, a new impulse, to impress upon the French intelligence the true reparative means of our moral greatness, of our scientific greatness, of our financial probity, of our military valor.

And when we have, on all the anvils of the work of reconstruction, remade France piece by piece, do you think that she will not be seen of Europe, and that one will not consider twice before ratifying armed violence? Do you believe that

that barbarous and Gothic maxim, which has had and still has currency, "Might makes right," will remain inscribed on the annals of the laws of mankind? No! never!

If an ill-omened silence has caused such a theory to be received, it is because France was crushed. But there is not a country in Europe which does not believe that France will rise again. No one dreams of assisting her; they are not in position to do so; the force of arms has reduced to that condition the most generous and the most sympathetic. We have not received, we shall not for a long time receive, either aid or coöperation, but the sentiment of our neighbors is coming to light. They feel that the storm which has smitten us is not entirely dissipated, and that it may visit other countries, smite other peoples. The sentiment of general preservation is springing up; one looks on the side of France, and sees that the western world is empty.

Let us show to those who examine us our morality, our interior power, our might, and not, as has been shown up to now, the spectacle of dynastic quarrels or dissensions concerning mere chimeras.

Let us give this pledge to Europe, that we have no other aim than to take all the time necessary to reach that moral and material situation where we shall have no need to draw the sword; where to right are given the satisfactions which are its due,

because it is known that behind that right stands might.

But let us yield ourselves neither to exuberance nor to discouragement.

Let us take—here is a reflection which you will allow me to make in the presence of the group of statuary which you are so good as to offer me—let us take the very letter of the thought which animates the artist and patriot: as that mother who lays her hand upon the body of her fallen son and who, feeling her bosom pressed by her young child, not yet capable of bearing arms, thinks only of the future, let us assume the only conduct worthy of men who are truly animated by a wise and firm spirit; let us not talk of revenge, let us not speak boastful words, let us compose ourselves. Let us work every day to acquire that quality which is lacking in you, that quality of which you have so admirably spoken: the patience which nothing can discourage, the tenacity which lasts for all time.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

CASTELAR

Emilio Castelar was born at Cadiz, September 8, 1832. His parents were humble tradespeople, and his early education was such as might be picked up by one who in his straitened circumstances. He exhibited, however, so marked a literary talent, having written before he was eighteen two novels of some merit, that his relatives combined to send him to Madrid for further study. Here he aided himself by journalism, but was able by a speech in the revolution of 1854 to acquire such a reputation as an orator that his future was assured. He soon became professor of history at the University of Madrid, and used his chair to propagate his political principles. In 1866 he was deprived of his position because of a severe criticism of the Government, and in the same year was forced into exile on account of an attempted revolution. He returned two years later, and became the head of the republican party. During the reign of Amadeus he held aloof, but took office on the King's abdication. He was practically dictator of Spain from September, 1874, till the following January. On the fall of the Republic he retired to Paris, but soon returned, and sat as the representative of Madrid from 1876 until 1893. He belonged to no party in his closing years, for on many points his position was neither that of the Conservatives nor of the Radicals. On his retirement he devoted himself to literary work. His friendship for the United States is well known, but as a patriotic Spaniard he bitterly resented the action of the Americans in the late war. He died at Madrid, May 25, 1899.

Castelar was preëminently an orator. Whatever he accomplished was effected by the power of his oratory. He was devoted to those principles which have always inspired parliamentary orators, and the frequent revolutionary movements and the intolerable abuses of the reign of Isabella gave

constant opportunity for the exercise of his genius. But the style of oratory in which he excelled was one so different from that to which English-speaking people are accustomed that his real power and ability as an orator cannot be appreciated by those unacquainted with the Spanish temperament and style. The most enthusiastic and rhapsodical flights abound in all his orations, and they were always listened to with an enthusiasm hardly less than that of the orator himself. His genius was so universally recognized that all parties delighted to honor him. When he spoke the Chamber was crowded, and cards of admission commanded a high premium.

Castelar has written many works on political and historical subjects as well as novels and essays, but his fame rests upon his orations. A complete edition of his works has appeared at Madrid under his own revision. For his life see David Hannay, *Don Emilio Castelar,* in the series *Public Men of To-Day;* also M. E. Grant Duff, in the *Contemporary Review* for 1878.

THE CANDIDATURE OF AMADEUS

Castelar.

The vacant throne of Spain had caused much diplomatic controversy, and had, by the proffer thereof to a prince of the House of Hohenzollern, precipitated the Franco-Prussian War, when it was offered to Amadeus, son of Victor Emmanuel of Italy. General Prim, who was self-constituted dictator, had chosen the candidate without much regard to the wishes of the Cortes or the people, and his usurpation of power was bitterly resented by the opposing parties. On November 3, 1871, a vote of censure was moved by Signor Castelar, which led to a vehement debate. Castelar himself made a long speech in support of his motion, in which, with all the eloquence of which he was so renowned a master, he assailed Prim and the monarchical party, holding them up to scorn, ridicule, and contumely. The speech is remarkable in its sustained power, its poetic, if somewhat strained, imagery, its logical sequence, and its dignified invective.

GENTLEMEN DEPUTIES, if it were not such a trouble to the Secretary, I would ask him to again read my motion; but as I have just finished writing it, I remember it, if not in context at least in sense, and I will recite it to the Assembly.

"We ask the Cortes, in view of the internal and external policy of the Government, and in view of the powers which, without due parliamentary authorization, the President of the Council of Ministers has arrogated to himself in offering the crown

of Spain to foreign candidates unknown to the people and incapable of representing their sovereignty, to manifest its profound displeasure at this usurpation of its prerogatives."

Gentlemen Deputies, if I depended only upon the evidence usual in modern parliaments, I could hardly sustain my proposition. But the President of the Council of Ministers has himself furnished a strong foundation for it by his account of his gloomy Odyssey over all Europe in search of an unfortunate king. He has told us that he begged a candidate of all the dynasties. He has acknowledged to us that one of these candidates had brought about nothing less than a universal war. He has since repeated that the House of Savoy gave us nothing less, gentlemen, than two refusals, has shown us nothing less than contempt. He has continued to affirm to us that, monarchist in spite of affronts, in spite of contumely, he returned a third time to beg the House of Savoy to deign to reign over us and save us. And he finally concluded by asserting that there is no Spanish candidate, and that to-morrow he will bring us the protocol of the foreign candidate who has been presented to the Assembly.

And why, why did he not bring the protocol before? Why did he not notify the Cortes before? Here is a very grave case, Gentlemen Deputies. The Cortes knows nothing of this

candidate; there is no announcement made; there is no paper on the table; not even that kind of telegram which served another Government as a justification for declaring a war as terrible as that which to-day agitates Europe. We, the Deputies of the nation, its representatives, the arbiters of its sovereignty, we know nothing of the candidate; and yet the army knows of him, thus showing how much more important to the President of the Council of Ministers are the bayonets of the soldiers than the votes of the representatives of the people, and how he hopes to sustain his appointee rather by the power of the camp than by the authority of the Cortes.

Gentlemen Deputies, I do not understand the President of the Council of Ministers, when he gets up and tells us that he has been engaged in so-called negotiations, as if a negotiation had been conducted by the department appointed to Señor Figuerola. When, at what time, on what occasion have these prerogatives been given to us or to the Cortes? Who can cite me the date? who can cite me the session?

Are we then of such small importance, do we represent nothing, that when he went to seek for a king he needed not to consult the wish of the members of the Cortes? Should he not have asked permission of the Parliament? I leave the answer to the conscience of the Deputies; I leave

it to the conscience of the people. He wished to secretly bring us a king; the maker of kings trembled before public opinion, dreaded the tribunal, although nothing, in this government of freedom of discussion and of universal light, can be hidden from public knowledge and from the tribune. We can investigate it all; we can discuss it all; we will to-day discuss it all; yes, and we will place the real responsibility. The President of the Council of Ministers needs this, for after having failed us he has not been accused of his fault, even by his own conscience.

I could speak of the internal policy of the Government; I could speak of the French Republic, recognized yet not recognized; I could speak of that penal code whose results are now being displayed by its authors being led to prison; I could speak of those Captain-Generals of the Antilles, who oppose the promulgation of the beneficial laws passed by the Cortes; I could speak of those other Captain-Generals, who arrogantly establish themselves as legislators, making codes, imposing punishments, and violating all the laws.

But all this disappears before the supreme interest, before the candidacy to the throne. In opposing the general and internal policy, we express our complaints; but in opposing the policy of the future, I believe that we express something more serious, the complaints of the coming generations.

When the mind considers the greatness of the affair and the weakness of its own forces, it grows dejected; willingly would I renounce such a task, if the stern law of duty and the imperious voice of conscience would consent. Nevertheless, the situation of Spain, its present state, can be abridged into a graphic, decisive, and supreme formula: Substituting for the dynastic policy of Isabella II. the personal policy of the President of the Council of Ministers.

This evil has brought upon us a series of evils: internal ruin and chaos, external war, that war whose blows, resounding sadly in all human hearts, appear to disorganize this continent, yesterday a mirror of universal civilization, to-day a shadowy sepulchre, filled with blood, conflagrations, havoc, and slaughter.

If I were given to accusations, how many and what bitter ones could I make to you, by recalling the speeches made from these benches and the stubborn indifference you displayed to all those speeches, wherein was shown to you a truth, now confirmed by sad events: the truth that your resolve to search the world over for strange kings will end in bringing upon us an awful catastrophe.

My presentiments were sad, but the reality is sadder. My predictions were mournful, but the events are yet more mournful.

When I hear the sighs of so many orphans and

widows, the edifices of the cities crashing down under the hail of shells, the roaring of the conflagrations which send clouds of blood into the air, already full of tears; when I see nearly half a million unburied corpses, tainting the air with the miasmas of pestilence for those unhappy wretches who survive them; and Paris, that city to which aforetime we have gone to gather the ideas of our century, threatened as once Rome by Alaric, I do not understand why the king-seeking Deputies, the king-seeking Ministers, do not sink under the burning weight of remorse, as did Cain at the voice of God.

The origin of all our troubles is very clear, very simple. The origin of all our troubles consists in having thought that the revolution should have brought about a monarchy, instead of resulting in a republic.

Here, without wishing it, without knowing it, all, all, though some more than others, all have been republicans. And, Gentlemen Deputies, not only were those republicans who, in obedience to the principles of their consciences, preached the Republic in the Assembly, and in the Cortes: they also were republicans who entrusted to a constituent assembly the decision of a form of government, founded on the impossible, in that the king was to be our creature when, in order to live respected and reign gloriously, he should have

been our creator; they also were republican legislators who drew up the first section of the Constitution, a section incompatible with a monarchy; they also were republicans, those authors who called themselves monarchists yet discussed the various candidates with implacable virulence, and instead of decking them with the aureole of respect, delivered them, covered with the mud of ridicule, to the people that these might devour them; they also were republicans, those members of the Assembly who have never reached that moral unanimity which is exacted by monarchical theology in order to give power to its false gods; the floor of this House is republican, as is the air which we breathe here, the light which lights us, because two years of implacable criticism have destroyed the monarchical faith in all hearts; and to the community which has lost that faith, that species of enchantment, there comes that which comes to those who in passing from childhood into womanhood lose their innocence and never regain it.

I know very well all that the President of the Council of Ministers is going to say to me; I know it beforehand, for he has often said it to me. "What am I to do?" Beset, goaded on by the monarchical parties, forced to provide a king, he has provided one. A king! What, can a king be the work of a moment, of an accident,

of a caprice? If to have a king be so important to the monarchical party, if it is to them a necessity, if they believe this nation, which they judge unable to govern itself, to be so unhappy, why not, with uncovered heads and knees bent to the dust, why not retain the old dynasty? Kings are in society as are metals in a planet, the work of centuries.

After a revolution which has destroyed one throne, it is impossible to raise another. That which is difficult for all is much more difficult for the revolutionary party, and is immensely more difficult for the present monarchists who sit at my left.

You are not of those who are accustomed to respect monarchies: you have hearts overflowing with anger against kings; consciences full of democratic principles; distrust of the traditional as a model for your conduct; conspiracies as a necessity of your temperaments; the keen investigation so inimical to faith, as the complexion of your minds. You are as capable of demolishing thrones as you are incapable of constructing them.

And yet you do not learn from sad and painful examples. You will find that the king, for the short time that he will last, will abandon the revolutionists who enthroned him and join the conservatives who fought against him. And he will do well; first because you who act as tribunes are

out of place in the salons of courtiers, and lastly because some chastisement is necessary to preserve the public morality from apostasies as sad as is your suicidal apostasy.

Here, Gentlemen Deputies, I will repeat that which I said at the beginning, that if a monarchy was desired it was necessary to preserve that mysterious chain which, in the eyes of the people, links the crown to the heavens. Why? Because, after a moral revolution, unanimity is impossible. You had a throne founded on a rock, and, in order to make it firmer, you begin to erect one founded on water. Therefore, that stability which you did not find in the hereditary monarchy, you need not hope to find in the elective monarchy. The national will is its foundation; and the national will is changeable, as it is progressive. Upon it, it is not ordained that there should be erected a permanent power. And when the king does not inspire in all parties, even the republicans, that respect which the King of Belgium inspires in the Belgians and the Queen of England in the English, Gentlemen Deputies, it is better not to have a monarchy, for instead of finding in it peace and liberty, we shall find revolution and war.

There are here partisans of Charles of Bourbon, and they are listening to me; partisans of Alphonso of Bourbon, and the Chamber cannot have forgotten

it; partisans of the Duke of Montpensier, all very enthusiastic and energetic, as, for example, that illustrious sailor, my friend Señor Topete; partisans of that indefinite candidate whom General Prim guarded in the depths of his spirit and his conscience. And do you believe that, with all these parties, a king can come here and be respected? Do not tell me that these divisions also exist in the republican party. It is true, and I never deny the truth. But change is the law of republics, and uniformity the law of monarchies. Republics vivify themselves by their divisions; monarchies are lost in their divisions. Republics die when parties cease to exist; monarchies die when an anti-dynastic party is born. If the old dynasty, founded on time itself, could not resist one anti-dynastic party, and that one not very definite or clear, how do you imagine that the new dynasty can resist five anti-dynastic parties and a formidable republican one? I do not know a greater folly.

This royal prestige is a privilege which the hereditary monarch transmits to all his generations. Has the hereditary king lost this privilege? Then the elective king will not regain it. Therefore, in order to create a monarchy, it is not enough, gentlemen, that a few representatives get together and nominate a monarch. Monarchies are formed by great ideas and great sentiments,

and ideas and sentiments are not formed in assemblies. A scientist cannot produce a storm ; he can produce an electric spark in the Leyden jar, he can produce an electric current in the Voltaic pile, but a tempest ! the tempest is produced only in the great laboratory of nature. You, Deputies, can decree laws, but not beliefs ; promulgate constitutions, but not sentiments. These are produced only in the great laboratory of the mind.

The royal prestige, because of all this, believes itself to be shadowy, indefinite, irresponsible ; but it is real, living, organic, that which we call society. Does this fallacy, this sentiment, exist in our society ? If it does not so exist, you cannot create it by a law, by a decree. If it so exists, the legislator will obey it as the magnetic needle obeys the attraction of the pole. You have just announced that you intend to go out of office, that you are going to give us a king ; and no one has smiled, no one has rejoiced, no one has applauded, no one has risen, no one has offered one "viva !" all have remained cold, as if you had presented us a corpse instead of a king. Do you believe that you can forge a crown in this glacial temperature, when it in truth requires the fires of enthusiasm ? The lasting institutions, the popular names, are presented to the Assembly by the people, not to the people by the Assembly.

An apt illustration is in evidence. No one could

have denied, in 1836, that Maria Christina of Bourbon was the ruling Queen ; the waves of revolution quieted before her smile. No one could have denied, in 1832, that the cradle of Isabella II. was the altar of our liberties, or in 1868 that the throne of Isabella II. was the sepulchre of those same liberties. The bones of the Liberalists slain in the Civil War would have risen at the ingratitude of the Queen, had we not risen. But here — excepting a small party, excepting a few individuals, who have faith in the monarchy only because of the sentiment of old allegiance and the spirit of romanticism — the majority of the monarchists are ruled by reason, devoid of enthusiasm, believing that self-interest can take the place of passion, and that cold calculation can create an institution which can only be engendered by heroism.

I have heard one of the most illustrious orators, not only of this Assembly but of all Europe, Señor Canovas of Castile, lament the absence of Prince Alphonso, and say that he was the candidate of his heart, but that he had decided to recognize and respect another candidate raised to the throne by the majority of this Assembly. I have seen many partisans of the Duke of Montpensier who knew him, served him, and followed him into exile, and who knew the aid he had given in the revolution ; I have seen these men energetically sustain their candidate in other days, and as soon

as a new candidate presented himself they abandoned the old allegiance to incomprehensible forgetfulness. I have seen the progressive party replace General Espartero by an obscure colonel of light cavalry. I have seen the majority of this Assembly indifferent as to the king, whether he were of the north or of the south, from the boreal or tropical regions, German or Latin ; equally ready for the Sultan of Constantinople or the Emperor of Morocco, willing to risk the disasters of a civil war, as long as no belief should be demanded from their vacant minds, no sacrifice from their hardened egoism.

And in view of all this, Gentlemen Deputies, what do you wish me to think, what do you wish all Europe to think, of the good faith of this monarchical Assembly ? The President of the Council of Ministers, to whom I turn my attention because His Highness is the centre towards which all the situation gravitates — the President has related to us his long journey over all Europe in search of a king. Without even the knowledge of Parliament or of the Ministry, he negotiated for candidates. He was, and is, a dictator. I understand all dictatorships, I understand and explain them all, though I deprecate them ; but I cannot understand the dictatorship which General Prim assumed because of our servile complacency in this exalted Spain. The Romans consented to such a power *ad*

tempus, for a certain time. Cincinnatus exercised it for fifteen days, and in fifteen days immortalized it. Six months formed the legal term of the dictatorship. An evil intended to slay other greater evils never became chronic in Rome until the end of the Republic. But have you ever heard of such a dictator as the President of the Council; have you ever heard of a permanent dictator? Dictatorially to-day he creates the monarchy, and, as a monarchy is hereditary, gives his proud dictatorship to the future generations. As the ancient poets called Jupiter the father of gods and men, so by modern historians General Prim is called the father of princes and kings. All have seen him holding the crown in his hands, and all have seen him reproducing in his countenance the sinister countenance of Cardinal Portocarrero. That man also had a crown in his hands, he also carried on mysterious negotiations in order to lay the crown at the foot of the death-bed of Charles II. The only difference is, that there the dispenser of bounty was a friar, and to-day he is a soldier; that there the life of a king was extinguished, while here the honor of a people is extinguished.

And in order that the parallel should be more exact, it is found that the crown which Cardinal Portocarrero bore and that which General Prim bore, agitated and convulsed with ambition princes of the House of France, princes of the House of

Germany, and princes of that most ambitious Machiavelian House of Savoy.

Let us examine into this, Gentlemen Deputies; let us consider the voyage of General Prim. History will not credit it. First I come to the gate of a neighboring palace, where lives an indifferent prince, one who prefers the peace of his home to the dangers of a throne. I have never seen so artificial an enthusiasm as the enthusiasm of the progressive democratic party, that which compares itself to the mountains, or such great docility as the docility of the majority of this Assembly, which calls itself sovereign. Thus, when General Prim thinks of a king, the majority thinks of voting for him; they vote for him with great enthusiasm. We are here to destroy monarchical illusions, which would not exist but for the insects produced by the putrefaction of the monarchy. And we tell ourselves that Ferdinand of Portugal ought to have been decorated with the pompous title of Ferdinand the Impossible. And why? Why was he impossible? Because Portugal could not consent to leave its autonomy hanging between the disturbances of an inheritance and the troubles of a civil war with Spaniards. And thus it is that Ferdinand listened to the offer but did not accept it. And a Coburg, an obscure German prince, a widower-king of Portugal, could say to his people: I have spurned the crown of Charles V. and of Isabella the Catholic;

I have spurned that crown which was like the golden zodiac of a planet; I have spurned that crown under whose shadow died the two greatest glories of Portugal, Magellan and Camoëns. Behold to what the crown has come! that crown, which should be resting intact over the royal vault of the Escurial, is now entrusted to the hands of General Prim, to make us blush with humiliation and shame.

Leaving Portugal, I go to Italy, and there I find a tender child, the Duke of Genoa. Now the official enthusiasm came to a climax, and one might hear speeches which announced that the young prince was going to bring us, in the pocket of his Eton jacket, the Italian arts, the painting, the poetry, and above all the music of Italy.

But, gentlemen, that candidate also refused; that candidate tore up the heart of Spain, that axis around which the world has revolved, as if it were a mere plaything. His guardian, the King of Italy, forced him to spurn the crown. Do you know why? The answer will explain the succeeding evolutions. Because the Emperor Napoleon was still at Paris; and the Emperor Napoleon, be it said by permission of certain of my co-religionists, feared the tribune far more than the barricade, the parliamentary sessions far more than the debates of the clubs, and the speeches of Faure and Gambetta in the Assembly far more than the skirmishes on the

heights of Belleville. In consequence, Napoleon became greatly alarmed; he was told that two armies had been mustered, one in the Alps, the other on the Rhine, menacing France, and that Italy and Spain had combined their forces. The Emperor Napoleon has disappeared. France — France, the creator of Italy, to whom Italy owes all — is in a great agony, and of that agony the descendants of the ancient kings of Piedmont make use, those who ought to look with tears of grief upon the state of France, who ought to rush to its defence, if the hearts of kings were capable of feeling sentiments of humanity — make use of it, as if they believed that the immortal spirit of France could die, that spirit with which would also die the word of civilization, the universal cosmopolitan theory, and that apostleship of the propaganda that no one can dispute as being in France, on whose forehead the tongues of flame have never been extinguished, and which is called the guiding spirit of modern revolutions. Victor Emmanuel served strong France and deserted weak France. France will come out of that revolution yet greater than before, and she will never forget such a monstrous perfidy.

The President of the Council next made a tremendous leap. From Italy I pass to Germany. All the world knew that a German candidate of the Hohenzollerns would bring about an immediate

war. I told the President this in April. Many of the Deputies know the document in which this announcement of mine was written. Was the President ignorant of this fact? If he was ignorant of it, what a lack of foresight! And if he knew it, and still proposed that candidate, how can you account for his indifference? The prince did not refuse because of the menaced war; he was ambitious to cruelty. But the crown was refused for him, by an older prince, married and a colonel, his father, as if the German paternal power was like the Roman *patria potestas.* The German candidate did not come, and to-day we have summoned an Italian candidate to our ballot-urn. Even if I were a monarchist, I should be grieved at this. The allegiance to monarchical institutions is dead in Spain. Loyalty consists in adherence to a person, to a reigning family. What can be said of a nation which has a German king in July and an Italian king in October?

Do you know why this is, Gentlemen Deputies? Do you wish me to explain why all this happens? Well, it happens for a very simple reason — and I return to my theme: because your ideas and sentiments have changed; because in none of you remain monarchical ideas and sentiments. The human mind has reformed. Those altars which the ancient world raised to Faith, the modern world raises to Reason; the rights which jurists

held to be derived from God and perpetuated in a privileged family, have been divested of all theological ideas and concentrated in humanity ; to the monarchical traditions which made the king an image of the country and inspired fervor in souls, have succeeded the revolutionary traditions, through which we learn that the human mind, in order to be great, should break up the Church and the monarchy, as the bird tears up the nest to steal the egg there imprisoned ; to the ancient scholastic science, so monarchical and so catholic, have succeeded the natural sciences, which illumine the universe and tear from its bosom the miraculous, or the rationalistic philosophy which bases all justice in the liberty and equality of all men ; to the spectacle of kings feared and adored, placed on altars by the side of the gods, has succeeded the daily spectacle of kings dethroned ; and to the hope of perpetuity offered to their heirs, succeeds the spectacle of the princes of Austria wandering throughout the world, the dauphins of France all condemned to be born in the shadow of the throne and to die in the shadow of exile ; to generations immovable in the faith of their fathers, have succeeded generations agitated by the tempestuous winds of revolution and the anxious cares of reform and progress ; to aristocratic history, adorned with escutcheon and coat of arms in the orbit of the crown as the

planets in the orbit of the sun and the satellites in the orbit of the planets, have succeeded works of the Press, which have levelled all intellects, works of labor which have levelled all forces, works of revolution which have levelled all rights, and democratic invasions, which have replaced the old dogma of the sovereignty of kings by the new dogma of the sovereignty of the people.

And do not tell me that we have created these ideas. The voice which called the kings to an account for their crimes of fifteen centuries was the voice of a noble, the voice of Mirabeau. The legislators who, on the night of the fourth of August, erected a monument to the rights of man, were aristocrats. The first to break down the monarchical prestige, to drive Charles IV. to a dishonorable abdication, were vassals and not citizens. A general educated in your order rose in arms, at Cabezas de San Juan, against Ferdinand VII., and a sergeant at Granja against Maria Christina. Monarchists were the progressives who expelled the daughter of a hundred kings and put in her place the son of a cartwright; monarchists, the moderates who planned that celebrated process, in which the Queen was at once witness, judge, and defendant, in order to abrogate the first decree promulgated in her majority; monarchists, the generals who broke up the royal prerogative in Vicalvaro; monarchical, that eloquent

pen which sketched the programme of Manzanares begging a throne, but without a coterie which dishonored him; monarchist, that general who placed the Phrygian cap upon the temples of the illustrious wife of Louis XVI., and forced him to declare that the eleven years of his reign were eleven years of deplorable equivocations; monarchists, those Deputies reunited here by the sound of rebellion, and dispersed by the cannon of the kings; monarchist, that illustrious sailor who in hoisting the revolutionary flag at Normancia and Saragossa, hoisted the death-cloth of kings, emperors, and popes; monarchist, that general who in Alcolea demolished in one day the throne of fifteen centuries: all these instances show that monarchical institutions have decayed through an internal decomposition, to which you yourselves contributed with your strength and your ideas. Thus no king is possible.

Would that I could awaken the great kings, the true kings, the kings of Westminster, of the Escurial, of Saint Denis, and bring them here! How they would laugh at us! A king is not born of mystery, but of conviction; he does not descend from a thunderous cloud, but emerges from an electoral and plebeian urn. The king should not be the father, but the son of his subjects. His authority should not be based on his divine right, but on our votes. In place of the gold crown

whereon are engraved the names of Saint Ferdinand, Alphonso X., and the Cid, you are going to have a talc crown engraved with the names of Prim, Rivero, Topete, and Martos, names ominous to monarchy. To an inheritance of wavering privileges you are about to unite an inheritance of rage. The Church, the clergy, are not going to teach obedience to that king who comes to guarantee a temporary religious liberty ; no, they are going to teach the subjects of that king a universality, rationalistic, philosophical, and republican. And the new generations will come, and will say : "If you demonstrated that all rights were in us, that they were born in us, why did the Constituent Cortes deprive us of them ? With what attributes, with what powers, does the Constituent Cortes substitute itself for our sovereignty and the sovereignty of all generations ?" And to this voice the voice of the revolution will respond. Agree with me that in examining the almost divine attributes of royalty, the superiority of one man over all others, the superiority of one family over all others, the intelligence and force annexed to this superiority, the old relationship of a king to the gods and heroes ; his birth amid clouds of incense ; his name graven, from the Pyramids to the Escurial, upon all those monuments which look like the remains of other planets scattered over the earth ; his sword, reeking with blood, tracing the

map of the nations; his sceptre becoming the axis of the earth; his crown placed by priests on an altar; invoked by poets as an inspiration, saluted by sailors as the peer of the aurora—ah! completely dazzled by all this poetry, all this glory, you are tempted to believe that this great authority, this supernatural prestige, cannot come from the Assembly, but rather from the temples; that it cannot arise here in the home of reasoning and of analytic discussions, which dissect miracle, which kill faith; but rather in the camps of battle, like the German kings, after the struggle borne on a shield, through groves of spears; in the midst of armies intoxicated with glory and glutted with plunder, kings with the signet of divine election upon their foreheads and the thunderbolts of victory quivering in their hands.

I know very well what the President is going to reply. The President of the Council of Ministers is going to reply that he has brought a king in order to secure stability—a stability which has not come, because all that has passed between the President of the Ministerial Council and the king, as far as is in my knowledge, is mere telegraphic literature, which was spoken of at a certain session by Señor Vallin, of whom the President of the Council is a humble disciple; there is nothing more than telegrams.

He brings you a king for the sake of securing

stability. In what does the stability of to-day consist, Gentlemen Deputies? The stability of to-day consists in preserving the democratic principles which constitute the first section of the Constitution. If these principles are stifled, the young generation will humble themselves to obtain them by entreaty as we have sacrificed ourselves to establish them. And do you believe that a king can exist with these principles? No; he will be compelled to destroy them. The President of the Council knows that he cannot depend upon the young generation to establish his monarch, and that though, in order to bring in a king, he counts upon your votes, he cannot count upon your hearts. For this reason he has concealed his candidate from public opinion, fearing an outbreak of the national conscience. He began by begging the permission of the monarchical diplomats, and he continued by notifying the army. We, the Deputies, as you know, have been the last whom he has notified. Why? Because the monarchy is in its essence a military monarchy, and in its origin a diplomatic monarchy. Universal suffrage, democracy, individual rights, do not enter at all into the composition of this new monarchy; that which enters into it is a great army and the monarchical diplomacy of all Europe, that implacable enemy of the people.

And do you believe that a monarchy like this

can be stable? Do you believe it? I ask you what monarchical work of European diplomacy exists to-day? Will the kings of Europe ever again have that unity of ideas and sentiments which existed in 1815 and in 1822, when all invoked the Holy Trinity? They organized Europe into monarchies. What monarchy now exists, of those which the three great kings of the North organized with the complicity of England? They gave France to the Bourbons, and the Bourbons lost it; Belgium to the King of Holland, and the King of Holland saw it reject his sovereignty; Parma and the two Sicilies to the descendants of Charles III., and not one of them is to-day seated on that throne; Tuscany and Modena to the archdukes of Austria, and to-day the archdukes of Austria are shadowy exiles; the Pontifical States to the Pope, and to-day the Pope is not heeded, either for his foreign bayonets or his continual excommunications; Hesse and Hanover to other powerful dynasties, and the crowns fell from their foreheads, now amid the recurring wave-shocks of revolutions, now at the appearance of democracy in the assemblies, now before the victory of a new principle, the principle of the union of all races. Do you then believe that the work of your diplomacy is going to be more solid?

I am going to recall to General Prim an example, which he ought to remember, of how diplomatic

monarchies last. Monarchical diplomacy views with horror, in America, a law without kings, just as it looks with horror here upon a country without kings. That land is called New Spain, and this Old Spain. In that case General Prim played an important rôle, just as he plays an important rôle in the event of to-day, the rôle of the protagonist. An illustrious prince of the ancient House of Hapsburg went to occupy that throne, erected by the European diplomacy on the shoulders of the great American Republic, and he was compromised in a frightful war, like that frightful war in which to-day the French Republic is compromised. A woman of great heart and great intelligence accompanied that prince. What a tragedy! Esquilo and Shakespeare have not written greater ones. In a few years that Emperor was a corpse, his heart pierced with republican bullets; and that Empress was worse than a corpse, a lunatic, her heart pierced with bitter pangs. You can show to the king a great people to rule, a great crown to wear, the palace of Madrid for a dwelling, the throne of Saint Ferdinand for a pedestal, glorious recollections to flatter his pride, magic dwellings in the heart of Guadarrama or on the border of the majestic river immortalized by Garcilasso, in which to repose, the Spanish exploits as the motto of his shield, and the Escurial as the sepulchre of his bones; but over against all

these grandeurs, near to the image of General Prim, you may see floating the two ghosts of the rulers of Mexico, like two ghosts of Dante's Inferno, regarding rivers of tears, rivers of blood, and by their sad example showing us that, given the same antecedents, the same catastrophes will be repeated on the pages of history.

Gentlemen, all the candidates who have presented themselves here, and especially those of whom the President has spoken, all have some reason for their candidature. There is no one present who has fought in the Press so bitterly as I the dynasty of the Bourbons and all its kings. I declare, Gentlemen Deputies, that not without the greatest disquietude can I look upon the possibility of a restoration, for example, in the person of Don Carlos. I believe,—notwithstanding the illustrious defenders which that prince has in this Assembly, whose rectitude and whose patriotism admit, while their interests would deny, the fact,—that Don Carlos will bring with him a great resulting evil. The restoration signifies more absurdity than one could imagine ; it is as though we wished to reconstruct the feudal castles for our nobles, and the servitude of the soil for our people. Don Carlos would mean the deliverance of the State over to the Church, of the schools to the Jesuits, of the Press to the censor, of the parliament to the king, of the family to the monk, of the army to

royalist volunteers, of property to mortmain and entail, of commerce to customs, of labor to society; the proscription of all the ideas which are the life, and of all the institutions which are the organism, of our century; the renunciation of a history of seventy years of struggles and sacrifices, the decapitation of our society on the bloody altars of a vengeance which will renew those horrors of the restoration of Ferdinand VII., horrors which are equalled only by those in the annals of Tacitus and by the frenzies of Nero, Caligula, and Tiberius.

To further weigh these objections, Don Carlos signifies something and represents something. He signifies tradition, and he represents the clerical ideas, the traditions and the interests of the Spanish Church. Is not this true? Tell me, what does your candidate represent?

After Don Carlos, Don Alphonso will naturally come. Gentlemen, I would feel infinite sadness at the restoration of Don Alphonso. Don Carlos terrifies me because of his partisans, and Don Alphonso terrifies me for the same reason. Born in the palace, amid the echoes of cannon, in the shade of the Spanish flag, destined to be the cloak of his shoulders. The courtiers who surround him, the clergy who lead him, his mother who holds him to her bosom, all dangle before him a future crown. He awakes to manhood; the crown has disappeared from his brows, and he wears none,

unless it be a crown of thorns around his heart. For him our institutions are torments, our laws sophisms, our parliaments clubs, our liberal parties mere parties of highwaymen. If he comes, he will reproduce the revenges of the English Restoration, which, after having drained the blood of the revolutionists, disinterred their corpses in order to satiate its wrath, concentrated in exile and dethronement. Without doubt, Don Alphonso represents ideas, interests, parties, which have a great significance, which have historical traditions. What does your candidate represent ?

There is the candidature of the Duke of Montpensier, as whom no one is so horrible to the republicans for historical reasons: no one. Between his interests and our interests, between his representation and our representation in the world, stretch impassable gulfs. I detest his policy. I have always respected the family of Orleans in its private virtues, but I have always contemned its principles and its public conduct: that lowering of the monarchy and the democracy ; that eclecticism in all sciences ; that Malthusianism in all political economy ; that censure for all rightful criticism ; those interests of the shopkeeper applied to all social ends ; the purse converted into a temple ; the counter into an altar ; the business assemblies into a market ; and the moral character lowered by an unequalled corruption which since the

apotheosis of universal egoism has injected into France the subtle venom with which the last Empire has filled its veins and gangrened its body.

I will speak the truth, and the whole truth, without considerations of any sort. The Orleans family represents here and elsewhere, in Spain by an act of Providence and out of Spain by great traditions, the privileges of the middle classes. The middle classes thronged around Gaston of Orleans in the wars of the Fronde; the middle classes abrogated the testament of Louis XIV. and gave the guardianship of the child-king to the famous Regent; for the middle classes Philip of Orleans donned the Phrygian cap; for the middle classes Louis Philippe abandoned his family to exile and accepted the crown in the Hotel de Ville; for the middle classes he opposed universal suffrage, until he almost sacrificed his crown to the middle classes. The Duke of Montpensier represents the ideas, the interests, the privileges, of the middle classes, their aspirations and their resistance to democratic invasion. What does your candidate represent? I hope that the Deputies who here maintain the candidature of the Duke of Montpensier will rise and proclaim him; I hope that my friend Señor Topete, who so often sustained him when it was probable that he might come, will not abandon him in his day of misfortune, as I hope that the lightning-like eloquence of Señor Rios Rosas will

not fail. I hope that all those Deputies who are convinced that the day of democracy has not arrived, and that it is yet needful to have liberty, however limited, and representation, however restricted; that in the first, in the second, and in the third ballot they will vote for the Duke of Montpensier, and not throw his convictions to the wind of chance or his compromises to the fatalism of the President of the Council.

There is another candidature which should have more adherents, many more adherents in this Assembly: the candidature of Espartero. Do you forget that the progressive party would have been nothing, succumbing in the Civil War, had it not been for that great general?—he who is effaced from the minds of both parties, except for that famous manifesto which history preserves, and which is one of the oldest documents of the progressive party. What, have you forgotten that he is the official and natural chief of the progressive party? What, have you forgotten that the progressive party would not have existed had that illustrious chief not sustained it from 1840 to 1843? What, have you forgotten that that famous manifesto freed it from slavery from 1854 to 1856?

You tell me that you have offered him the crown and that he would not accept it. He would not accept it—as I am told—because he has greater appreciation of the height of royal dignity than

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have the princes born in palaces and descendants of royal families.

General Espartero has said: "Who is General Prim that he should offer me a crown?" I ask Señor Madoz, I appeal to his loyalty, I trust in his frankness: let him tell me if General Espartero would not have accepted the crown had it been offered to him by the Constituent Cortes instead of by General Prim.

Compare the artificial candidate of the progressive party, the Duke of Aosta, with the natural candidate of the progressive party, with the Duke of Vittoria. No one knows anything of the Italian candidate; all know the history of the Spanish candidate. The people gave him their respectful homage, and if he had not felt republican enthusiasm in his heart, Espartero would have been king. Compare him with your candidate. Espartero is a venerable and disinterested old man, while your candidate is one of those young adventurers who, in order to satiate his thirst for power, abandons even his own country. Espartero engraved on the stones of his palace the names of Luchana and Morello, while your candidate can only engrave the names of Lissa and Custoza. Espartero knows the people and is known by the people, while your candidate does not even know the language of the people. And you have forgotten Espartero! Vast

ingratitude, comparable only to the ingratitude of the Bourbons, and which will soon receive a vast punishment.

You tell me that Espartero is impossible. Then are all monarchies impossible. The monarchy of Don Carlos is impossible, because it would be restoration; the monarchy of Montpensier is impossible, because it would be a semi-restoration; the monarchy of Espartero is impossible, because it would be too republican for the monarchists and too monarchical for the republicans; the diplomatic monarchy of a foreign prince is impossible, because it would be in opposition to the sentiments of our dignity and our national independence; the monarchy of a military chief is impossible, because it would be in opposition to our sentiments of democratic equality and because the days of military dictatorships are over, to which our generation prefers the tranquil enjoyment of liberty and the conquests of labor; a monarchy of any kind, of any origin, of any tradition, is impossible, because they have neither the conception of the height of faith nor the sentiments of the profundity of obedience which are necessary to found a strong monarchical institution amid the applause of the people.

For an impossibility, for a figment of reason, for a fantastical monarchy, you have divided the revolutionary parties, you have expelled the people

from their place, as the Bourbons from theirs; you have placed universal suffrage in shameful guardianship; you have made some elections to the Constituent Assembly beneath the adjurations of moral influence; you have insulted democracy and reason with your proclamations; you have stained with blood the streets of Cadiz, Malaga, Barcelona, Saragossa, and Valentia; you have, like the ancient despots, entirely trusted your safety to the army, after having committed the perjury of recruiting that army by the abominable method of conscription; you have violated your own Constitution as to the restricted lists and the councils of war; in order, though unsuccessfully, to smother the uncontrollable republican aspirations in the souls of the people; you have dragged the Spanish name before the feet of an indifferent prince at Lisbon, before the feet of an obscure collegian at Florence, and before the feet of a cavalryman at Berlin; meriting from all a contempt for your crown, and from the world scorn for your intrigues; you have given to General Prim a diplomatic dictatorship that he might look for a new king, a dictatorship which makes of him a god, of the king an effigy, and of the ministers humble courtiers; finally, you have thrown the burning match with which you played upon the mountains of powder on which Europe was seated, and the ruins fall around in ashes, blood-stained,

mingled with the curses of all mankind upon your incapacity and your turpitude.

And if only you would justify your superstition by some theory, your fanaticism by some principle! But you are entirely radical, you have faith in nothing: that faith which inspires great thoughts, that faith which sustains in battle, that faith which redeems the greatest faults. That faith is necessary in politics, in order to sway the people or to support a principle. But you, revolutionists of September, have supported only a man, the President of the Council of Ministers. I do not speak of his personal character, which has always inspired me with profound respect; I only discuss his political policy. Is he one of those apostles who sustain or renovate human society with their thoughts? No; General Prim shows an Olympian indifference toward the monarchy as well as toward the republic; indeed, towards all ideals. Is he, perchance, one of the great statesmen who, as Bismarck and Cavour, plan high enterprises and seek extraordinary ends? No; General Prim shows, by his uncertainty and his inactivity, that even by the aid of the instruments placed in his hands, and the aid of the Spanish nation, he cannot effect anything great. He had two opportunities to pursue a great policy, and both were wasted. All his conduct is based on prudent procrastination, on impossible equilibriums,

on the reconciliation of irreconcilable factions, on evading problems, on leaving all to time, which entangles and resolves all difficulties, which raises and levels all obstacles, which brings to us without effort on our part, without our will, by fortuitous combinations, all that the overflowing currents in affairs can produce.

Do you know what is the god of General Prim? Chance. Do you know what is his religion? Fatalism. Do you know what is his whole ideal? The present. Do you know what is his object for the future? To secure power to his advantage. He will sacrifice everything to this. For this, and only for this, he grasps the dictatorship and marks the coming generations with his iron rod. All of life is reduced to that interest. Institutions mean little; General Prim maltreats them, even to taking from the first section of the Constitution the restricted lists and the councils of war. The laws mean even less to him. For the Captain-Generals whom the President sends to the provinces, the laws are like cobwebs that fall before the edges of their swords. The parties are nothing to him. He divides them. Promises signify nothing to him. He forgets them as he forgot the promise of the conscription. The most incredible combinations are to him those which will save the interests of his own advantage, desirous of an eternal power, a definite lasting appointment.

Let us then speak clearly, as one should always speak in this Assembly. The future king is not tradition, is not democracy, is not the past, is not the future; the proposed king is the fair symbol of the egoism of a party, and of an old party. I am wrong. The king is not even the king of a party; he is the king of a fraction of a party. The king is the notary's clerk of this administration, the secretary of the President of the Council of Ministers, the responsible author of their policy, the shadow of General Prim, protecting him on the summit of the throne. In the same manner in which the faction of General Prim gained power for the present by means of the successes of September, so now, through the king, he wishes to gain power for himself for the future also.

And what title can General Prim show for this entailing of eternal power upon him? His title to this entail is based upon the fact that, through unskilful policy and oversight, without wishing it, without knowing it, he incited one of the most terrible wars that has afflicted the human race in all history, a war which made us fear that a tomb was being dug for the peoples and that the barbarous times of conquest were to be reborn before our eyes.

Gentlemen, can a minister who has brought us to this abyss, seen by all—can a minister such as this continue at the head of the Government?

What sign do you seek which could more clearly show what will happen if we mix ourselves up in the affairs of France and Prussia? It is all told you by history, geography, ideas, ancient traditions, and the oceanic murmur of events.

Who is ignorant that the world has known a historical antagonism between two equally illustrious races, between the Latin and the Teutonic races? The one represents the socialistic principle, the other the individualistic principle of history; the Latin race gave birth to the Roman Empire, Catholicism, the old Spanish monarchy, the French Revolution, all the unitarian principles; the Teutonic race gave birth to barbarous irruptions, feudalism, the Reformation, the English monarchy, the United States, all the principles and all the movements of liberty; one is the race which has formed society, the other the race which, already in society, formed the individual. This antagonism of the two races exists to-day, gentlemen, and will continue to exist while common opinion holds that the conception of liberty and the conception of society are two opposite ideas; that humanity and man are two antagonistic terms; that we cannot have individual rights without sacrificing those principles, those elements of social universality, which are as the atmosphere to a planet, or conscience to a soul.

And in spite of their historic antagonism, the

Teutonic and the Latin races need one another, as animal life needs the oxygen exhaled by plants, and as vegetable life needs the carbonic acid exhaled by animals. The two fundamental ideas of these races equalize and complete each other. Thus, when the Teutonic race, exaggerating its principles, completely forgot unity, the Latin race reëstablished that unity in the Teutonic world. With our Church we instructed their tribes. We lifted the unity of our empires over the chaos of their feudalism. We have in our own times, through the intelligence of Cavour, shown the Germans the road to union. And in their turn, when the Latin peoples slept and slowly corrupted in Cæsarism, the Teutonic peoples came to re-establish their own principle, the principle of individuality, the principle of liberty, in the Latin world, destroying Cæsarism. The Teutonic race destroyed the ancient Roman Cæsarism through Alaric; the pontifical Cæsarism through Luther; the Cæsarism of Charles V. through Maurice of Saxony at Innspruck; the Cæsarism of Napoleon the Great through Blucher and Wellington at Waterloo; and now has destroyed the Cæsarism of Napoleon the Little, through Von Moltke and Bismarck at Sedan.

The Latin genius and the Teutonic are not, and cannot be, enemies; they cannot be enemies as long as the idea of the antagonism of race

disappears in the idea of right; as long as the antagonisms of peoples disappear in the idea of humanity; as long as the antagonisms of civilizations, those antagonisms which are the sickly progeny of privilege and injustice, disappear in a universal republican confederation.

Yet they exist to-day, in this world ruled by kings and sustained by armies. And the President of the Council of Ministers should not have entangled himself in this labyrinth of confused questions, in which he might compromise the integrity of the country and the peace of the world. If those antagonisms of races, those contradictions of ideas, had not come to his ears, there must have reached them the antagonisms of military exercises, wars, and battles. Since the times of Cæsar there has been an endless struggle for the Rhine between the German and the Latin worlds. We have always aspired to avenge our Varus, and they have always aspired to follow their Arminius. Since the beginning of modern history the Rhine has begun to be of more value to the Germans and the Latins. In the Latin eyes, near that place was founded that grand nationality which was to be the successor of Rome—France. In the German eyes, the Rhine is a Protestant river. In effect, there, in the cradle of the Rhine, at Constance and at Basle, congregated the two councils which were as the precursors of Protestantism; there Reuchlin the

Hebrew studied and Hutten wrote the satires which should bury the theocracy of the Middle Ages amid the loud laughter of mankind, intoxicated with the new wine of ideas; on the Rhine the mother of Luther was born, on the Rhine was born Melanchthon, the St. John the Evangelist of the Reformation; Strasburg or Mayence produced the printing-press, the sword of conscience in its battle; Spire gathered the diet in which was promulgated the victory of the rejuvenated faith; and finally the Rhine, like a Germanic dream, loses itself in the marshes of Holland which, if their waters carried away the Protestant spirit engendered by William of Orange, were destined to save Protestantism from the reaction of Philip II. and to seat with that House of Orange, against all the power of Louis XIV., Protestantism upon the proud throne of England.

These problems have brought about a swarm of wars. All those wars have deafened history with the roar of their battles. Napoleon III., who thought himself genealogically the imperial heir of Cæsar, of Augustus, of Charlemagne, of Napoleon, was justified in coveting the Rhine. And the heir of the Great Elector, of Frederick the Great, of Stein, was justified in defending it. Why did General Prim interpose between these two colossi? Why did General Prim weapon these two Herculean arms, and make the swords

leap from their scabbards? We are being drowned in deluges of blood. And all, all the blood that falls has fallen because of the candidature of the German prince. Have we, or have we not, a right to complain of this oversight, of this absolute blindness? He who could not see so clear a gulf as this, cannot command us, because to-morrow he will dash us to pieces in other less visible gulfs. The truth is, Gentlemen Deputies, the truth is that this war did not begin in 1865, only because France had the greater part of her armies compromised in Rome and Mexico. It was a mystery to no one that this war did not begin in 1866, only because France was absorbed in her marvellous Industrial Exposition. It was a secret to no one that this war did not begin in 1868, only because the Spanish revolution ushered in a new political era, an era which terrified the two contestants. In 1870 they were desirous of war, it is true; but they had no pretext for war. Why, why did General Prim give them one? Why, why did he expose Europe to this awful, this most awful peril? Why, why did he ignore that the House of Hohenzollern to the northeast of France and the House of Hohenzollern to the southwest of France were a menace to that nation? Chancellor Bismarck was all ready; he only wanted a pretext, and General Prim gave him that pretext.

The President of the Council has been the toy of a high political intellect, of a Machiavelian, a Florentine intellect, which holds in one hand the monarchy by divine right, and in the other a formidable army, in order to realize the idea transmitted from the Great Elector to Frederick the Great, from Frederick the Great to Stein, from Stein to our own times, the predominance of Prussia in Germany, the predominance of Germany in Europe, the predominance of the Teutonic race over the Latin race, the predominance of Protestantism over Catholicism, the eternal humiliation of our blood and the eternal eclipse of that Southern spirit which has adorned our planet, which has animated the marbles and bronzes produced by Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, Paris, Salamanca, and Seville, that choir of immortal cities; which, if it did not produce the Reformation, produced the Renaissance, the palette of Raphael, the burin of Buonarotti, the philosophy of Descartes, the prophecies of Columbus, the pen of Cervantes, the visions of Giordano, the dramas of Calderon: that luminous spirit, which cannot be extinguished without also extinguishing the most vivid splendors of the human mind, and without terminating the greatest miracles of history.

And it fell to General Prim in this crisis, it fell to him to serve as the instrument for the humiliation

of our race! I do not desire that any power should meddle in our internal affairs, but neither do I desire that our internal affairs should disturb the peace of the world or offend the just susceptibility of the nations. And for two years we have disturbed the world, not for the people, but for the kings. An enormous crime was committed in the middle of the last century; a crime which makes one doubt of justice in history. A great nation, knightly in temperament, glorious in its traditions, the advanced sentinel of civilization in the North, an impenetrable shield against which a thousand invasions have vainly dashed, was assaulted, captured, quartered living, and divided as blood-stained plunder among the powers, which have so often sought to justify injustice by victory. A thousand times those scattered and buried members have sought to rise from their ashes. A thousand times, as if the remains of the dead were animated by the tears of the living, innumerable legions of martyrs arose, martyrs who had been hurled into eternity by the bullet of the Muscovite.

That crime has engendered a series of crimes. That misfortune has caused an infinite chain of wretched misfortunes. But Poland is dead, and we await in vain the day of her resurrection. Although the crime cannot be justified, because it is unjustifiable, it can be excused — no, not excused,

but explained by that aristocratic pride which is inaccessible to all idea of compassion toward one's inferiors ; by that Catholic spirit which has degenerated into a Jesuitical spirit ; by those assemblies, those diets, which partake of all the passions and are incapable of reaching any solution or determination ; by those unlucky casts of the dice which are everywhere thrown, by all the powers, in their continual elections of foreign kings, kings sought for in France, in Germany, in Sweden, in all the monarchies except in Poland—ah ! not in Poland, mortally wounded, not only by the arms of foreign tyrants but by the internal poison and corrosion of her own errors. I, in my love for this soil, in which I have planted my roots and the bones of my fathers, and in which I hope to sleep the sleep of death ; I, seeing the error and the tenacity of error by which our governors are possessed,—I shall not dare to ask of men, but only of God, to keep from Spain the bitter cup of an agony like to the agony of Poland.

And General Prim, in order to avoid those evils, brings us a new foreign prince. I do not understand how any one could dare to bring a foreign king to Spain. I do not understand how a foreign king could dare to come to Spain. Of the three great peoples of the Latin race, the French have been the orators and authors, the Italians have been the modellers, sculptors, and architects ; we

have been the heroic warriors, the daring navigators. Where have we learned this daring? Where? In our wars for independence. Three hundred years we struggled against the Romans; seven hundred against the Arabs. This has made us fanatics in desire for independence.

Search our soil, and you will not find one stone which does not bear the seal of this principle, which is as the creative spirit of Spanish nationality. Search our provinces, and you will not find one which has not somewhat aided our national independence. The Basques believe themselves to sprout like plants in that soil; they arrogate to their language the same age as that of man and to their republics the age of the earth, and they boast that they have never mingled their blood with foreign blood; the Cantabrians and the Asturians remember that they were the last to bow before the ancient Cæsars, and the first to declare war against the modern Cæsars; the Galicians know that with their slings they dispersed the Normans, and with their pikes they contributed to the ransom of Portugal; Castile believes that the greatest of her sons is the guerilla who slays the most invading soldiers, and Navarre that Mina is the greatest of her sons; Madrid alone celebrates the second of May; Andalusia does not boast of her art-jewels, but rather of Navas, seated on the mountains, Bailen, at the beginning of the plain, and, yet nearer

the horizon, Cadiz; Valencia guards her Sagunta, Aragon her Saragossa, Catalonia her Gerona; and because of all this, when the peoples suffer, when the conquerors come, when national independence is eclipsed, when Fichte wishes to arouse the Germans against Napoleon or Victor Hugo the French against King William, when Byron takes in one hand the lyre of Tyrtæus and in the other the sword of Leonidas to save the liberties of Greece, then all men, all peoples, the Cossacks of Moscow as well as the Athenians of Paris, all turn their eyes to this land, and all, by pointing out to their people our reeking ruins, show them how to fight against invasion and how to die for liberty and country.

And are you going to impose a foreign monarchy upon such a people? If the Spanish nation does not feel it, if the Spanish nation does not change and rise from its indifference, something sad will happen, something very grievous to us all; it will show that Spain is dead, that all her most noble, most ancient, and most characteristic sentiments are dead. Our conquered foes will conquer us. Our vassals will become our rulers. From the crumbs fallen from the banquets of our kings four or five kingdoms will be formed in Italy. The island of Sardinia is scarcely visible on the immense map of our dominions, and the island of Sardinia has risen and conquered us, not so much by its

own strength as by our weakness and our misery. If Spain does not resent this wound we will weep, seeing ourselves in mourning like motherless children, because, Gentlemen Deputies, our country is dead. Because of this, I understand how a famous general, a revolutionary general, declared that he would shatter his sword into a hundred pieces before he would offer it to a foreign king. I grieve that I am not a notable orator. Were I so, I would vow that no discourse of mine should ever illumine the annals of that reign.

The mind becomes filled with anger when one considers that the examples of history, those experiences of humanity, serve no purpose. Each foreign house which came to Spain brought us a fearful war. The French dukes who succeeded Alphonso VI. at Toledo, and who occupied the bed of his daughters, were the cause of the dismembering of Portugal. The House of Austria would not have reigned except for passing through the War of the Communes. The House of Bourbon could reign only by passing through the horrible War of Succession. We have Gibraltar as an eternal wound from that infamy. The House of Bonaparte cost us the titanic combat for independence. Your desire for a German candidate has ignited that funeral pyre whose smoke suffocates the conscience of humanity. Your desire for an Italian candidate menaces us with a civil war.

And are you not yet tired of catastrophes? Are you not yet sufficiently chastened by Providence? A king who comes thus detested cannot be other than a weak king, and a weak king cannot be other than a tyrant. Let us avoid so many evils to our liberty and our country.

Our policy was indicated by September: let us shut ourselves up in our nationality so as to cultivate our lost prosperity, to organize our maltreated liberty, to educate our democracy. In your searches for kings, you have compromised us in all the European problems. But we are not compromised as was Piedmont in the Crimean War or Prussia in the War of the Duchies, which brought them the sceptres of Italy and Germany; they are compromises lightly accepted and immediately refused, to evade all responsibility. And, not yet warned, we propose a candidate who will surely involve us in European politics. Why? Because this candidate does not signify anything else than a compact with the family of Savoy, like the celebrated compact with the Bourbon family, contracted between father and son to the end of mutually defending their thrones against the peoples and their diplomatic combinations against the combinations of the other European powers. And there is no nation more compromised with Europe or more under obligations to Europe than is the Italian nation. *Italia fara de se* was a dream of

Charles Albert, who did not wish to be saved by a republic, by the French Republic. Italy needed France in order to begin her struggle for independence and to perfect her unity. Consequently, the being, the existence of Italy is involved in all the European problems. And you are going to involve Spain in all the Italian problems!

But there is more; the nations are wont to purge the grandeur of their historical institutions with civil evils. Italy was the first nation in ancient times because of Roman empire and right. Italy has been the first nation in modern times because of Roman Catholicism and the Pontificate. This grandeur was at the price that all peoples believed themselves to have a right to interfere in the affairs of that one city, Rome, and all the governors a right to have exceptional relations with that one authority, the Pontiff. Well, to-day you bring here an Italian king, and this Italian king either signifies nothing, and represents nothing, or signifies and represents the interests of his House. If I wished to define the House of Savoy, I should define it thus: the perpetual disturber of Europe. Charles the Good served alternately Francis I. and Charles V.; Charles Emmanuel, called the Great, wore a coat of two colors, the colors of Spain and France; he served at the same time Henry IV. and Philip II., and he deceived both Philip II. and Henry IV.; Victor Amadeus was first the friend of

Louis XIV. and Philip V., then the friend of Austria and England; Charles Albert was a soldier of the Holy Alliance at Trocadero and a soldier of Mazzini at Novara; Victor Emmanuel, on his bended knees, begged Austria to hold in odium the democracy and the republic, and then declared war against Austria because she so held it; he formed an offensive and defensive alliance with the Bourbons of Naples, and dethroned the Bourbons of Naples; he received the crown of Italy from the hands of Garibaldi, and afterward dealt two thrusts at Garibaldi at Aspromonte and Mentana; just a year ago he begged the benediction of the Pope, and now he has dethroned the Pope; he opposed an Italian prince coming to Spain, because Napoleon objected to it, and to-day he accepts the crown of Spain because, ungrateful wretch! he believes that France, to whom he owes his kingdom, is dead; a horrible Machiavellism, which will not be repugnant to the conscience of European diplomacy, but which is repugnant to the heart of the Spanish nation.

This prince, then, is displeasing to every one; to the liberals, because he is of the Savoy dynasty, the executioner of democracy and the jailer of Mazzini; to the Catholics, because he is of the Savoy dynasty, the executioner of Catholicism and the jailer of the Pope. And what examples of liberalism does he bring us? A fixed code, fiscal

restrictions, the Press persecuted, the Church joined to the State, universal suffrage banished, democracy condemned. And what examples of economy? Paper money and bankruptcy. And what hope of increase? His sister on the throne of Portugal, for Iberian unity; his father truckling to England, for the restoration of Gibraltar. And what present historical record? That of which the bones of the Trocadero speak. In fine, you condemn us to a new revolution.

"Are you going to continue," you ask me, "the pessimistic policy? Are you going to disavow allegiance?" That depends upon you. If your king had been born of a victory, if your king had brought a boon to the country, if your king had sprung from the principle of the popular will, your king would have inspired that moral respect which we could not destroy, and which is the sure foundation of all loyalty. But when your king represents a diplomatic cabal, the intrigue of a party; when he represents nothing national, democratic, or glorious, we cannot avoid the coming of revolutionary chastisements, which always fall upon an institution which has forgotten reason and right. This coming of the king signifies nothing, unless that the progressive party, or rather that fraction of the progressive party represented by General Prim, will be left to govern alone. Already, on the night of the twenty-fifth

of March they expelled the Conservatives. And later on they wished to expel the Democrats because of the speech of the minister, Señor Fomento, on religious teaching.

It is no secret to any one that the ministry will soon go out. And what democratic minister could remain with that penal code which has drowned all individual rights, and with that Minister of War who does not renounce the conscription, because the conscription is the nursery of a privileged army, and that privileged army the support of a military monarchy which, after Wissembourg, Metz, and Sedan, rises in Spain?

Democrats, you are going to be expelled from the Government; you are very soon going to be expelled. And agree with me that you have justly merited this. Having raised the king who serves the progressive party, your work is done. Natural beings disappear when they have accomplished the end for which they were created. In the past, in the first days of the revolution, only democracy was talked of, and those elected were Democrats; now, in the first days of the reaction, only monarchy is talked of, and those elected are Conservatives. Send, quickly send, you Deputies in the majority, your commission to the king. A periodical [illegible] proposed that each party send a present to the new monarch. The idea seems to me an excellent one. The traditionalists can send their

clergy and their Basque provinces; the Conservatives, the mementos and the interests still preserved by the fallen dynasty; the Unionists, the warnings of Montpensier; the true progressists, the inextinguishable popularity of Espartero; the Governor, Europe indignant with him, the Administration destroyed, the exchequer exhausted, generals converted into prefects, the conscription, each year threatening a revolution; the Democrats, their political consistency and their monarchical fervor; we, the pageant of the Bourbons, the robustness of the Portuguese dynasty, France as a neighbor, Garibaldi in arms, the shadow of Maximilian, and the cry which, when the king plants his foreign foot on Spanish soil, will go up even from the stones of the wayside — the cry of "Long live the Republic!" I have spoken.

Translated by the Editors of this volume.

BISMARCK

Otto Eduard Leopold, Fürst von Bismarck, was born in Schönhausen in the Altmark, Prussia. His parents belonged to the lower nobility of Prussia. Otto, their fourth child, was educated at Berlin. He studied law at the universities of Göttingen and Berlin. He was afterwards engaged in the law courts, and served in the army a short time. After his father's death in 1845, he took an increasing interest in politics, and entered the Abgeordnetenhaus of Prussia. He advanced rapidly in the diplomatic service, representing Prussia at Frankfürt, St. Petersburg, and Paris. But his great career was connected with the internal development of Prussia and the struggle for supremacy in Germany. The war with Denmark soon brought about a collision between the allies; Austria was driven out of the German Confederacy and Prussia took the lead. The kingdom of Hanover was seized and annexed, and Prussia was enlarged in other directions. The war with France gave Bismarck an opportunity to change the North German Union into a German Empire, with his king as the German Emperor. This great achievement, which was consummated in January, 1871, and won for Bismarck the title of Prince, was but the beginning of a more difficult work that has not yet seen its completion. The various constituents of the Empire were to be brought into a really harmonious whole. In this attempt were to be met the problems arising from the relation of the various states to the imperial authority and the relations between the Protestant and Catholic confessions. The democratic agitation under the leadership of the Social-Democrats was not at first so prominent, but towards the end of Bismarck's career it came to the front. Bismarck continued in the office of Imperial Chancellor until 1890. He took little part in politics after his dismissal. He died in 1898.

Bismarck had few graces as an orator. He belongs to that modern school which aims rather at clearness and simplicity than at elegance. Therefore his speeches are without that embellishment which most orators have considered necessary for effect in speaking. His voice was not pleasing, and his literary style was often careless and involved, but the freshness and vigor with which he spoke, and the directness of his aim, atoned for a thousand stylistic imperfections. The speeches have been reproduced verbatim, as delivered, and have not received the polishing touch of their author. In this way a better idea of the orator can be gained than in the case of some more elegant speakers, who were not debaters and who spoke only after the most elaborate preparation.

The works of Bismarck include not only his speeches, but his recently published autobiographical works. Of the speeches there are several editions. One of the most convenient, though not complete, is that published by Kortkampf, of Berlin, in three volumes. The best life of Bismarck that has yet appeared is that by Moritz Busch, N. Y., 1898.

The history of Prussia for the past thirty years is so interwoven with the life of the statesman who made it what it is, that no life can be written which is not largely a history of Prussia and Germany, and no history can be written that is not at the same time a biography of Bismarck.

THE CANOSSA SPEECH

Bismarck.

The following speech, known from a phrase occurring in it as the Canossa speech, was delivered in the Reichstag, May 14, 1872. On the second reading of the budget for 1873, Herr von Bennigsen had called the attention of the House to the paragraph which provided 19,350 thalers for the German embassy to the Vatican, and expressed himself as in principle opposed to the embassy and desirous of seeing it abolished. Cardinal Prince Hohenlohe had been nominated to the embassy, but the Papal Curia had declined to receive him on account of the movement in Germany against the Jesuits, culminating in the Falk-laws that were passed June 19th, a month after the following speech, by which laws the Jesuits were expelled.

I CAN well understand that the thought might arise in connection with this clause in the budget that the expense of this embassy is no longer necessary, because there is no longer any question as to the protection of German subjects in the lands referred to. I am, however, very glad that a proposition to omit this clause has not been made, for such would not have been welcome to the Government. The duty of an ambassador certainly consists, on the one hand, in the protection of his countrymen; but, on the other hand, it also consists in the adjustment of the political relations in which the Imperial

Government stands to those courts to which the ambassador is accredited. There is no ruler of other countries who, according to the laws which we have had, is called upon to exercise rights so extended and so clearly approaching sovereignty and at the same time so carefully guarded within the German Empire by constitutional responsibilities and by virtue of our legislation. It is, therefore, a question of vital importance to the German Empire, in what manner it may, in diplomatic matters, stand to the head of the Roman Church, who exercises among us an influence which, for a foreign sovereign, is so unusually extended.

I can scarcely believe that, in the present state of feeling in the Catholic Church, it would be possible for an ambassador of the German Empire to succeed, by even the most skilful diplomacy, by persuasion,—for there can here be no mention of any threatening attitude, as might be the case between two secular powers, but I will say through persuasion,—to exercise an influence which might bring about any modification of the position which his Holiness, the Pope, has taken, particularly toward secular affairs. According to the recently expressed and publicly proclaimed dogmas of the Catholic Church, I do not consider it possible for any secular power to arrive at a concordat without self-effacement in a certain respect and to a

certain degree, and this the German Empire for one will not undertake. Have no fear; we shall not go to Canossa either in the flesh or in the spirit.

Nevertheless, one cannot blind himself to the fact that the condition of the German Empire—it is not my task to ascertain the motives or the guilt of one side or the other, but only to defend a clause of the budget—the feeling within the German Empire in the matter of the peaceful relation of the various confessions is very much disturbed. The various governments of the German Empire have been seeking with the utmost diligence, and with that care which they owe as much to their Catholic as to their Evangelical subjects, for means to convert the present situation into one that is more satisfactory, and to do this in a manner as peaceful and little disturbing to the confessional relations of the German Empire as is possible. It is hardly likely that this can take place otherwise than in the way of legislation, and, to be more precise, in the way of general imperial laws, for which the governments feel compelled to ask the assistance of the Reichstag.

That, however, this legislation must proceed in a manner at once most careful as to freedom of conscience and most delicate and considerate, that the Government must take pains to prevent all unnecessary difficulties in the task,

which might arise from imperfect reports or lack of attention to the proper forms, that fact you will concede to me; that the Government has taken pains to bring about the correct adjustment of our internal peace in a manner most considerate for the feeling of loyalty to the different confessions, even in those respects in which we take no part, that fact you will also concede to me. To this belongs, before all other things, that, on one side, the Roman Curia should be at all times as well instructed as possible as to the intentions of the German governments, and better than it has been in time past. I am of the opinion that one of the principal causes of the present difficulties in the matter of confessional differences has been the inaccurate representations of the condition of things in Germany and of the intention of the German governments, which representations have been much perverted, either through natural excitement or by evil motives, and which have reached the ears of his Holiness the Pope.

I had hoped that the choice of an ambassador who had the confidence of both parties as regarding, in the first place, his honesty and trustworthiness, and, in the second, the peaceableness of his intentions and disposition—that the choice of such an ambassador as that which the Emperor had made in the person of a well-known Prince of the Church would have been welcome in Rome,

that this choice would have been considered a proof of our peaceable intentions and desire for reconciliation. I had hoped that in this might have been perceived the assurance that we would never request of his Holiness the Pope anything else than what could be said, presented, or expressed to his Holiness by a Prince of the Church, who was bound to his Holiness by most intimate relations, and that all unnecessary friction in a matter, which in itself is sufficiently difficult, might be prevented. There have been on Evangelical and Liberal sides many fears in connection with this appointment, but in my opinion such have been based upon a misapprehension of the position of an ambassador. An ambassador is essentially a chalice which comes to its full worth when filled with the instructions of his sovereign. It is certainly much to be desired in relations so delicate as these that the chalice be appropriate, that it be acceptable, one of such character that according to its constitution, as is said of old crystal, it cannot receive poison or venom without at once showing it. We had hoped to attain this. Unfortunately, for reasons which are not wholly clear to us, this intention of the Imperial Government has been thwarted by a curt declination on the part of the Papal Curia. I can, indeed, say that such cases have not often occurred. Out of courtesy to the sovereign to whom an

ambassador is to be accredited, it is customary for a sovereign, when he has made choice of an ambassador, to ask whether such a person is *persona grata* to the other sovereign; it is, however, very rarely the case that this question is answered in the negative, yet there is always the possibility of revoking the appointment. Whatever the Emperor can do in such nominations, he does beforehand, that is, before he asks. Therefore he nominates in that he asks, and the negative answer is therefore a request that he revoke the appointment, a declaration: Thou hast chosen improperly.

I have been about ten years Foreign Minister; I have been for twenty-one years engaged in the affairs of the higher diplomacy, and I think that I do not deceive myself when I say that this is the first and only time that I have met with a case, that such a question has been answered in the negative. I have often met with cases in which doubts have been expressed as to ambassadors who had already exercised their office for some time, and when one court in the most confidential manner expressed its wish that a change as to a person might take place; but in such cases the court had already had an experience of several years of diplomatic intercourse with the individual and had reached the conviction that he was not fit for the task of maintaining the cordial relations which it wished to see

continued between the two governments. And this wish has been expressed in the most confidential manner, generally in an autograph letter from one sovereign to the other, with an explanation of how this state of things had come about, and then only in the most guarded way; the recall is seldom or never demanded. There have occurred in recent times several, or at least one very flagrant case, in which the recall of an ambassador has been demanded; but, as has been said, the refusal of one yet to be named is, so far as I can remember, something I have never met with.

My regrets for this refusal are extraordinarily keen; I am, however, not justified in describing this regret as irritation, for the Government owes it as a duty to our Catholic fellow-citizens that it should never weary of seeking the way in which may be found the regulation of the boundary line between the spiritual and secular authorities, which in the interests of internal peace we absolutely need, and which will be the least offensive in respect to the different confessions and the most considerate of each. I shall not allow myself to be cast down by what has happened, but will continue to work at the side of his Majesty the Emperor, to the end that a representative of the Empire at Rome may be found who shall enjoy the confidence of both powers, if not in the same degree yet in sufficient measure. That this has

been rendered much more difficult by what has happened I can by no means conceal from myself.

Translated for this volume by
Joseph Cullen Ayer, B.D., Ph.D.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR

Bismarck.

The following speech was delivered in the Reichstag, February 24, 1881, on the first reading of the budget. Herr Richter, the leader of the Social-Democratic party, saw in the discussion of the budget an opportunity of attacking the Imperial Chancellor. His main charge was that the Chancellor was continually depriving the Bundesrath and the Reichstag of their constitutional authority in the Empire, and was converting the Empire more and more into a despotism in which the Imperial Chancellor exercised all authority. As a proof of this he cited the rapid changes which, as he alleged, had taken place in the various departments of the government, the business embarrassment that prevailed in so many quarters, and especially the refusal of the Chancellor to put before the Reichstag a resolution of the Bundesrath relative to accidents to laborers. The tendency of his speech was a personal attack upon the Imperial Chancellor, and he called upon all independent men to resist the attempts of the Chancellor, who by his seeking to set up a personal government had brought about the lamentable condition in which the country was placed. The speech that followed from the Imperial Chancellor was one of his best efforts, and shows the easy, simple style of speaking that he employed on all occasions, his political policy, and also his devotion to the cause of German unity

THE expressions of the gentleman who has last spoken have had, since I have been present, very little to do with the subject under discussion, the budget. I am, therefore, excused from adding anything to what the Secretary of the Treasury has said on that subject. The gentleman has principally occupied himself with a criticism of my person.

The number of times that the words "Imperial Chancellor" occur in his speech, when compared with the whole number of words in his address, will sufficiently prove the correctness of my assertion. Now I am not aware of any end that this criticism can serve except my instruction, my education. I am sixty-six years of age and in the twentieth year of my official activity—I am not in a condition to be very much improved; I must either be used as I am or must be put aside. I have for my part never attempted to educate Herr Richter. I should not consider myself called upon to do that. I have not the desire to drive him from the employment in which he is engaged—I should not be able to do that, and I have not the least inclination to do it. But I think that he also is without the means of driving me from the work in which I am employed. Whether he will be able to confine me and repress me in the manner which at the end of his speech he declared to be desirable, if I am to be tolerated longer, I do not know, but I am most grateful for the anxiety which he at the same time shows for my health. Unfortunately, if I am to do my duty, I cannot spare myself to the extent that seems desirable to one as anxious as Herr Richter, and I must leave my health out of the question.

If the last speaker has said that all the evils that trouble us, including the rate of discount, and I know

not what else, have their origin in the uncertainties of our condition, if he has cited the words of a colleague as to a "helpless confusion" among us,—then, gentlemen, I must simply repeat what I have said elsewhere and in the presence of Herr Richter: Look around you and compare this country with others. If the condition found among us, the well ordered activity, the certainty of the future in both internal and external relations—if that is "helpless confusion," what shall we call the condition of other countries? In no other European country do I see a state of security and peace equal to that with which we of the German Empire can calmly look upon the future. I have at other times said that my position as Foreign Minister prevents my giving examples of this; but if any one will take a map and the history of the past twenty years and follow up my assertion, he will be forced to agree with me; and I do not know with whom he will agree as to this exaggeration of "helpless confusion" and "uncertainty and insecurity as to the future"; no one in the country believes in it, and that is the main point.

The people in this country know very well how things are with them, and each one, if things are not what they would have them, is very quick to make the Government responsible for them, and when a candidate for election comes and says to him that in everything the Government—or, as

the gentleman has said, the Imperial Chancellor—is to blame, he will find many to believe him ; but he will find the majority of the people saying: He certainly has his bad qualities, and unpleasant aspects—but that I am guilty of all these evils, no one can convince the majority. It happens to me as twelve years or more ago it happened to the Emperor Napoleon, who was blamed, not merely in his own land, but in all Europe, as the cause of all evil, yes, from Tartary to Spain, and yet he was by no means so bad a man as some made him out to be—and I might well lay claim to this extenuation, that I am not so bad as Herr Richter describes me. His attack is directed, in the main, not so much against me, against my person, against my activity in which I have a free will and choice, as it is against the Constitution of the German Empire. The Constitution of the German Empire knows no other responsible officer than the Imperial Chancellor. I might assert that that constitutional responsibility is by no means so great as that which is actually put upon me; I might well retreat and say that I have nothing to do with the politics of the Empire in internal matters, that I am only the Emperor's executive officer. But I will not do that ; I have assumed from the very beginning the responsibility, I have undertaken the obligation of representing the conclusions of the Bundesrath, although I might be in the minority

in it, only I must in some way make that compatible with my responsibility. I will assume that it is, as it stands, according to the general opinion. A person can be held responsible only for his voluntary conclusions and acts; there can be no responsibility forced upon any one—and this the Constitution of the Empire does not do—for actions which are not dependent upon his free will, and which he may be compelled to do. Whoever is responsible must therefore enjoy within the radius of his responsibility a complete independence and freedom, otherwise his responsibility ceases, and as I do not know who in the Empire has this, it disappears entirely.

So long as Herr Richter does not change the Constitution of the Empire, you must remain in that position in which you must have an Imperial Chancellor who in his decisions is entirely free and independent; for if a man is not free and independent in making any decision, he cannot be made responsible for it.

Herr Richter has given expression to the wish that this constitutional independence be limited on several sides; in one respect, and on a side on which it is already limited, he would have it disappear completely: that is, in regard to the resolutions of the Bundesrath and the Reichstag, a responsibility for action which the Constitution assigns to the Emperor in our political organization.

It is stated in the Constitution that any order of the Emperor receives validity and force through the signature of the Imperial Chancellor, who thereby assumes responsibility for that order. To these orders of the Emperor are undoubtedly to be added those acts which the Constitution says are to be performed in the name of the Emperor, as, for example, the presentation of a resolution of the Bundesrath before the Reichstag, as Herr Richter according to the *Norddeutschen Zeitung* quite correctly alleges as a fact in regard to the statistics of accidents, in respect to which there were resolutions presented. But to present them in the name of the Emperor I did not find compatible with my responsibility. I omitted, therefore, this undertaking. The law of the Constitution might now be examined in order to see whether I was justified in omitting this action. Was the Emperor justified in omitting it? Or was his Majesty the Emperor constitutionally under obligation to lay the resolution of the Bundesrath before the Reichstag?

At the time when the Constitution was drawn up I discussed this point with a very keen jurist who has been for a long time, and still is, among us in a very high judicial position, Herr Pape. He said to me: "The Emperor has no veto." I said: "According to the Constitution he has not, but think of this case: a measure is submitted to the

Emperor which he does not think can be carried out, or one that he thinks he can carry out, but his Chancellor for the time being warns him and says to him — I cannot advise you to do this, I cannot countersign that. Is the Emperor in this case under obligation to seek another Chancellor and to dismiss him who opposes him? Is he under obligation to accept any one that might be proposed to him by the opposition? Will he seek for himself a second or a third Chancellor who both say: We cannot assume the responsibility for this, or for that bill, by presenting it to the Reichstag?" To this Herr Pape answered: "You are right, the Emperor has an indirect and actual veto."

I do not go so far as this, but all these matters are not expressed with such distinctness. Let us take, then, a concrete case by which the matter may be best explained. Let us assume that the majority of the Bundesrath, with the assent of Prussia, has resolved upon a certain law, and in connection with this in Prussia a formality has been disregarded, in that the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, whose duty it was to give instructions as to the representation in the Bundesrath, was not consulted; but I assume that Prussia had agreed to the resolution, that this minister was consulted and remained in a minority in the Prussian ministry, and thereupon the

Emperor lays upon him the duty of presenting this resolution to the Reichstag; the Chancellor, however, replies: I cannot be responsible for that, nor be responsible for carrying it through. Then arises a first possibility, that the Emperor says: Then I must seek another Chancellor — this has not occurred; a second possibility has occurred, that the bill has been put aside. By this a situation is brought about, that if any one has the right to complain, he can be found only in the majority of the governments in the Bundesrath which has drawn up the resolution.

There is then a further way, and I believe that in a really serious question that way will be pursued to the end; but if one will now make the attempt as to what is in the last instance lawful, then the majority of the Bundesrath in this case must say to his Majesty the Emperor: We have passed this resolution, and it is our constitutional right that the Emperor lay the same before the Reichstag, and we demand that he do it. The Emperor can answer: I will not investigate the question of law as to whether I am obliged to do this, but I will assume that I am. I do not refuse, but I have at the present no Chancellor who is willing to countersign the bill, — can the Chancellor, in such a case, be commanded: Thou shalt and must countersign it? Can he be threatened with imprisonment, as in the case when a witness

is compelled to testify? If so, what becomes of the responsibility? If the Chancellor remains firm in his refusal, then the majority of the Bundesrath can say to the Emperor: Thou must find for thyself another Chancellor and dismiss this one; we require that our resolution be presented to the Reichstag, and the Constitution is violated if this does not take place. Now, gentlemen, wait and see if this case occurs, if they who have the right to complain will follow this course, and, if they do follow it, if his Majesty the Emperor will not be ready to say: Well, I will look about to find another Chancellor who is willing to carry through the resolution. — I will very properly not undertake a criticism here of the grounds which have hindered me in a concrete case. But these were not grounds which were to be found at the green table, but outside in the green fields, which caused me to regard the execution of this law as impracticable; I was not certain that this impracticability of execution would be accepted by the majority of this House, but I would not expose the country to the danger — a danger in my opinion — of receiving this law; the only moment in which I could prevent this danger was that when I should be called upon to present the bill in the name of the Emperor; the constitutional remedy for the use I have made of this, lies in a change, that is,

a change in the person of the Chancellor; I see no other.

I now come, since I have already mentioned the Reichstag, to my work in connection with the Reichstag. The ideal of Herr Richter seems to be a very timid and cautious Chancellor, who carefully listens to everything ; who asks, can I offend if I do this, can I offend if I do that? who cannot wait for the rejection of a measure by the Reichstag, but, as I have seen in the case of my colleagues, returns home in great excitement and says : My God, the law is lost,—So and So is against it ; and yet after three weeks it has passed. I cannot commit myself to such a policy of conjecture, to such a theory of probabilities as to what the Reichstag might possibly decide to do, because the position of those who speak the loudest, but do not always have decisive weight, is against anything. I would really advise you not to put up for any longer than the shortest possible time with such an anxious Chancellor who is carefully listening to every hint, supposing it to be possible for Herr Richter to bring such a Chancellor into existence. For if a leading minister—and such is he in the Empire—has no opinion of his own, and must first listen so as to learn from others what he should think and do, you will have no need of such a minister. What Herr Richter thereby proposes is the government of this land by the Reichstag, the

government of the land by itself, as it has been called in France, and through representatives. A Chancellor or a minister who does not dare bring anything forward of which he is not sure that it will pass, is no minister at all. He might just as well go about among us with a white flag and find out whether you will allow him to present this or that measure. But for that work I am not adapted.

In how far I assume a position of subordination to the Bundesrath, I have already attempted hitherto to explain, but I closed at the same time with the statement that still *sub judice lis est,* the proceedings are not yet closed. I have said nothing as to whether the majority of the Bundesrath will agree with me according to my conviction of the meaning of the Constitution, if it should be required of them; that is a question which has not yet arisen. The majority has not demanded it. Whether I am justified in the claim to maintain my refusal—as to that I say, *non liquet,* we will see about that hereafter. That will be decided according to that primitive law which even the Romans saw with astonishment among the Germans, of which they said that they called it "custom." This custom has not yet been applied to questions concerning the Constitution.

Further, Herr Richter has found in me too great independence in a third direction: towards the

chiefs of the official departments of the Empire. If I understood him correctly, he has flattered himself with the hope that the Law of Substitution would offer me a welcome opportunity to withdraw to a more ornamental position, as he expresses it, and to hand over the business and activity to those who might represent me, and to introduce into the Imperial Government that famous arcanum of a majority vote. Here I must say that Herr Richter must alter the Constitution before I may subordinate myself even to the highest Imperial officials. Can I then come before you with a measure and say: Yes, gentlemen, I am very doubtful whether I can be responsible for this, but the Secretary of State for such and such a department was of this opinion and according to the instruction of Herr Richter I have followed his opinion. If you refuse to pass it or reject it, be lenient to me, but not to the Secretary of State. That which Herr Richter requires of me would be a quite impossible position for me to occupy. The gentlemen who are at the head of the departments of the Empire are not responsible for me except so far as they have been substituted according to the Law of Substitution, but I am responsible for their actions. I can get along only when there are statesmen who are in sympathy with the general direction of the policy of the Empire so far as I am responsible for that policy, and if I notice that

this sympathy is permanently and in essential points lacking in any one of them, it is my bounden duty to say to him that we both cannot remain in office at the same time. That is a task which I have never evaded when it has confronted me, simply because it was my duty. I have therefore used no such ingenious machinery and fireworks, as I have been accused of having set in motion with purpose and calculation during the past week. You must not think that to-day ministers cling to their posts as many other officers in high positions, for whom the plainest hint is not enough to bring into their minds the idea that the time for them to resign has come. I have found of late no minister whom it has not been necessary to repeatedly persuade to remain still longer at his post, and not to withdraw because there is hard and wearisome work and a concurrent friction with at least three parliamentary bodies, a House of Representatives, a House of Lords, and a Reichstag, where one dissolves the other,—does not even wait for the dissolution, but acts at the same time, —and if the battle is once ended, and the deputies are satisfied and return to their homes, there comes to the minister on the next day a counsellor who says that it is high time to begin work on the bills for the next sitting. On this account the business may be very honorable, but it is not very pleasing. Who is there in a position like that of a German minister

who allows himself to be criticised with such publicity, with such sharpness, and in such a tone, toward whom the customs of refined society have no force even in the case of refined and cultivated persons? Things are often said in public to a minister without the least hesitation, which, if he were not a minister, one would be pained to say to him in private, even if one should meet him, perhaps, in a drawing-room. I would not say this in the Reichstag, if it did not in this respect, as in all others, occupy an exceptional position in Germany. Here I have heard things sharper than anything that I have heard elsewhere, so far as I know; I have had at least so far a memory that is ready to forgive, but in general you will agree with me that in our political debates in public the manner of speaking, especially toward the ministers, does not stand upon the same plane as in our ordinary social intercourse. Also between us it occurs occasionally, but I permit myself to make no criticism here. The ministerial side I do not criticise—I have become hardened to all that, through an experience of many years, and can put up with it; but I state here merely the reasons why it comes about that ministers do not cling to their posts, and that I am wronged when any one thinks that I am forced to use diplomatic methods to induce a minister to give up his position. It is not every one who has become accustomed to the treatment whereby,

publicly and in the Press, the most ignorant correspondent can pull down an old and experienced minister, as if he were but a stupid youth. We can read that in the paper any day, and one may or may not be pleased with it. As to that there is not so much complaint; but can we say that in our parliamentary debates there is employed toward the members of the Government — toward the commissaries it is even worse—that toward the members of the Government there prevails that courtesy of tone which distinguishes German society? I do not say no, but I leave it to you to answer this question — I only say that the work is very wearisome and joyless, not merely subjecting one to annoyances, but irritating and exhausting. That is what brings the ministers to such a frame of mind that they abandon their posts with great ease, so soon as they can find some other motive than the simple ones: I no longer want to, I am pleased with it no more, it is over for me.

Furthermore, for my own part I can assert in opposition to Herr Richter, as a proof of my ease in getting on with my colleagues, that the change of ministers is by no means so rapid nor so frequent among us as in other lands. Count up the number of ministers who have passed across the stage since I first took office in 1862, and add up the number of those who have retired for other than parliamentary reasons, and you will find that in

comparison with other lands Germany has an extraordinarily favorable proportion. I consider, therefore, these allusions that have been made to my quarrelsomeness and to my change of opinion as entirely unproved.

I permit myself in this connection to return for a few words to the charges that have often been made against me in the Press, and also here, that I have frequently and with great suddenness changed my opinions on this or that matter. Now, I do not belong, at any rate, to those who have ever in their lives thought or think to-day, that they can learn nothing more. If any one should say to me: Twenty years ago you were of the same opinion as was I, but to-day I have still the same opinion, while you have just the opposite; I would at once reply: Yes, twenty years ago I was as clever as you are to-day, but to-day I am cleverer; I have learned something in the past twenty years. But I will not retreat to this justifiable position, that a man who learns nothing makes no progress and falls behind his times. He who remains firm in the same position which he has held, remains behind. I will not excuse myself in this way. As far as I am concerned there has been but one compass, one pole-star by which I have steered: *salus publica.* From the beginning of my career, I have, perhaps, often acted rashly and without reflection; but when I

have had time to reflect I have always put myself in subjection to the question, what is for my Fatherland, what is for my dynasty,— so long as I was merely in Prussia,— and to-day, what is for the German nation the most useful, the most opportune, and the correct thing? Doctrinaire I have never been in my life; all systems by which parties feel themselves divided or held together have always had for me only a secondary importance. Of the first importance was the nation, its position in relation to the world around, its independence, our organization in such a way that we could breathe freely as a great nation in the world. All that follows after this, a liberal, a reactionary, a conservative Constitution,—gentlemen, I confess to you frankly that all that is for me of secondary importance. That is a luxury in the furnishing which has its time after the house has been firmly built. In these party questions, I am able to affiliate with one party or another for the benefit of my country, but the doctrines I hold very cheap. Let us first of all build a strong edifice, secure externally, and internally strongly joined, and bound together by the national union, and then ask me about my opinion as to what way, whether with more or with less liberal constitutional furniture, that house is to be furnished, and you will perhaps find that I will say I have in this matter really no opinion already formed. Make me some proposi-

tions, and if the monarch whom I serve agrees to them, you will find that I will have no essential difficulties in the matter of principles. One can do many things in this way, or in that; there are many roads which lead to Rome. There are times when one must govern according to a liberal policy, and there are times when one must govern like a dictator. All things change; here there is no eternity. But as for the building up of the German Empire, for the unity of the German nation, I demand that it shall stand strong and safe from storms, and not have mere temporary field intrenchments in a few directions. To its creation and consolidation I have subordinated my entire political career from the first moment in which it began, and if you can show me a single moment in which I have not steered in this direction of the compass, you might perhaps show that I have erred; but you cannot show that I have lost from my sight, even for a moment, the national goal.

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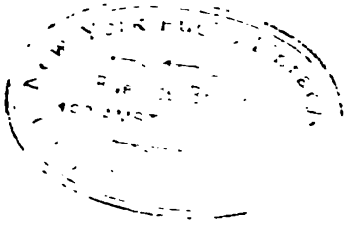
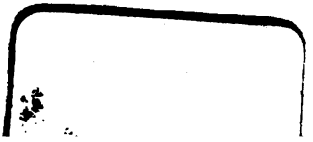
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